St. Nicholas

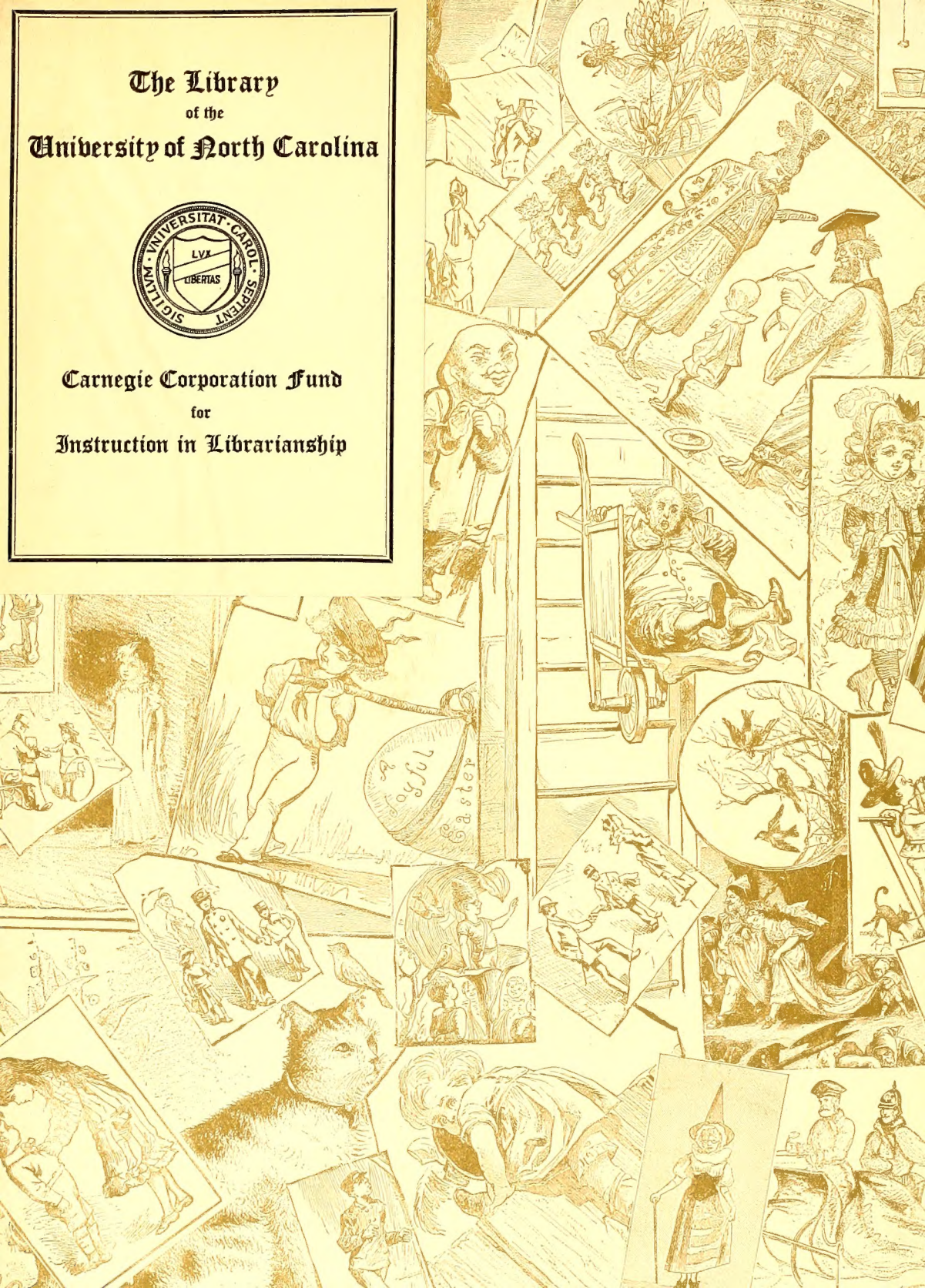
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ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME XIV.

PART I., NOVEMBER, 1886, TO APRIL, 1887.

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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XIV.

PART I.

SIX MONTHS—NOVEMBER, 1886, TO APRIL, 1887.

CONTENTS OF PART I. VOLUME XIV.

		PAGE.
AMONG THE GAS-WELLS. (Illustrated by Harry Fenn and others)	*Samuel W. Hall*	292
"A POET, NAMED CHRISTOPHER CRUMB." Jingle. (Illustrated by the Author)	*Oliver Herford*	384
APRIL JESTER, AN. Poem	*Frank Dempster Sherman*	403
ARCHERY. Jingle. (Illustrated and engrossed by R. B. Birch)	*I. D.*	413
"A RAGING, ROARING LION." Jingle. (Illustrated by the Author)	*J. G. Francis*	99
BAMBERRY BOYS AND THEIR FLOCK OF SHEEP, THE. (Illustrated by H. A. Ogden)	*J. T. Trowbridge*	113
BETWEEN SEA AND SKY. (Illustrated by J. W. Bolles and G. W. Edwards)	*Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen*	243
BIRD THAT IS FOND OF SPORT, A. (Illustrated)		456
BLIND LARK, THE. (Illustrated by W. H. Drake)	*Louisa M. Alcott*	12
BORING FOR OIL. (Illustrated by H. F. Farny, Harry Fenn, and others)	*Samuel W. Hall*	42
BOYHOOD OF THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, THE	*William H. Rideing*	323
BROWNIES' FRIENDLY TURN, THE. Verses. (Illustrated by the Author)	*Palmer Cox*	387
BROWNIES IN THE GYMNASIUM, THE. (Illustrated by the Author)	*Palmer Cox*	67
BROWNIES IN THE TOY-SHOP, THE. (Illustrated by the Author)	*Palmer Cox*	229
BROWNIES' SINGING-SCHOOL, THE. Verses. (Illustrated by the Author)	*Palmer Cox*	303
BULRUSH CATERPILLAR, THE. (Illustrated)	*Julia P. Ballard*	394
CÆSAR, A DOG OF SPAIN. (Illustrated by F. H. Lungren)	*Mrs. J. A. Hoxie*	59
"CHIRR-A-WHIRR, THE SQUIRREL SAYS." Jingle.	*Emilie Poulsson*	11
CHILDREN'S CRUSADE, THE. Operetta. (Illustrated by G. F. Barnes)	*E. S. Brooks*	460
CHRISTMAS CONSPIRACY, A. (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott)	*Rose Lattimore Alling*	141, 211
CHRISTMAS STORIES. Picture, drawn by George Foster Barnes		185
CITY OF OLD HOMESTEADS, A. (Illustrated by Harry Fenn and others)	*Alice Wellington Rollins*	3
"CLEVER PETER PENNY." Jingle. (Illustrated by G. R. Halm)	*E. E. Sterns*	251
COMMERCIAL TRAVELER, A	*George J. Manson*	357
COWSLIPS. Poem	*Susan Hartley Swett*	417
CRICKET SONGS. Verses	*E. Whitney*	113
'CROSS COUNTRY WITH THE NEWS. (Illustrated by W. de Meza)	*Frank Marshall White*	418
DOG STORIES, ST. NICHOLAS. (Illustrated)		59, 377
DOLLY'S LULLABY. Song	*Helen Gray Cone*	72
DRUMMER ON SNOWSHOES, THE. (Illustrated by the Author)	*Ernest E. Thompson*	414
EDITH OF SCOTLAND. (Illustrated by A. J. Keller)	*E. S. Brooks*	28
EFFIE'S REALISTIC NOVEL	*Alice Wellington Rollins*	258
ETON, A VISIT TO. (Illustrated by Joseph Pennell)	*Elizabeth Robins Pennell*	200
ETON SCHOOL, A GLIMPSE OF. (Illustrated by Joseph Pennell)	*Edwin D. Mead*	194

182617

		PAGE
FATE OF A ROLLER SKATER, THE. Picture, drawn by E. W. Kemble		398
FATE OF THE MAN WHO WAS TOO EASILY SURPRISED, THE. Picture, drawn by Oliver Herford		359
"FIFTY-TWO SOLDIERS." Jingle. (Illustrated by G. R. Halm)	*E. E. Sterns*	235
FOOLISH FLAMINGO, THE. Jingle. (Illustrated and engrossed by R. B. Birch)	*A. R. Wells*	434
FORTUNATE OPENING, A. (Illustrated by W. A. Rogers)	*Frank R. Stockton*	91, 186
FRENCH JINGLE, A. (Illustrated)		364
FROZEN DRAGON, A. (Illustrated by D. C. Beard)	*Charles Frederick Holder*	446
GALLEY CAT, THE. Verses. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	*Margaret Vandegrift*	208
GAS-WELLS, AMONG THE. (Illustrated by Harry Fenn and others)	*Samuel W. Hall*	292
GAS-WELLS, MORE ABOUT. (Illustrated by A. J. Meeker)	*G. Frederick Wright*	385
GLIMPSE OF ETON SCHOOL, A. (Illustrated by Joseph Pennell)	*Edwin D. Mead*	194
GOOD DAY FOR SKATING, A. Picture, drawn by Albert E. Sterner		254
GOOD-NIGHT. Poem	*Sydney Dayre*	414
GRIZEL COCHRANE'S RIDE. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	*Elia W. Peattie*	271
"GUESS A RIDDLE NOW YOU MUST." Jingle. (Illustrated by G. R. Halm)	*E. E. Sterns*	356
HAPPY FAMILY, A. Picture, from a photograph by Hegger		376
HAPPY NEW YEAR, A. Picture, drawn by J. G. Francis		189
HARROW-ON-THE-HILL. (Illustrated by Joseph Pennell)	*Elizabeth Robins Pennell*	404
HIDE AND SEEK. Verses. (Illustrated by the Author)	*Albert E. Sterner*	41
HISTORIC GIRLS	*E. S. Brooks*	28, 326
Edith of Scotland. (Illustrated by A. J. Keller)		28
Jacqueline of Holland. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)		326
HISTORY OF JACK, THE. (Illustrated by J. E. Travis)	*Oliver Ellsworth Wood*	377
HOW A GREAT BATTLE PANORAMA IS MADE. (Illustrations from photographs and from drawings by the Author)	*Theodore R. Davis*	99
HOW DOUBLEDARLING'S OLD SHOES BECAME LADY'S SLIPPERS. (Illustrated by Dora Wheeler)	*Candace Wheeler*	342
HUMAN MELODEON, THE. (Illustrated by Carl Hirschberg)	*Delia W. Lyman*	306
IDYL OF THE KING, AN. Poem. (Illustrated by George Foster Barnes)	*Ernest Whitney*	224
IF I WERE A BOY. (Illustrated)	*Washington Gladden*	267
"IF YOU WOULD HAVE YOUR LEARNING STAY." Jingle	*Emilie Poulsson*	11
IN A FLAMINGO ROOKERY. (Illustrated by James C. Beard)	*Charles Frederick Holder*	54
IN CHRISTMAS SEASON, LONG AGO. Poem. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	*Helen Gray Cone*	83
INTERNATIONAL. Verses. (Illustrated by Rose Mueller Sprague)	*M. M. D.*	90
"I THINK, SAID THE WREN." Jingle	*Emilie Poulsson*	11
"I WENT TO BRAN GARDEN." Jingle. (Illustrated by G. R. Halm)	*E. E. Sterns*	251
JACQUELINE OF HOLLAND. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	*E. S. Brooks*	326
JENNY'S BOARDING-HOUSE. (Illustrated by W. A. Rogers)	*James Otis*	279, 348, 448
JINGLES		11, 53, 99, 194, 223, 235, 251, 291, 307, 333, 356, 364, 373, 384, 413, 434
JUAN AND JUANITA. (Illustrated by Henry Sandham and others)	*Frances Courtenay Baylor*	33, 138, 216, 284, 334, 428
KANDIKEW. Verses	*Eudora S. Bumstead*	54
KING AND THE STUDENTS, THE	*Albert Morris Bagby*	427
KNAVISH KITE, THE. Jingle. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	*Isabel Frances Bellows*	11
LESSON IN NATURAL HISTORY, A. Verses. (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott)	*Margaret Johnson*	395
LESSON IN PATRIOTISM, A. (Illustrated by A. C. Redwood)	*Noah Brooks*	340
LITTLE CAPTIVE, A. Poem. (Illustrated)	*Mary L. B. Branch*	66
"LITTLE JACK JICK." Jingle. (Illustrated by G. R. Halm)	*E. E. Sterns*	251
LITTLE MITTENS. (Illustrated by A. E. Sterner)	*Tobe Hodge*	470
"LOVE YOU BEST THE BUDDING SPRING?" Jingle	*Emilie Poulsson*	11
MAGGIE GREY'S BIRD. (Illustrated by the Author)	*Frank Bellew*	382
MAGIC BUTTONS, THE. (Illustrated by F. Childe Hassam)	*Meta G. Adams*	149
MAN WHO DROVE DOWNSTAIRS, THE. (Illustrated by H. A. Ogden)	*Gerrish Eldridge*	26
MERRIE CHRISTMAS FEAST, YE. Poem. (Illustrated and engrossed by R. B. Birch	*Edith M. Thomas*	163
MILLENNIUM, A. Verses	*E. W.*	185

		PAGE
MILLET AND THE CHILDREN. (Illustrated)	*Ripley Hitchcock*	166
MINISTERING CHILDREN'S LEAGUE, THE. (Illustrated)		290
MOLLY'S POETRY. (Illustrated)	*Walter Learned*	58
MORE ABOUT GAS-WELLS. (Illustrated by E. J. Meeker)	*G. Frederick Wright*	385
MRS. FEATHERTAIL AND SQUIRE FUZZ. (Illustrated by Culmer Barnes)	*Mrs. James Herbert Morse*	298
MY FLOWERS. Poem	*Mary E. Bradley*	455
MYSTIC MACAW, THE. Jingle. (Illustrated and engrossed by R. B. Birch)	*Isabel Frances Bellows*	194
NEST IN A POCKET, A. Poem. (Illustrated by George Foster Barnes)	*Mary E. Bradley*	146
"NEVER, NEVER A DAY SHOULD PASS." Verse	*Emilie Poulsson*	291
NEW LEAF FROM WASHINGTON'S BOY LIFE, A. (Illustrated by H. A. Ogden)	*William F. Carne*	373
"NOW, PLAYERS ALL, MARK WHAT I SAY." Jingle	*Emilie Poulsson*	53
PANORAMA, A BATTLE; HOW IT IS MADE. (Illustrated from photographs and from drawings by the Author)	*Theodore R. Davis*	99
PAUL AND NICOLAI IN ALASKA. (Illustrated by A. J. Keller)	*M. L. Tidball*	367
PEAS PORRIDGE HOT. Verses	*James C. Johnson*	316
PHILOPENA, A. Poem. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	*Mary Mapes Dodge*	302
PICTURES		150, 185, 189, 254, 331, 359, 376, 398, 477
PINE-NEEDLES. Poem	*William H. Hayne*	271
PIN-WHEEL TIME. Picture, drawn by W. T. Peters		331
PISCATAQUA RIVER. Poem	*Thomas Bailey Aldrich*	325
PORCELAIN STOVE, THE. (Illustrated by G. W. Edwards)	*Avery McAlpine*	262
QUEERNESS OF QUELF, THE. Verses	*N. P. Babcock*	456
READY FOR BUSINESS	*George J. Manson*	357
A Commercial Traveler		357
REASON FOR SMILING, A. Poem	*Emilie Poulsson*	227
REPORT CONCERNING THE "KING'S MOVE PUZZLE."		478
RICHARD CARR'S BABY. (Illustrated by W. A. Rogers)	*Richard H. Davis*	50
"SAID JEREMY JACK TO TIMOTHY TOM." Jingle	*Emilie Poulsson*	307
SARU-KANI KASSEN. (Illustrated)	*From the Japanese*	308
SCHEMING OLD SANTA CLAUS, A. (Illustrated by Irving R. Wiles)	*John R. Coryell*	126
SIR PEN'S LITTLE ARMY. Verses. (Illustrated and engrossed by the Author)	*Alfred Brennan*	151
SIXTEEN AND SIX. Verses. (Illustrated by the Author)	*Albert E. Sterner*	20
SONG IN THE NIGHT, THE. Poem	*James Buckham*	347
SONG OF SINGERS, A. Poem	*Ida Whipple Benham*	19
SONG OF SPRING, A. Poem. (Illustrated)	*Celia Thaxter*	445
ST. NICHOLAS DOG STORIES. (Illustrated)		59, 377
Cæsar, a Dog of Spain	*Mrs. A. J. Hoxie*	59
Two Venetian Dogs	*Katharine Bronson*	63
The History of Jack	*Oliver Ellsworth Wood*	377
STORY OF A SQUASH, THE. Verses. (Illustrated and engrossed by R. B. Birch)	*Mrs. E. T. Corbett*	120
STORY OF GRUMBLE TONE, THE. Verses	*Ella Wheeler Wilcox*	381
STORY OF PRINCE FAIRYFOOT, THE. (Illustrated by Alfred Brennan)	*Frances Hodgson Burnett*	84, 190, 254
TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP. Poem	*Edith M. Thomas*	40
TEA-KETTLE SONG, THE. (Illustrated and engrossed by G. R. Halm)	*E. M. B*	458
TEN TIMES ONE IS TEN. (Illustrated)	*Alice Wellington Rollins*	226
"THE COLD MOON IS DEAD." Jingle. (Illustrated by Rose Mueller Sprague)	*William H. Abbott*	373
"THERE ONCE WAS AN ICHTHYOSAURUS." (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	*Isabel Frances Bellows*	333
THOSE CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS. (Illustrated by W. L. Taylor)	*Rose Hawthorne Lathrop*	179
TOMMY INTERVIEWS A PEACOCK FEATHER. (Illustrated by G. F. Barnes)	*Alice Wellington Rollins*	365
TOMMY, THE CLOWN. Picture		477
TONGS, THE. Poem. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	*C. Lydia Gould*	360
TURTLE'S STORY, THE. (Illustrated)	*R. K. Munkittrick*	332
TWO VENETIAN DOGS. (Illustrated by H. P. Share)	*Katharine Bronson*	63
VICTOR HUGO'S TALES TO HIS GRANDCHILDREN. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	*Brander Matthews*	21
VISIT TO ETON, A. (Illustrated by Joseph Pennell)	*Elizabeth Robins Pennell*	200

PAGE.

WARNING, A. Verses. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch) ..... *Anna M. Pratt* 252
WAR STORIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. (Illustrated) ..... *Gen. Adam Badeau* 435
The Merrimac and the Monitor 435
"WE ARE TENORS WHO SING IN THE CHORUS." (Illustrated by Oliver Herford) ..... *H. W. Goodrich* 223
WHAT A BOY SAW IN MADEIRA. (Illustrated by H. P. Share) ..... *D. H. Tribon* 362
WHAT THE JONQUIL SAID. Verses ..... *M. F. Butts* 413
WHEN GRANDPA WAS A LITTLE BOY. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch) ..... *Malcolm Douglas* 228
WHO CAN READ THIS? French jingle. (Illustrated) 364
WINTER. Poem ..... *John Vance Cheney* 339
WIZARD FROST. Poem ..... *Frank Dempster Sherman* 253
WOODCOCK AND THE SPARROW, THE. Verses. (Illustrated and engrossed by Alfred Brennan) 134
WORD TO OUR READERS, A 236
WORKING MONKEYS. (Illustrated by Jas. C. Beard) ..... *Olive Thorne Miller* 423

DEPARTMENTS.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK. (Illustrated.)
A Letter from a Doll 390
A Queer Horse-car 390

PLAYS AND MUSIC.
Dolly's Lullaby ..... Words by *Helen Gray Cone*, Music by *Karl Klauser* 72
Peas Porridge Hot ..... *James C. Johnson* 316
The Children's Crusade ..... Words by *E. S. Brooks*, Music by *Frederic Preston* 460

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT. (Illustrated.)
Introduction — Do Birds Never Fly Down? — A Simple Question — A New Moral to an Old Fable — A Cocoa-nut Prison — A Fine Story Spoiled (illustrated) — Who Would? 70; Introduction — A New Jack (illustrated) — The Pine-tree's Secret — The Weather-cock's Complaint — Queer Names for Things, 152; Introduction — A Place where Fire Almost Gets Cold — Fingers and Thumbs — A Snail Race (illustrated) — Caught by a Lobster, 232; Introduction — A Queer Table — Does Anybody Else Own One? — Do Birds Fly Down? — Another Queer Barometer — A Fire in a Scotch River — A Pane Picture — Fishing in the Dictionary, 314; Introduction — Don't All Answer at Once — Very Gentle Bees — Old Sayings in Rhyme — About that Lobster — Ned's View of Things — More Queer Names for Things — The Insect World — Wind (illustrated), 392; Introduction — An April Fool — A Remarkable Message — Insect Weather Prophets — A Milk-fed Pumpkin — A Family Feud — A Wonderful Monogram (illustrated), 472.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION. (Illustrated) 74, 156, 236

THE LETTER-BOX. (Illustrated) 77, 154, 234, 317, 396, 474

THE RIDDLE-BOX. (Illustrated) 79, 159, 239, 319, 399, 479

EDITORIAL NOTES 154, 234, 318, 474

FRONTISPIECES.
"The Last Walk on the Beach," by Mary Hallock Foote, facing Title-page of Volume — "In Christmas Season, Long Ago," by R. B. Birch, facing page 83 — "Ye Merrie Christmas Feast," by R. B. Birch, facing page 163 — "Between Sea and Sky," by J. W. Bolles, facing page 243 — "Ajax Slowly Rose and Looked Up into the Girl's Calm Face," by R. B. Birch, facing page 323 — "The Monkeys were sent into the Trees to Gather Fruit," by James C. Beard.



THE LAST WALK ON THE BEACH.

DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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A CITY OF OLD HOMESTEADS.

BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

HOW MANY of you know what an old homestead is? Those of you who do will perhaps be quite indignant with me for asking such a question; but in these days, when almost everybody is trying, as hard as he can, not only to live in a handsomer house than that in which his grandfather lived, but in a handsomer house than that in which he himself lived a year ago, it is not easy for children to have many associations with their temporary homes. Even those of you who know what an old homestead is, probably think of it as some nice big old house away off in the country, without any neighbors, where people go for a month or two in summer for the sake of the old associations.

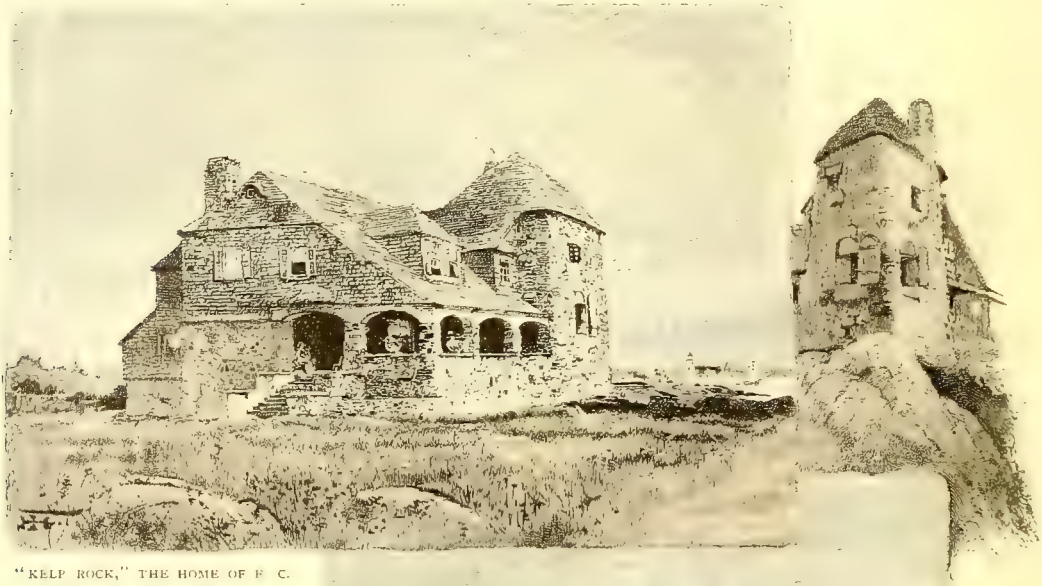
But I know where there is a whole city of homesteads. It is, indeed, a veritable city, with paved streets, gas-lamps, a custom-house, and a mayor. But almost all of its citizens dwell in old homesteads, the homes of their fathers, grandfathers, and great-grandfathers. There are few really modern houses in the place, for, although there are plenty of Queen Anne window-panes, they date back to the era of genuine small windows, and every one who stays in Portsmouth, or who comes to Portsmouth, is far too anxious to dwell in a homestead to think of building a house "cut bias," as are the latest caprices of architecture at Newport or in New Jersey. Our very town itself has the generous air of being an old homestead, with its splendid old elms, its ministers who never think of staying less than twenty-five years in its pulpits, its door-plates on private houses and signs over the stores with names of people who have long been dead. But you must not think we are taking a Rip Van Winkle nap. Oh, no! we know what the modern fashions are, only we prefer the old ones. You must not think of Portsmouth as a queer little old town set away to cool in the heart of lonely and sequestered mountains. No, indeed! Within eight or nine miles of it, in four directions, are four of the most popular summer resorts of the day. You know them all by name: the Isles of Shoals, Rye Beach, Newcastle, and York. Fashion flits through our streets in phaetons; money knocks at our door and tries to buy our old china; beauty gazes at our old portraits and gets a hint for her next new gown; taste builds beautiful villas as near to us as it possibly can. Bless you! We are not half so deaf as the man who blows the horn on the tally-ho that rattles up from the beaches seems to think. If we are old, it is because we prefer to be old, thank you! And we know the world. Its city people come to us to get cool, and its Lieutenant Greely comes to us from the Arctic circle to get warm; its giddy girls waltz in our parlors; its yachts skim through our harbor, its navy anchors off our shores; its poets find no haunts so favorable to the sweetest inspiration. For here Edmund C. Stedman found the rocks on which to build the summer castle, whither and whence his most charming fancies come and go; while Celia Thaxter knows no surf or ocean breeze or white-sailed outlook that can compare with ours. We

quite understand our own value, and make no effort to assimilate the gay life that is welcome to rush past us and leave us behind. We know too well that fashion and beauty and money and taste are really envying us. We know what it means when we hear that the shingles for the new villas are being dipped in creosote; they are trying to make them look as old as ours. You would find it very difficult to purchase any of our old china. We have a way, when we drive or sail over to call on city friends at Rye Beach or the Shoals and they ask us if we have not come to stay, of drawing our India shawls closer about our shoulders — the real India shawls that our own great-grandfathers brought home themselves from India to our own great-grandmothers — and saying carelessly:

"Oh, no! we are at the homestead, you know, for the summer."

Somehow it seems very inelegant to be reduced to the necessity of paying four or five dollars a day for board at a hotel, when you compare it with having a homestead that not only opens its doors to you, but, as Mr. Emerson says, nails them back, entreating you to come with all of your eleven children and stay for at least three months.

Of these Portsmouth homesteads, some are historical and famous. Some are so old that the bricks of which they are built were brought from England. Some are so very old that they are now scarcely habitable. But most of them are simply grand, square old houses, with great big airy rooms, fronting close upon the street perhaps, with rather a pride in keeping their fine old gardens a secret from the passer-by. Mystery and old-fashioned charm begin at the very threshold. The door is a single door, but it is wider than both the doors of New York houses put together, and it is adorned with a great big beautiful brass knocker. There is a door-bell, too; for, to tell the truth, modern conveniences *are* convenient, and we are not so obstinate but that we accept new things which do not thrust out the old. Nothing must be displaced; but anything that can find room for itself beside the old is welcome to take root with us. If you will let the knocker stay, you may add a door-bell; if



"KELP ROCK," THE HOME OF E. C. STEDMAN, AT NEW CASTLE, NEAR PORTSMOUTH



"KELP ROCK," AS SEEN FROM THE HARBOR SIDE.

you will keep the old lamps, that used to burn sperm oil, on the mantel, you may have a gas-chandelier pendent from the ceiling; if there is room for a gladiolus *beside* the peonies, you are welcome to plant one; there is no harm in hanging a hammock under the old apple-trees; and we will even throw out a bay-window from the library if it can be done without disturbing too many of the ladies'-delights that have always blossomed there. Oh, no! we are not obstinate; we are only conservative.

Once inside the door, you will find yourself in a great hall, perhaps lined with family portraits of dowagers in satin and brocade or of elderly gentlemen in knee-breeches, buckles, and ruffled shirts, one old colonial house, not many years ago, when they began scraping off the wall-paper before putting a new one on, they found the walls under the old paper, the whole length of the staircase, painted in colored landscape — a most remarkable landscape, with an almost life-size Abraham sacrificing a quite life-size Isaac on one side, and on the other, a colonial gentleman in the resplendent uniform of the King, with a crown painted on his holster, riding a most remarkable steed. It is needless to say that the proud and delighted family who owned the house did not go to the expense of a new wall-paper. This is the house, too, which had the honor of having Benjamin Franklin attach to it the first lightning-rods to be tried in the State.



CELIA THAXTER'S STUDY.

portraits reaching from the floor to the ceiling, or from the high wooden dado to the ceiling. Or perhaps there will be no portraits and no dado, because the walls are paneled in wood from top to bottom, with no wall-paper at all. In the hall of

But, whatever there may be on the walls, there is sure to be a broad and lovely staircase, with a landing half-way up, where a great window with a tempting window-seat looks out upon the garden. And hanging from the stairs, you will see four

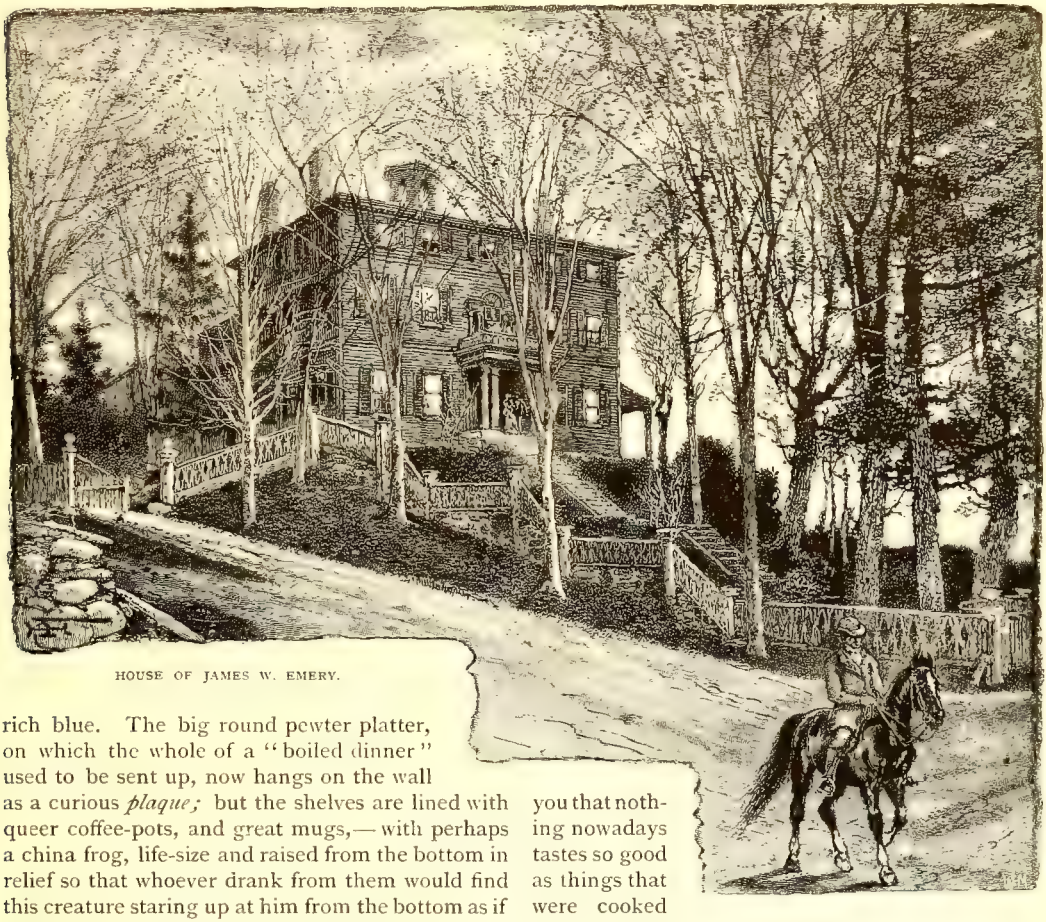
ancient fire-buckets with the family name on them, kept since the days when the law obliged people to have them, with two bags, each holding two bushels, for the removal of valuables, because there were then no steam fire-engines. On the first floor there will be several living-rooms: a parlor, whose carpet was first put down fifty-six years ago, when it was imported from Europe as part of the wedding preparations for a young bride coming into the family; a library, with old bookcases, and desks, the contents of which you shall hear later, had to send for it to Delft, in Holland, where it was made. The quaint furniture of these rooms would not probably seem to you very quaint; for it is so beautiful in form and finish, so "sincere," as artists will tell you, that modern upholsterers are doing their best to imitate it, and, wherever you live, you have probably seen some like it.

But the dining-room! this is the real center of the lower floor. I know one of these dining-rooms, long and narrow, which with only one window had *eight* doors. One of these doors led to a secret



ONE OF THE OLDEST.

with perhaps a door, on one panel of which all the letters of the alphabet are carved in a monogram in relief, with panels of wood let into the walls above the doors, on which whole scenes from the Bible have been exquisitely carved; and a sitting-room with its immense fireplace where great logs burn on brass andirons, with a great high narrow mantel-piece beautifully carved and painted white, and with genuine old Dutch tiles, sometimes three rows of them, set in their places when people could not buy that kind of decorative art on Broadway, but staircase,—oh, such a grand place for playing Enchanted Castle, or pirates, or even plain hide-and-seek, especially now that a modern *portière* hides the door as well as the staircase! Most of the other doors led into closets—the great closets stored with china so beautiful that it all might be put nowadays behind glass doors in the parlor. In one of these, great blue platters line the walls with such a feast of color that I like to sit down opposite the door and make somebody open it suddenly and dazzle my eyes with the wealth of deep



HOUSE OF JAMES W. EMERY.

rich blue. The big round pewter platter, on which the whole of a "boiled dinner" used to be sent up, now hangs on the wall as a curious *plaque;* but the shelves are lined with queer coffee-pots, and great mugs,— with perhaps a china frog, life-size and raised from the bottom in relief so that whoever drank from them would find this creature staring up at him from the bottom as if alive,— and dear little custard-cups, and wonderful, wonderful teacups! And then the silver; not only the old-fashioned urns and teapots and creamers, but the darling little teaspoons marked curiously with three initials in this way: H. M. M. — meaning that this was the silver of the Hooker family, and that the particular Hookers for whom these teaspoons were made were your great-grandfather and great-grandmother, Michael and Mary.

Out in the kitchen you may still see the great brick oven which used to be heated by building a fire of wood in it,— when the bricks were hot, all the ashes were raked out. Just as she went to bed, the cook would put her bean-pots of beans, her brown bread and white, her pies and puddings and cake, all at once, right into the oven where the fire had been, and the heat of the bricks would cook them all, gently and thoroughly, so that when she came down in the morning she would find her day's baking all done! People will tell you that nothing nowadays tastes so good as things that were cooked in those old ovens; but I notice they all have a fine new modern range close at hand, and that the brick ovens are kept as a matter of sentiment for Thanksgiving Day.

Before we leave the lower floor, I must tell you of one parlor at Berwick, with a wall-paper on it that is known to have been there over a hundred years. Of course it was brought from England, and it must have been a very expensive thing; for instead of one little figure, designed to fill perhaps a foot of space, and then repeated all over the wall, this is one consecutive landscape, running around the room, without one of its figures repeated a single time! There was not room on the wall for even the whole of one of the ships; so the tops of the masts seem to disappear through the ceiling, and may be supposed to run up through the floor of the chamber above.

Upstairs you will find spindle-legged toilet-tables, bureaus with brass handles, revolving washstands, and great high beds with canopies



THE OLD SHERBURNE HOUSE (COLONIAL).

and curtains; but the gem of the house is up still another flight,— the gem of the house is the garret!

Here, first, are the trunks: the hair trunks, with the owners' initials in brass nails, and the queer portmanteau in which the eldest son packed his things when he went to Harvard. How many of your elder brothers, do you suppose, would think they could carry their "things" for college in a single thin portmanteau? Here, too, is the dear little trunk, hardly bigger than you think now you must have for your Paris dolls, which was fastened on at the back of the chaise in which your grandfather and grandmother made their wedding-tour from Portsmouth to Boston, before there were any railroads. If you open some of these trunks, you will find rare displays of great fans almost as big as those we put now in front of the fireplace, huge bonnets and perhaps a great green calash, and pieces of really exquisite embroidery that would be no disgrace to our modern decorative art rooms. I don't mean any of the old-fashioned worsted work, nor the tombs with weeping-willows, nor even the fine old samplers of the past, but work done just as it is now done, with beautifully shaded silks and flosses, and "effects" not unlike those that appear in some of Mrs. Holmes's wonderful works to-day. Some of these have been framed and hung downstairs; but one that was never finished I have seen laid away with the needle still in it, just as it was left by the embroiderer, now many years in her grave. Woe to the careless visitor who should happen to draw out that needle! Indeed, I think none of us would offer to finish the embroidery, or guarantee stitches as dainty.

Here in one corner is the great green cotton umbrella, the first one ever used in the family, four or five times as large as those we carry now. And yonder, on the wall, hangs the copper warming-pan, that, when any one was ill, in the days when people slept in rooms so cold that the water froze in the pitchers, used to be filled, first with a layer of ashes and then with a layer of hot coals, and moved around and around between the sheets to take off the awful chill. Here are the little foot-stoves that used to be carried by a handle every Sunday to church, and the tinder-boxes with which they struck a light before ever there were matches. Cabinets lean against the wall, a little too shabby to be left downstairs, but with inlaid work so fine and delicate that it would cost a small fortune to

put them in complete repair. In the smoke-closet built against the chimney the family ham used to be smoked every winter. In it now are stored away the tin kitchen, in which meat used to be roasted before the open fire, and the crane that used to hang in the big fireplace of the "sitting-room," and the candle-molds for the time when every family made its own candles. Think of it! And there on the shelves are piles upon piles of newspapers, from the days when a newspaper was something to be preserved with care.

And at nightfall, when after sunset the cool, dewy air brings out all the faint, sweet odors of the flowers, we shall wander down in the garden among beds of phlox and love-lies-bleeding, between rows of tall hollyhocks and sunflowers. We shall not pick any of the roses, for those are gathered in the morning with the dew on them. We are going to make rose-water next week, kindling the little wood fire under the gypsy kettle out-of-doors, and distilling the delicate perfume of our own garden in the summer to last us all through the winter. Every morning for a month we have been picking the roses,— one morning there were five hundred and forty,— and shaking the petals off into a great firkin. No, we must leave the roses and wander on to the little summer-house at the foot of the garden, near the pond that is more like a river than a pond, with its gates that let in or shut out the salt tides from the great river just beyond.

But, if it should happen to be a rainy evening, we shall have a still better time. Then we shall go into the library and open the queer old book-cases and take down the copy of Milton that is a hundred and fifty years old, and the "Baxter's Saint's Rest," published in 1649, with its leaves eaten by a genuine bookworm. We shall turn over the old fashion-books and laugh at the gowns and coats that were very, very queer much less than a hundred years ago. Here are the old novels, some of them with the remarkable information on the title-pages that they are "By a Lady," and, best of all, here are the children's school-books. These are inscribed on the fly-leaf as "Presented to ——" by his or her affectionate father or mother or friend, showing that the children of those days were expected to take school-books for presents. One of the funniest of these is a little grammar with pictures to illustrate the rules. To illustrate, for instance, active, passive, and neuter verbs, there is a picture of a father whipping his little boy,— the father is *active*, the boy is *passive*, and the mother, sitting by herself on a stool, looking on, but doing nothing, is *neuter*.

If the books should give out, though they never would, we can look over the half dozen old newspapers that we brought down from the file in the garret. Here, in one of the date November 1, 1823, I see a "note" to the effect that "Sir Walter Scott is fitting up his house at Abbotsford with gas." Here, too, are the strangest advertisements!



HOUSE OF SIR WILLIAM PEPPERELL AT KITTERY

notices of the public lotteries, by which Harvard College was at one time largely supported, the Legislature itself authorizing the lotteries by which thirty thousand dollars were raised for the building of the dormitories "Stoughton" and "Holworthy"! It is very funny, too, to find that our dear old town has kept not only her old elms and old homesteads, but her old grievances. Here are the people in 1807 complaining of the "odors from the South Mill Pond," just as they complained of the same thing in this morning's *Chronicle*. Indeed, in many ways the newspaper hardly seems old. The advertisements contain precisely the same names as to-day. In the "Marriages" we read the notice of the marriage of the lady to whose granddaughter's wedding we went yesterday; a famous bull is advertised from the same farm which is advertising the same thing nowadays; the father of one of our most famous Boston surgeons advertises that in the afternoons he will "extract and replace teeth, fill and repair defective ones, and perform all other operations of a surgeon-dentist."

Last of all, we shall open the old desk. Here is a treasure-trove, indeed. I must have convinced you, I think, that nothing that ever entered this house was ever lost or torn or injured; so we are not surprised to come across even little scraps of waste paper with the names of people invited to an evening party in 1829, with marks against those who accepted the invitation. Here is a little box of some black pasty stuff with which they used to mark those wonderful handkerchiefs, as fine as cobwebs and as large as small table-cloths, hemmed with stitches that perhaps you could discover with a microscope. We had the curiosity once to try some of it on a bit of cloth, and, though it is known to have lain in that desk forty years at least, it was soft and black and distinct as ever. In one pigeon-hole are files of the bills for the children's schooling. From the time she was six years old until she was eleven, your grandmother's bills for instruction in the best school the town afforded read thus:

Mr. Alden's Academy for Young Ladies.

Conditions: 1. One dollar, at entrance, which is to be paid only once by the same pupil, however long she may attend this institution.

2 Thirty cents a week, from the time of entrance to the time of leaving the Academy.

3. Mr. Alden is at the expense of providing a convenient building, tables, benches, inkstands, and ink.

Miss —— to Timothy Alden, Jr. Dr.

To instruction, at thirty cents a week,	Dolls.	Cents.
Nineteen weeks	5	70

After she was eleven, the bills are a little more elaborate, thus:

Rev. Mr. Alden's Academy.

Conditions.

1 One dollar to be paid by each pupil on entering.

2. The masters pay seven dollars a quarter.

3. Those misses who attend to the working of muslin and embroidery pay seven dollars, and the rest six dollars, a quarter.

4 The room rent is assessed equally on the pupils

	Dolls.	Cents.
To instruction, one quarter .	7	00
To room rent . .	0	25
To books and stationery . .	1	09½
	8	34½

At the close of the term, printed "Rewards of Merit" were issued, stating that Miss —— "has repeated, memoriter, the questions and answers throughout the Principles of Religion and Morality, which are composed in about seventy duodecimo pages," or that "during the quarter just closed, Miss —— finished repeating, memoriter, select parts of Mason's Self Knowledge to the amount of two thousand eight hundred and ninety lines."

In another pigeon-hole are little notes written by the young gentlemen of the town to invite the young ladies of the family to drive with them, and here — take them up very tenderly — are your grandfather's love-letters.

Not exactly love-letters; not what in these days of impassioned rhetoric we should call love-letters. I think we may venture to open them and take just one peep; for even the love-letters of those days were so formal and stately that they were hardly too sacred for even a stranger to read. And well might they consider the chances of their being read by people far less entitled to the privilege than the great-grandchildren of the lady to whom they were addressed; for in those days there were no envelopes; nor were there steamers to carry the mails. Your grandfather, who was in Sweden, would hand his sheet of paper, carefully folded and fastened with red wax, to the master of some slow sailing-vessel, and it would take its chances, sent in November, 1812, of being indorsed in your grandmother's delicate hand as "received April, 1813." They all are addressed to "Miss ——, Esteemed Friend," and signed, "Your most obedient and humble servant." In one of them he is a little disappointed at not having heard from her. He is not distressed lest she should have removed from him the "friendship" with which she "honored him" before he left; but he is sorry that a letter has been lost. Did he ever receive it? There is no record of it, but I think he did receive that or another just as good. Certainly she never removed her "friendship" from him; for her portrait, painted sixty years later, hangs beside his on the wall above us; and are not we, sitting around the same fireplace where they sat, sons and sons'

wives and grandsons, what Dr. Holmes would call the "wonderful echoes of that maiden's '*Yes*'"?

Still, I wish we could find a record of its being received. But we will not hunt for it. After all, the letters are too sacred even for us to read. Simple as they are, there is a heart-beat in every word, and those heart-beats were not for us! Let us tie them reverently together again, and put them quietly back where they have rested for two generations.

JINGLES.

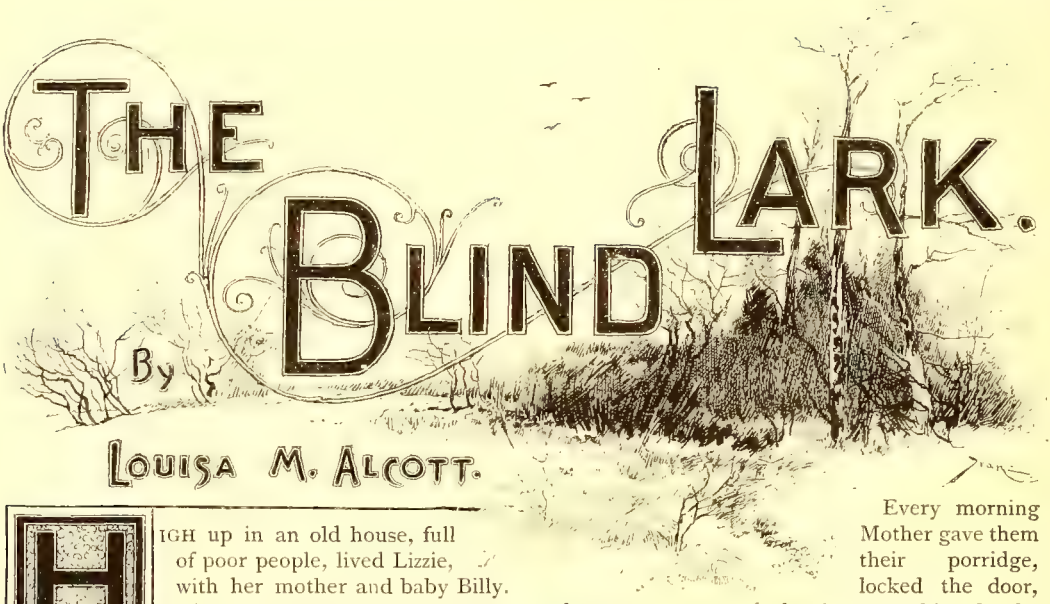
"Chirr-a-whirr!" the squirrel says,
"My boy, you can't catch me!
Before you reach the lowest bough,
I 'm to the top of the tree."

"I think," said the wren to the jay-bird,
"Your dress is very fine;
But for work and play, you should lay it away
For a plainer one like mine."

If you would have your learning stay,
Be patient; don't learn too fast.
The man who travels a mile each day
Will get round the world at last.

Love you best the budding Spring,
Or gay Summer's blossoming?
Which is to your heart most dear,
Autumn hues or Winter cheer?





HIGH up in an old house, full of poor people, lived Lizzie, with her mother and baby Billy. The street was a narrow, noisy place, where carts rumbled and dirty children played; where the sun seldom shone, the fresh wind seldom blew, and the white snow of winter was turned at once to black mud. One bare room was Lizzie's home, and out of it she seldom went, for she was a prisoner. We all pity the poor princesses who were shut up in towers by bad fairies, the men and women in jails, and the little birds in cages, but Lizzie was a sadder prisoner than any of these.

The prince always comes to the captive princess, the jail doors open in time, and the birds find some kind hand to set them free; but there seemed no hope of escape for this poor child. Only nine years old, and condemned to life-long helplessness, loneliness, and darkness — for she was blind.

She could dimly remember the blue sky, green earth, and beautiful sun; for the light went out when she was six, and the cruel fever left her a pale little shadow to haunt that room ever since. The father was dead, the mother worked hard for daily bread, they had no friends, and the good fairies seemed to have forgotten them. Still, like the larks one sees in Brittany, the eyes of which cruel boys put out, that they may sing the sweeter, Lizzie made music in her cage, singing to baby; and when he slept, she sat by the window listening to the noise below for company, crooning to herself till she, too, fell asleep and forgot the long, long days that had no play, no school, no change for her such as other children know.

Every morning Mother gave them their porridge, locked the door, and went away to work, leaving something for the children's dinner, and Lizzie to take care of herself and Billy till night. There was no other way, for both were too helpless to be trusted elsewhere, and there was no one to look after them. But Lizzie knew her way about the room, and could find the bed, the window, and the table where the bread and milk stood. There was seldom any fire in the stove, and the window was barred, so the little prisoners were safe, and day after day they lived together a sad, solitary, unchildlike life that makes one's heart ache to think of.

Lizzie watched over Billy like a faithful little mother, and Billy did his best to bear his trials, and comfort sister, like a man. He was not a rosy, rollicking fellow, like most year-old boys, but pale and thin and quiet, with a pathetic look in his big blue eyes, as if he said, "Something is wrong; will some one kindly put it right for us?" But he seldom complained unless in pain, and would lie for hours on the old bed, watching the flies, which were his only other playmates, stretching out his little hands to the few rays of sunshine that crept in now and then, as if longing for them, like a flower in a cellar. When Lizzie sung, he hummed softly; and when he was hungry, cold, or tired, he called "Lib! Lib!" meaning "Lizzie," and nestled up to her, forgetting all his baby woes in her tender arms.

Seeing her so fond and faithful, the poor neighbors loved as well as pitied her, and did what they could for the afflicted child. The busy women would pause at the locked door to ask if all was right; the dirty children brought her dandelions

from the park, and the rough workmen of the factory opposite, with a kind word would toss an apple or a cake through the open window. They had learned to look for the little wistful face behind the bars, and loved to listen to the childish voice which caught and imitated the songs they sung and whistled, like a sweet echo. They called her "the blind lark," and, though she never knew it, many were the better for the pity they gave her.

Baby slept a great deal, for life offered him few pleasures, and, like a small philosopher, he wisely tried to forget the troubles which he could not cure; so Lizzie had nothing to do but sing, and try to imagine how the world looked. She had no one to tell her, and the few memories grew dimmer and dimmer each year. She did not know how to work or to play, never having been taught, and Mother was too tired at night to do anything but get supper and go to bed.

"The child will be an idiot soon, if she does not die," people said; and it seemed as if this would be the fate of the poor little girl, since no one came to save her during those three weary years. She often said, "I 'm of *some* use. I take care of Billy, and I could n't live without him."

But even this duty and delight was taken from her, for that cold spring nipped the poor little flower, and one day Billy shut his blue eyes with a patient sigh and left her all alone.

Then Lizzie's heart seemed broken, and people thought she would soon follow him, now that her one care and comfort was gone. All day she laid with her cheek on Billy's pillow, holding the battered tin cup and a little worn-out shoe, and it was pitiful to hear her sing the old lullabies as if baby still could hear them.

"It will be a mercy if the poor thing does n't live; blind folks are no use and a sight of trouble," said one woman to another as they gossiped in the hall after calling on the child during her mother's absence, for the door was left unlocked since she was ill.

"Yes, Mrs. Davis would get on nicely if she had n't such a burden. Thank Heaven, my children are n't blind," answered the other, hugging her baby closer as she went away.

Lizzie heard them, and hoped with all her sad little soul that death would set her free, since she was of no use in the world. To go and be with Billy was all her desire now, and she was on her way to him, growing daily weaker and more content to be dreaming of dear baby well and happy, waiting for her somewhere in a lovely place called Heaven.

The summer vacation came, and hundreds of eager children were hurrying away to the mountains and seashore for two months of healthful pleasure. Even the dirty children in the lane felt the approach of berry-time, and rejoiced in their freedom from cold as they swarmed like flies about the corner grocery where over-ripe fruit was thrown out for them to scramble over.

Lizzie heard about good times when some of these young neighbors were chosen to go on the poor children's picnics, and came back with big sandwiches buttoned up in their jackets; pickles, peanuts, and buns in their pockets; hands full of faded flowers, and hearts brimming over with childish delight at a day in the woods. She listened with a faint smile, enjoyed the "woodsy" smell of the green things, and wondered if they had nice picnics in Heaven, being sorry that Billy had missed them here. But she did not seem to care much, or hope for any pleasure for herself except to see baby again.

I think there were few sadder sights in that great city than this innocent prisoner waiting so patiently to be set free. Would it be by the gentle angel of death, or one of the human angels who keep these little sparrows from falling to the ground?

One hot August day, when not a breath came into the room, and the dust and noise and evil smells were almost unendurable, poor Lizzie lay on her bed singing feebly to herself about "the beautiful blue sea." She was trying to get to sleep that she might dream of a cool place, and her voice was growing fainter and fainter, when suddenly it seemed as if the dream had come, for a sweet odor was near, something damp and fresh touched her feverish cheek, and a kind voice said in her ear:

"Here is the little bird I 've been following. Will you have some flowers, dear?"

"Is it Heaven? Where 's Billy?" murmured Lizzie, groping about her, half awake.

"Not yet. I 'm not Billy, but a friend who carries flowers to little children who can not go and get them. Don't be afraid, but let me sit and tell you about it," answered the voice, as a gentle hand took hers.

"I thought, may be, I 'd died, and I was glad, for I do want to see Billy so much. He 's baby, you know." And the clinging hands held the kind one fast till it filled them with a great bunch of roses that seemed to bring all summer into the close, hot room with their sweetness.

"Oh, how nice! how nice! I never had such a lot. They 're bigger 'n' better 'n dandelions, are n't they? What a good lady you must be to go 'round giving folks posies like these!" cried Lizzie, trying to realize the astonishing fact.

Then, while the new friend fanned her, she lay luxuriating in her roses, and listening to the sweet story of the Flower Mission which, like many other pleasant things, she knew nothing of in her prison. Presently she told her own little tale, never guess-

ing how pathetic it was, till, lifting her hand to touch the new face, she found it wet with tears.

"Are you sorry for me?" she asked. "Folks are very kind, but I 'm a burden, you know, and I 'd better die and go to Billy; I was some use to him, but I never can be to any one else. I heard 'em say so, and poor Mother would do better if I was n't here."

"My child, I know a little blind girl who is no burden but a great help to her mother, and a happy, useful creature, as you might be if you were taught and helped as she was," went on the voice, sounding more than ever like a good fairy's as it told fresh wonders till Lizzie was sure it *must* be all a dream.

"Who taught her? Could I do it? Where 's the place?" she asked, sitting erect in her eagerness, like a bird that hears a hand at the door of its cage.

Then, with the comfortable arm around her, the roses stirring with the flutter of her heart, and the sightless eyes looking up as if they could see the face of the deliverer, Lizzie heard the wonderful story of the House Beautiful standing white and spacious on the hill, with the blue sea before it, the fresh wind always blowing, the green gardens and parks all about, and, inside, music, happy voices, shining faces, busy hands, and year after year the patient teaching by those who dedicate themselves to this noble and tender task.

"It must be better 'n Heaven!" cried Lizzie, as she heard of work and play, health and happiness, love and companionship, usefulness and independence,—all the dear rights and simple joys young creatures hunger for, and perish, soul and body, without.

It was too much for her little mind to grasp at once, and she lay as if in a blissful dream long after the kind visitor had gone, promising to come again and to find some way for Lizzie to enter into that lovely place where darkness is changed to light.

That visit was like magic medicine, and the child grew better at once, for hope was born in her heart. The heavy gloom seemed to lift, discomforts were easier to bear, and solitude was peopled now with troops of happy children living in that wonderful place where blindness was not a burden. She told it all to her mother, and the poor woman tried to believe it, but said, sadly:



"A KIND VOICE SAID: 'WILL YOU HAVE SOME FLOWERS, DEAR?'"

"Don't set your heart on it, child. It 's easy to promise and to forget. Rich folks don't trouble themselves about poor folks if they can help it."

But Lizzie's faith never wavered, though the roses faded as day after day went by and no one came. The mere thought that it was possible to teach blind people to work and study and play seemed to give her strength and courage. She got up and sat at the window again, singing to herself as she watched and waited, with the dead flowers carefully arranged in Billy's mug, and a hopeful smile on the little white face behind the bars.

Every one was glad she was better, and nodded to one another as they heard the soft crooning, like a dove's coo, in the pauses of the harsher noises that filled the street. The workmen tossed her sweeties and whistled their gayest airs, the children brought their dilapidated toys to amuse her, and one woman came every day to put her baby in Lizzie's lap, it was such a pleasure to her to feel the soft little body in the loving arms that longed for Billy.

Poor Mother went to her work in better spirits, and the long, hot days were less oppressive as she thought, while she scrubbed, of Lizzie up again; for she loved her helpless burden, heavy though she found it.

When Saturday came around, it rained hard, and no one expected "the flower lady." Even Lizzie said, with a patient sigh and a hopeful smile:

"I don't believe she 'll come; but, may be, it will clear up, and then I guess she will."

It did not clear up, but the flower lady came, and as the child sat listening to the welcome sound of her steps, her quick ear caught the tread of two pairs of feet, the whisper of two voices, and presently two persons came in to fill her hands with midsummer flowers.

"This is Minna, the little girl I told you of. She wanted to see you very much, so we paddled away like a pair of ducks, and here we are," said Miss Grace gayly; and as she spoke Lizzie felt soft fingers glide over her face, and a pair of childish lips find and kiss her own. The groping touch, the hearty kiss, made the blind children friends at once, and, dropping her flowers, Lizzie hugged the new-comer, trembling with excitement and delight. Then they talked, and how the tongues went as one asked questions and the other answered them, while Miss Grace sat by enjoying the happiness of those who do *not* forget the poor, but seek them out to save and bless.

Minna had been for a year a pupil in the happy school, where she was taught to see with her hands, as one might say; and the tales she told of the good times there made Lizzie cry eagerly:

"Can I go? Oh, *can* I go?"

"Alas, no, not yet," answered Miss Grace sadly. "I find that children under ten can not be taken, and there is no place for the little ones unless kind people care for them."

Lizzie gave a wail, and hid her face in the pillow, feeling as if she could not bear the dreadful disappointment.

Minna comforted her, and Miss Grace went on to say that generous people were trying to get another school for the small children, that all the blind children were working hard to help on the plan, that money was coming in, and soon they hoped to have a pleasant place for every child who needed help.

Lizzie's tears stopped falling as she listened, for hope was not quite gone.

"I 'll not be ten till next June, and I don't see how I *can* wait 'most a year. Will the little school be ready 'fore then?" she asked.

"I fear not, dear, but I will see that the long waiting is made as easy as possible, and perhaps you can help us in some way," answered Miss Grace, anxious to atone for her mistake in speaking about the school before she had made sure that Lizzie could go.

"Oh, I 'd love to help; only I can't do anything," sighed the child.

"You can sing, and that is a lovely way to help. I heard of 'the blind lark,' as they call you, and when I came to find her, your little voice led me straight to the door of the cage. That door I mean to open and let you hop out into the sunshine; then, when you are well and strong, I hope you will help us get the home for other little children who else must wait years before *they* find the light. Will you?"

As Miss Grace spoke, it was beautiful to see the clouds lift from Lizzie's wondering face, till it shone with the sweetest beauty any face can wear, the happiness of helping others. She forgot her own disappointment in the new hope that came, and held on to the bed-post as if the splendid plan were almost too much for her.

"Could I help that way?" she cried. "Would anybody care to hear me sing? Oh, how I 'd love to do anything for the poor little ones who will have to wait."

"You shall. I 'm sure the hardest heart would be touched by your singing, if you look as you do now. We need something new for our fair and concert, and by that time you will be ready," said Miss Grace, almost afraid she had said too much; for the child looked so frail, it seemed as if even joy would hurt her.

Fortunately her mother came in just then, and, while the lady talked to her, Minna's childish

chatter soothed Lizzie so well that when they left she stood at the window smiling down at them and singing like the happiest bobolink that ever tilted on a willow branch in spring-time.

All the promises were kept, and soon a new life began for Lizzie. A better room and well-paid work were found for Mrs. Davis. Minna came as often as she could to cheer up her little friend, and, best of all, Miss Grace taught her to sing, that by and by the little voice might plead with its pathetic music for others less blest than she. So the winter months went by, and Lizzie grew like mayflowers underneath the snow, getting ready to look up, sweet and rosy, when spring set her free and called her to be glad. She counted the months and weeks, and when the time dwindled to days, she could hardly sleep or eat for thinking of the happy hour when she could go to be a pupil in the school where miracles were worked.

Her birthday was in June, and, thanks to Miss Grace, her coming was celebrated by one of the pretty festivals of the school, called Daisy Day. Lizzie knew nothing of this surprise, and when her friends led her up the long flight of steps she looked like a happy little soul climbing to the gates of Heaven.

Mr. Constantine, the ruler of this small kingdom, was a man whose fatherly heart had room for every suffering child in the world, and it rejoiced over every one who came, though the great house was overflowing and many waited as Lizzie had done.

He welcomed her so kindly that the strange place seemed like home at once, and Minna led her away to the little mates who proudly showed her their small possessions and filled her hands with the treasures children love, while pouring into her ears delightful tales of the study, work, and play that made their lives so happy.

Lizzie was bewildered, and held fast to Minna, whose motherly care of her was sweet to see. Kind teachers explained rules and duties with the patience that soothes fear and wins love, and soon Lizzie began to feel that she was a "truly pupil" in this wonderful school where the blind could read, sew, study, sing, run, and play. Boys raced along the galleries and up and down the stairs as boldly as if all had eyes. Girls swept and dusted like tidy housewives; little fellows hammered and sawed in the workshop and never hurt themselves; small girls sewed on pretty work as busy as bees, and in the schoolroom lessons went on as if both teachers and pupils were blessed with eyes.

Lizzie could not understand it, and was content to sit and listen wherever she was placed, while her little fingers fumbled at the new objects near her, and her hungry mind opened like a flower to the sun. She had no tasks that day, and in the afternoon was led away with a flock of children, all chattering like magpies, on the grand expedition. Every year, when the fields were white with daisies, these poor little souls were let loose among them to enjoy the holy day of this child's flower. Ah, but was n't it a pretty sight to see the meeting between them, when the meadows were reached and the children scattered far and wide with cries of joy as they ran and rolled in the white sea, or filled their eager hands, or softly felt for the dear daisies and kissed them like old friends! The flowers seemed to enjoy it, too, as they danced and nodded, while the wind rippled the long grass like waves of a green sea, and the sun smiled as if he said:

"Here 's the sort of thing I like to see. Why don't I find more of it?"

Lizzie's face looked like a daisy, it was so full of light as she stood looking up with the wide brim of her new hat like the white petals all round it. She did not run nor shout, but went slowly wading through the grass, feeling the flowers touch her hands, yet picking none, for it was happiness enough to know that they were there. Presently she sat down and let them tap her cheeks and rustle about her ears as though telling secrets that made her smile. Then, as if weary with so much happiness, she lay back and let the daisies hide her with their pretty coverlet.

Miss Grace was watching over her, but left her alone, and by and by, like a lark from its nest in the grass, the blind girl sent up her little voice, singing so sweetly that the children gathered around to hear, while they made chains and tied up their nosegays.

This was Lizzie's first concert, and no little prima donna was ever more pelted with flowers than she; for when she had sung all her songs, new and old, a daisy crown was put upon her head, a tall flower for a scepter in her hand, and all the boys and girls danced around her as if she had been Queen of the May.

A little feast came out of the baskets, that they might be empty for the harvest to be carried home, and, while they ate, stories were told and shouts of laughter filled the air, for all were as merry as if there was no darkness, pain, or want in the world. Then they had games, and Lizzie was taught to play, for till now she never knew what a good romp meant. Her cheeks grew rosy, her sad little face waked up, she ran and tumbled with the rest, and actually screamed, to Minna's great delight.

Two or three of the children could see a little, and these were very helpful in taking care of the little ones. Miss Grace found them playing some game with Lizzie, and observed that all but she

were blindfolded. When she asked why, one whispered, "We thought we should play fairer if we were all alike." And another added, "It seems somehow as if we were proud if we see better than the rest."

Lizzie was much touched by this sweet spirit, and a little later showed that she had already learned one lesson in the school, when she gathered about her some who had never seen, and told them what she could remember of green fields and daisy-balls before the light went out forever.

"Surely my little lark was worth saving, if only for this one happy day," thought Miss Grace, as she watched the awakened look in the blind faces, all leaning toward the speaker, whose childish story pleased them well.

In all her long and useful life, Lizzie never forgot that Daisy Day, for it seemed as if she were born anew, and, like a butterfly, had left the dark chrysalis all behind her then. It was the first page of the beautiful book just opening before the eyes of her little mind,—a lovely page, illustrated with flowers, kind faces, sunshine, and happy hopes. The new life was so full, so free, she soon fell into her place and enjoyed it all. People worked there so heartily, so helpfully, it was no wonder things went as if by magic, and the poor little creatures who came in so afflicted went out in some years independent people, ready to help themselves and often to benefit others.

There is no need to tell all Lizzie learned and enjoyed that summer, nor how proud her mother was when she heard her read in the curious books, making eyes of the little fingers that felt their way along so fast, when she saw the neat stitches she set, the pretty clay things she modeled, the tidy way she washed dishes, swept and dusted, and helped keep her room in order. But the poor woman's heart was too full for words when she heard the child sing,—not as before, in the dreary room, sad, soft lullabies to Billy,—but beautiful, gay songs, with flutes and violins to lift and carry the little voice along on waves of music.



"WHEN THE VIOLINS BEGAN TO PLAY, LIZZIE FORGOT THE CROWD AND SANG HER SONG IN CLEAR SWEET TONES."

Lizzie really had a great gift, but she was never happier than when they all sang together, or when she sat quietly listening to the band as they prac-

ticed for the autumn concert. She was to have a part in it, and the thought that she could help to earn money for the Kindergarten made the shy child bold and glad to do her part. Many people knew her now, for she was very pretty, with the healthful roses in her cheeks, curly yellow hair, and great blue eyes that seemed to see. Her mates and teachers were proud of her, for, though she was not as quick as some of the pupils, her sweet temper, grateful heart, and friendly little ways made her very dear to all, aside from the musical talent she possessed.

Every one was busy over the fair and the concert; and fingers flew, tongues chattered, feet trotted, and hearts beat fast with hope and fear as the time drew near, for all were eager to secure a home for the poor children still waiting in darkness. It was a charity which appealed to all hearts when it was known; but, in this busy world of ours, people have so many cares of their own that they are apt to forget the wants of others unless something brings these needs very clearly before their eyes. Much money was needed, and many ways had been tried to add to the growing fund, that all might be well done.

"We wish to interest children in this charity for children, so that they may gladly give a part of their abundance to these poor little souls who have nothing. I think Lizzie will sing some of the pennies out of their pockets, which would otherwise go for bonbons. Let us try; so make her neat and pretty, and we 'll have a special song for her."

Mr. Constantine said this, and Miss Grace carried out his wish so well that, when the time came, the little prima donna did her part better even than they had hoped.

The sun shone splendidly on the opening day of the fair, and cars and carriages came rolling out from the city, full of friendly people with plump purses and the sympathetic interest we all take in such things when we take time to see, admire, and reproach ourselves that we do so little for them.

There were many children, and when they had bought the pretty handiwork of the blind needlewomen, eaten cake and ices, wondered at the strange maps and books, twirled the big globe in the hall, and tried to understand how so many blind people could be so busy and so happy, they all were seated at last to hear the music, full of expectation, for "the pretty little girl was going to sing."

It was a charming concert, and every one enjoyed it, though many eyes grew dim as they wandered from the tall youths blowing the horns so sweetly, to the small ones chirping away like so many sparrows, for the blind faces made the sight pathetic, and such music touched the hearts as no other music can.

"Now she 's coming!" whispered the eager children, as a little girl climbed up the steps and stood before them, waiting to begin.

A slender little creature, in a blue gown, with sunshine falling on her pretty hair, a pleading look in the soft eyes that had no sign of blindness but their steadfastness, and a smile on the lips that trembled at first, for Lizzie's heart beat fast, and only the thought, "I 'm helping the poor little ones," gave her courage for her task.

But, when the flutes and violins began to play like a whispering wind, she forgot the crowd before her, and, lifting up her face, sang in clear sweet tones

THE BLIND LARK'S SONG.

We are sitting in the shadow
Of a long and lonely night,
Waiting till some gentle angel
Comes to lead us to the light.
For we know there is a magic
That can give eyes to the blind
Oh, well-filled hands, be generous!
Oh, pitying hearts, be kind!

Help stumbling feet that wander,
To find the upward way;
Teach hands that now lie idle
The joys of work and play.
Let pity, love, and patience
Our tender teachers be,
That, though the eyes be blinded,
The little souls may see.

Your world is large and beautiful,
Our prison dim and small:
We stand and wait, imploring —
"Is there not room for all?
Give us our children's garden,
Where we may safely bloom,
Forgetting in God's sunshine
Our lot of grief and gloom."

A little voice comes singing,
Oh, listen to its song!
A little child is pleading
For those who suffer wrong.
Grant them the patient magic
That gives eyes to the blind!
Oh, well-filled hands, be generous!
Oh, pitying hearts, be kind!

It was a very simple little song, but it proved wonderfully effective, for Lizzie was so carried away by her own feeling that as she sang the last lines she stretched out her hands imploringly, and two great tears rolled down her cheeks. For a minute many hands were too busy fumbling for handkerchiefs to clap, but the children were quick to answer that gesture and those tears, and one impetuous little lad tossed a small purse containing his last ten cents at Lizzie's feet, the first contribution won by her innocent appeal. Then there was great applause,

and many of the flowers just bought were thrown to the little Lark, who was obliged to come back and sing again and again, smiling brightly as she dropped pretty curtsies, and sang song after song with all the added sweetness of a grateful heart.

Hidden behind the organ, Miss Grace and Mr. Constantine shook hands joyfully, for this was the sort of interest they wanted, and they knew that while the children clapped and threw flowers, the wet-eyed mothers were thinking, self-reproachfully, "I must help this lovely charity," and the stout old gentlemen who pounded with their canes were resolving to go home and write some generous checks, which would be money invested in God's savings-bank.

It was a very happy time for all, and made strangers friends in the sweet way which teaches heart to speak to heart. When the concert was over, Lizzie felt many hands press hers and leave something there, many childish lips kiss her own, with promises to "help about the Kindergarten," and her ears were full of kind voices thanking and praising her for doing her part so well. Still later, when all were gone, she proudly put the rolls of bills into Mr. Constantine's hand, and, throwing her arms about Miss Grace's neck, said, trembling with earnestness, "I 'm not a burden any more, and I can truly help! How can I ever thank you both for making me so happy?"

One can fancy what their answer was and how Lizzie helped; for, long after the Kindergarten was filled with pale little flowers blooming slowly as she had done, the Blind Lark went on singing pennies out of pockets, and sweetly reminding people not to forget this noble charity.

A SONG OF SINGERS.

By Ida Whipple Benham.

I WILL sing you a song of singers:
  Listen, and you shall hear
How the lark on high, in the breast of the sky,
  Sings to the opening year.
In a still blue place for a moment's space
  All song from wing to crest,
He sings in the sun — and the rapture done,
  Sinks to his silent nest.

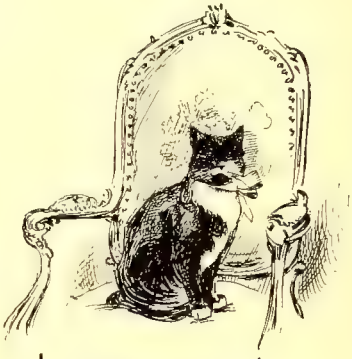
I will sing you a song of singers:
  Listen, and you shall hear
How the wind of the south, with a sweet warm mouth,
  Sings in the heart of the year.
It is hey! for the fields of roses, and hey! for the banks of thyme;
  And hey! for the shady closes with a lilt and a laughing rhyme!
And the lake will ruffle its bosom,
  And curl its foamy crest,
When the murmuring sigh of the wind comes nigh
  The lilies upon its breast.

I will sing you a song of singers:
  Listen, and you shall hear
The song close hid of the katydid,
  In the falling of the year.
Wide in the leafy ranges,
  He sings in the waning light,
And his love-song knows few changes
  Under the stars of night.
Shrill in the forest reaches,
  In doublet of satin green,
He sings, as his wild mood teaches,
  His one song to his queen.

I will sing you a song of singers:
  Listen, and you shall hear
The song of the snow, soft, soft and low,
  In the night-time of the year.
Out of the deeps of heaven,
  All in a pure white glow,
Under the stars of even,
  Sings the angel of the snow.
And the heart must learn to listen
  And bend its wayward will,
While the frost flakes glow and glisten
  And the winter air is chill.
And the song is pure as pity,
  And glad as glad can be,—
For an angel sings with brooding wings
  The song of charity.

SIXTEEN AND SIX.





Sister at the Easel sat,
In the chair, her Pussy-cat;
Soon upon the canvas clear,
Pussy's portrait did appear.

But when Sister left the room,
Pussy's portrait met its doom;
Little Sister — naughty miss,
Made an awful touch — like this!!



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Albert E Sterner



By Brander Matthews.

Toward the end of May, 1885, there died in Paris the greatest of French poets — a great poet who was also a great novelist and a great dramatist; a great poet who had always a warm heart for the sick and the suffering; who was always ready with strong words for the defense of the weak and the oppressed, and who was always very fond of little children. This great poet was Victor Hugo. He lived to be more than eighty years old; and when he died, the city of Paris, which he had ever loved and splendidly praised in prose and verse, gave him the most magnificent funeral that a mourning people could give. His body lay in state under the Triumphal Arch built by Napoleon to commemorate the great deeds of the Grand Army. Thousands passed before the body of the poet to do it honor, and countless thousands filled the surrounding avenues. When the day of the funeral came, the first place was reserved for two children, a little girl, Jeanne, and a little boy, Georges, the grandchildren of the great poet. [His own sons had died long before their father.] And throughout Paris men were offering for sale portraits of Victor Hugo holding Miss Jeanne and Master Georges on his knees.

It was the sweet companionship of his little grandchildren that brightened and comforted the last years of the old poet's life. He who in his verses had never tired of singing of the joys of childhood and of the blessing of youth, found in his own old age a solace in the love of two little children. They lived with him, and they ruled the house with a rod of iron. As became a grandfather, he was very indulgent; and the grandchildren might easily have been spoiled had it not been for the watchful care of their mother, and for their own frank and kindly dispositions. The grandfather, who had not come into his second childhood, although he was more than fourscore years of age, made himself young with the grandchildren; he played with them, he entered into their feelings and their fun, he put himself on a level with them. When Miss Jeanne had been naughty, and her mother deprived her of her dessert after dinner, Victor Hugo refused to eat his dessert alone; and as the little girl was naughty for three days, for three days the old poet went without the fruit of which he was very fond.

A French gentleman, Monsieur Richard Lesclide, who was Victor Hugo's private secretary and thus had a chance to see the tender intimacy of the grandfather and the grandchildren, has collected into a book his memories of the poet's table-talk; and in his book he has set down many pleasant anecdotes. He records some of the little games the poet used to play with his small friends, and of the little jests he invented to tease them. For instance, in the cherry season, Victor Hugo would make a great pretense of dividing a basket of the fruit equally between himself and one of his grandchildren; but he had devised a variation of the schoolboy joke, called "Heads I win, and Tails you lose!" He began to distribute the cherries, saying, "One for me, and one for you, and one for me again!" Then he would pause for a moment before beginning once more. "One for me, and one for you, and one for me again!" At first this seemed to sound perfectly fair, but as soon as the child saw that the poet got two for one, he made a puzzled protest, to the great delight of his grandfather.

The stories which Victor Hugo wrote have been translated into all the leading languages, and they

have been read by millions of people; so it is not to be wondered at that so successful a story-teller should have been called upon to tell tales to his grandchildren. They often cried aloud for a story, and he was always ready to obey. Sometimes, it is true, it was inconvenient for him to give up what he was doing to amuse a little girl and a little boy; but he never refused their request. If he had really no time to give them, he had a little trick by which he got them to release him. The poet began to tell a story, the hero of which soon felt thirsty, so that he went into an inn and ordered a cup of coffee, and while it was preparing he took up the newspaper and read it.—And when he arrived at this point in the narrative, Victor Hugo used to take up the newspaper and read it aloud, saying that this was just what the man in the story was reading. Now the political articles in a Parisian newspaper did not at all amuse the poet's grandchildren, and so they left the poet alone shortly, and went off to some other play; and in time they came to understand that whenever the hero of a story was thirsty and began to read a paper while his coffee was getting ready, then they might as well at once abandon all hope of going on with the narrative any further.

The tales which Victor Hugo used to tell to his grandchildren were not many, but they varied greatly in the telling. There were a great many possible variations in any one story, which might make it either very long or quite short. Of these stories M. Lesclide has set down four, which he remembered from having heard the poet tell them often. These were, "The Story of the Hermit," "The Story of the Ass with Two Ears;" "The Story of the Good Flea and the Wicked King," and "The Story of the Good Dog." Of these, "The Story of the Hermit" is the shortest: and it is very short, indeed; for the poet was never allowed to finish it. Here it is:

THE STORY OF THE HERMIT.

ONCE upon a time, in a cave under a mountain, there was a poor hermit who appeared to live in great poverty. He prayed to heaven; he submitted himself to all sorts of mortifications of the flesh; and he was the admiration of the people of the country, who brought him roots and old crusts of bread to keep him from dying of starvation. Well, while every one thought him so hungry and so wretched, he was eating veal—the pig!

Here the tale was always interrupted by an instant demand for an explanation of this unexpected veal; and the discussion which arose always became so entangled and so protracted that nobody ever heard the end of the story; and we do not know now what became of the hermit or why he gorged himself on the secret veal.

A little longer, and yet not altogether complete, was "The Story of the Ass with Two Ears." It was not as great a favorite with the poet's grandchildren as "The Story of the Good Dog." As M. Lesclide says, it begins well, but it does not exactly come to an end. However, such as it is, here it is:

THE STORY OF THE ASS WITH TWO EARS.

ONCE upon a time there was an Ass who was a very good ass, but whose life was very agitated. This was because of a little difficulty of hearing, with which nature had afflicted him. When his right ear heard "yes," his left ear heard "no." When the right ear heard "turn to the right," the left ear heard "turn to the left"—an embarrassing situation! In this case the Ass used to decide not to budge—which was in accord with his contemplative character.

In the morning he went as usual to his master when he got up, to take his orders for the day, waving his ears to show that he was ready to obey.

"Shall I bear the cabbages to market?" he asked with an intelligent look.

"Yes," heard the right ear.

"No," heard the left ear.

The good Ass was much troubled by these contradictory injunctions. He supposed that his master was undecided as to what ought to be done with his cabbages. Then he asked, crying aloud like an ass:

"Shall I instead take the sacks to the mill?"

"Yes!"

"No!"

"He is still undecided," said the Ass to himself. Braying again, the Ass asked:

"Shall I instead go and roll in the hay with the asses of my acquaintance?"

"Yes!"

"No!"

"And yet," said the Ass to himself, "I must really do something."

And so he went to roll in the hay.

One of the tales the children liked best was "The Story of the Good Flea and the Wicked King." This was a tale which was more elaborate, and which lent itself to more action. Whenever Victor Hugo proposed to tell this tale, the children used to insist that he should do the gestures, and he always promised to do the gestures, as they wished. This is the tale:

The Story of the Good Flea and the Wicked King.

Once upon a time there was a Wicked King who made his people very unhappy. Everybody detested him, and those whom he had put in prison and beheaded would have liked to whip him. But how? He was the strongest; he was the master; he did not have to give account to any one; and when he was told that his subjects were not content, he replied:

"Well, what of it? I don't care a rap!" which was an ugly answer.

As he continued to act like a king, and as he became every day a little more wicked than the day before, this set a certain little Flea to thinking over the matter. It was a little bit of a Flea who was of no consequence at all, but full of good sentiments. This is not the nature of fleas in general, but this one had been very well brought up; it bit people with moderation, and only when it was very hungry.

"What if I were to bring the King to reason?" it said to itself. "It is not without danger — but no matter! I will try!"

That night the Wicked King, after having done all sorts of naughty things during the day, was calmly going to sleep, when he felt what seemed to be the prick of a pin.

"Bite!"

He growled and turned over on the other side.

"Bite! Bite! Bite!"

[Here it was that the gestures came in. A sharp slap of the hand indicated where the Flea had attacked the King, and the story-teller bounded about on his chair, the better to express the agonies of the monarch.]

"Who is it that bites me so?" cried the King in a terrible voice.

"It is I," replied a little voice.

"You? Who are you?"

"A little Flea who wishes to correct you!"

"A Flea! Just you wait! Just you wait, and you shall see!"

And the King sprang from his bed, twisted his coverings and shook the sheets, all of which was quite useless, for the Good Flea had hidden itself in the royal beard.

"Ah," said the King, "it has gone now, and I shall be able to get a sound sleep."

But scarcely had he laid his head on the pillow, when——

"Bite!"

"How? What? Again?"

"Bite! Bite!"

"You dare to return, you abominable little Flea! But think for a moment what you are doing! You are no bigger than a grain of sand, and you dare to bite one of the greatest kings on earth!"

"Well, what of it? I don't care a rap!" answered the Flea in the very words of the King.

"Ah, if I only had you!"

"Yes, but you have n't got me!"

The Wicked King did not sleep at all that night, and he arose the next morning in a killing ill-humor. He resolved to destroy his enemy. By his orders, they cleaned the palace from top to bottom, and particularly his bedroom; his bed was made by ten old women, very skillful in the art of catching fleas. But they caught nothing, for the Good Flea had hidden itself under the collar of the King's coat.

That night, this frightful tyrant, who was dying for want of sleep, lay back on both his ears, although this is said to be very difficult. But he wished to sleep double, and he knew no better way. I wish you may find a better. Scarcely had he put out his light when he felt the Flea on his neck.

"Bite! Bite!"

"Ah, zounds! What is this?"

"It is I — the Flea of yesterday."

"But what do you want, you rascal — you tiny pest?"

"I wish you to obey me, and to make your people happy!"

"Ho, there, my soldiers, my captain of the guard, my ministers, my generals! Everybody! The whole lot of you!"

The whole lot of them came in. The King was in a rage which made everybody tremble. He found fault with all the servants of the palace. Everybody was in consternation. During this time, the Flea, quite calm, kept itself hid in the King's night-cap.

The guards were doubled; laws and decrees were made; ordinances were published against all fleas; there were processions and public prayers to ask of Heaven the extermination of the Flea, and sound sleep for the King. It was all of no avail. The wretched King could not lie down, even on the grass, without being attacked by his obstinate enemy, the Good Flea, who did not let him sleep a single minute.

"Bite! Bite!"

It would take too long to tell the many hard knocks the King gave himself in trying to crush the Flea; he was covered with bruises and contusions. As he could not sleep, he wandered about like an uneasy spirit. He grew thinner. He would certainly have died, if, at last, he had not made up his mind to obey the Good Flea.

"I surrender," he said at last, when it began



VICTOR HUGO TELLING HIS GRANDCHILDREN THE STORY OF THE GOOD FLEA AND THE WICKED KING.

again to bite him. "I ask for quarter. I will do what you wish."

"So much the better. On this condition only shall you sleep," replied the Flea.

"Thank you. What must I do?"

"Make your people happy!"

"I have never learned how. I do not know how——"

"Nothing more easy; you have only to go away."

"Taking my treasures with me?"

"Without taking anything!"

"But I shall die if I have no money!" said the King.

"Well, what of it? I don't care!" replied the Flea.

But the Flea was not hard-hearted, and it let the King fill his pockets with money before he went away. And the people were able to be very happy by setting up a republic.

Perhaps the greatest favorite of all these new "Tales of a Grandfather" was "The Story of the Good Dog," which is admirably moral. It interested Hugo's grandchildren even more than "The Story of the Good Flea and the Wicked King"—although there were no gestures to set it off. Here it is:

The Story of the Good Dog.

Once upon a time there was a very Good Dog who was called by a name I can not now remember. He was a Dog with an excellent disposition. I should like to have been his friend. Unfortunately he was very ugly, dragging one paw, having a sore over one eye, and bathing himself rarely. This was in part the fault of his master, a little Boy, as naughty as possible, who never said a kind word to him. He called him "dirty Dog," and when no one was looking, for every one is ashamed when he is doing wrong, he would give the poor beast a great kick, and say:

"There! Take that!"

The Dog cried, "Hee-ee! hee-ee!" as dogs do when they are whipped, and ran away like a thief; but in a little while he came back, for he had been told to take care of the little Boy, and it was said that there were wolves abroad in the land.

One day a hungry wolf came out of the woods, and seeing the little Boy beating the Dog, he thought that the Dog would be glad enough to get rid of this bad master. The Dog did not agree with him at all, and as the wolf absolutely insisted on tasting the little Boy, he fought, and was badly bitten, but showed himself so brave that the wild beast, intimidated by this bold defense, went back into the forest. The little Boy, all trembling, had hidden himself behind a tree, and had picked up a big stick to defend himself. When he saw the poor Dog come back to him, all joyous at his victory, he got very angry:

"Oh, you wretched beast," he cried, "how you frightened me by fighting with that fearful wolf!"

And so to avenge himself for his fear, he broke his stick over the head of the Dog, who ran away, whining and badly wounded.

A few days after, a new adventure happened to the poor Dog. His master had stopped on the edge of a pond. He had provided himself with pebbles, and it was his intention to make these jump along the surface of the water, by throwing them horizontally. The Dog, after having been rebuffed more than once,—it must be said that he was very dirty, indeed, that day,—had sat him down and was looking at his master playing. All at once—splash!—the little Boy slipped on the edge of the pond and fell into the water. Splash! gurgle, gurgle, gurgle! Splash! gurgle, gurgle, gurgle! He was swallowing the foul water, and he was just on the point of drowning, when the Dog, who had instantly plunged into the water, gripped the boy by the collar of his jacket and bore him back to the shore. But, alas! the Dog had torn the jacket,—just a tiny bit,—and the naughty little Boy had lost his cap. This put him in a great rage. The Dog jumped into the water again to get the cap; but, taking advantage of the stones he had under his hand, the wicked Boy began to throw them at him and to force him down and to drown him.

[Here Victor Hugo's grandchildren were never able to restrain their indignation. They were always so kind to the cats and dogs which they met that they could not understand the misdeeds of the little boy; and they felt sure that he would certainly be punished for his evil-doing.]

The Dog at last got himself out of the water and took up his miserable life again. But what had happened to him was as nothing compared with what was going to happen to him.

The poor beast fell ill. He was scarred and mangy; if you had tried to take him up with the tongs, the very tongs would have revolted. His half drowning in the pond had given him a terror of water which contributed not a little to his uncleanliness. The naughtiness of the little Boy seemed to have stained him too.

It happened that one stormy day, the little Boy, followed by his victim, took it into his head to climb up into an apple-tree to steal the apples. This apple-tree belonged to a fierce peasant, who never gave any quarter to robbers, and who would have killed a man for a simple pippin. He was supposed to be away. The wicked little Boy had climbed up into the tree in spite of the barking of the Dog, who protested and told him plainly, "You are doing wrong! You are a thief! These apples are not yours!" Instead of listening to him the naughty child with all his might threw a green apple, as hard as a stone, and it hit the Dog in the middle of his forehead, and made an enormous

bump. But who says that the wicked are not punished? At the moment when this naughty little wretch lifted up his head, do you know what he saw? The peasant, the terrible peasant, standing by the next hedge, his gun in his hand, and shouting in a terrible voice:

"Have you any money to pay for my apples?"

Alas! the wretch had not a cent. He felt that he was lost; he thought of the abominable effects of the discharge of a gun when it goes into one's body, of how he would certainly be killed and buried, and, almost wild with terror, he cried:

"Come to me, my Dog!"

Then was seen almost a miracle. You know well enough that dogs can not climb trees——

[Here little Jeanne Hugo used to interrupt with the breathless remark that "cats can."

"But there are circumstances in which all is changed," her grandfather would say.]

This old, dirty Dog jumped, bounded and rebounded like an elastic ball, fastened himself to the branches with his teeth, and got in front of his horrid master just at the moment when the gun went off.

He received the charge full in the breast.

His dying eyes turned to the little Boy to beg him for help; but the Boy was already far away. He was running across the fields like the thief that he was.

But this is what the peasant saw with his own eyes:

The smoke of the shot, which had enveloped the poor beast, seemed to have transfigured it. The animal was no longer black, was no longer dirty; there was something all around him like the glow of an aurora. His dog's hair grew longer and more lustrous about his fine head, which took on a celestial expression, and great wings grew out of his back.

Here the story came to an end. So great was the interest felt in the Dog that neither of the children thought of the little Boy or of the peasant. Once, however, Master Georges Hugo happened to ask what became of the Good Dog's wicked master.

"He remained wicked," Victor Hugo answered, "and he was cruelly punished for it. *Nobody loved him!*"

THE MAN WHO DROVE DOWNSTAIRS.

BY GERRISH ELDRIDGE.

NO DOUBT many of you are familiar with that one of Mr. Edward Lear's delightful nonsense rhymes, in which he declares that

> There was an old person of Buda,
> Whose conduct grew ruder and ruder;
> Till at last with a hammer
> They silenced his clamor,
> By smashing that person of Buda.

Well, this same town of Buda seems also to have been the home of other eccentric individuals. Among these was the celebrated Count Sandor, who some years ago owned a splendid palace on the rocky height known as the "Schloss-berg," or fortress rock, around which the town is built.

Buda is the capital of Hungary, and is situated in the western part of that kingdom, just below the point where the Danube, with a great bend, turns to the south. The river at Buda is fourteen hundred feet wide, and on the opposite bank is the larger city of Pesth. The two cities are connected with a suspension bridge, as are New York and Brooklyn, and frequent ferry-boats ply between. Indeed, the two cities have so many interests in common, that they are often spoken of as one, under the combined name of Budapest.

This Count Sandor, of whom I have spoken as living in his fine mansion on the Schloss-berg in Buda, was very fond of horses, as are all Hungarians, and he kept in his stables a large number of fleet and blooded horses for riding, racing, and other purposes.

The Count Sandor was as daring as he was adventurous, and his feats of horsemanship were not only eccentric, but dangerous. He would force his horses to plunge down from rocky heights, to scale almost perpendicular cliffs, to dash across the Danube upon floating cakes of ice, to leap over streams and chasms, and to clear fences, walls, and even moving carriages at a single bound.

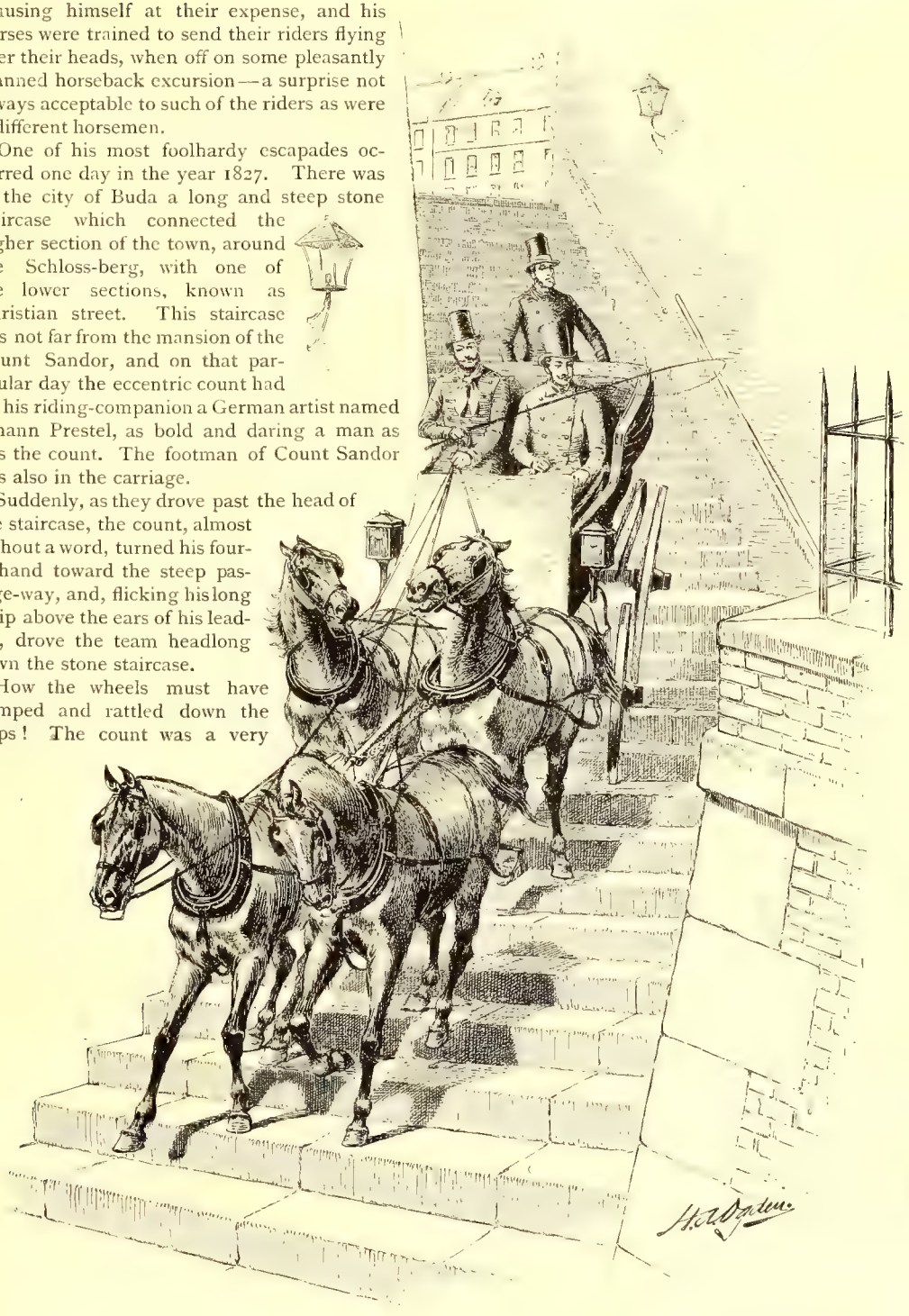
The guests of this harum-scarum count, when they accepted his invitation to a ride, needed to have their wits about them, for they never knew just what to expect of their host and his horses. He would think nothing of overturning a carriage in some especially dangerous-looking place, just for the fun of frightening his companions and

amusing himself at their expense, and his horses were trained to send their riders flying over their heads, when off on some pleasantly planned horseback excursion—a surprise not always acceptable to such of the riders as were indifferent horsemen.

One of his most foolhardy escapades occurred one day in the year 1827. There was in the city of Buda a long and steep stone staircase which connected the higher section of the town, around the Schloss-berg, with one of the lower sections, known as Christian street. This staircase was not far from the mansion of the Count Sandor, and on that particular day the eccentric count had for his riding-companion a German artist named Johann Prestel, as bold and daring a man as was the count. The footman of Count Sandor was also in the carriage.

Suddenly, as they drove past the head of the staircase, the count, almost without a word, turned his four-in-hand toward the steep passage-way, and, flicking his long whip above the ears of his leaders, drove the team headlong down the stone staircase.

How the wheels must have bumped and rattled down the steps! The count was a very



expert driver and could guide his plunging steeds with much skill and ease, so that this ride downstairs was not as fearful or dangerous as it would have been with a less skillful driver; but it was wild enough as it was, and even the bold artist found the staircase quite long enough for such a downward dash.

He made a spirited drawing of this singular adventure, which is reproduced in the illustration on the preceding page. This, together with a large number of other sketches of similar feats of horsemanship, was preserved by the count in what has for years been known and celebrated among horsemen as the "Sandor Album."

Such a ride as this of Count Sandor's down the stone staircase in Buda, was doubtless both daring and skillful, but we, I think, would much prefer to ride along a level road, and not with so audacious and venturesome a driver as was this man who drove downstairs.



HISTORIC GIRLS.

By E. S. Brooks.

VI. EDITH OF SCOTLAND: THE GIRL OF THE NORMAN ABBEY.

[*Afterward known as the "Good Queen Maud" of England.*]

A. D. 1093.

On a broad and deep window-seat in the old Abbey guest-house at Gloucester, sat two young girls of thirteen and ten; before them, brave-looking enough in his old-time costume, stood a manly young fellow of sixteen. The three were in earnest conversation, all unmindful of the noise about them—the romp and riot of a throng of young folk, attendants or followers of the knights and barons of King William's court. For William Rufus, son of the Conqueror and second Norman King of England, held his Whitsuntide *gemôt*, or summer council of his lords and lieges, in the curious old Roman-Saxon-Norman town of Gloucester, in the fair vale through which flows the noble Severn. The city is known to the young folk of to-day as the one in which good Robert

Raikes started the first Sunday-school more than a hundred years ago. But the *gemôt* of King William, which was a far different gathering from good Mr. Raikes's Sunday-school, was held in the great chapter-house of the old Benedictine Abbey, while the court was lodged in the Abbey guest-houses, in the grim and fortress-like Gloucester Castle, and in the houses of the quaint old town itself.

The boy was shaking his head rather doubtfully as he stood, looking down upon the two girls on the broad window-seat.

"Nay, nay, beausire;* shake not your head like that," exclaimed the younger of the girls. "We did escape that way, trust me we did; Edith here can tell you I do speak the truth — for, sure, 't was her device."

Thirteen-year-old Edith laughed merrily enough at her sister's perplexity, and said gayly as the lad turned questioningly to her:

"Sure, then, beausire, 't is plain to see that you are Southron born and know not the complexion of a Scottish mist. Yet 't is even as Mary said. For, as we have told you, the Maiden's Castle standeth high-placed on the crag in Edwin's Burgh, and hath many and devious pathways to the lower gate. So when the Red Donald's men were swarming up the steep, my uncle, the Atheling, did guide us, by ways we knew well, and by twists and turnings that none knew better, straight through Red Donald's array, and all unseen and unnoted of them, because of the blessed thickness of the gathering mist."

"And this was *your* device?" asked the boy admiringly.

"Ay, but any one might have devised it, too," replied young Edith modestly. "Sure, 't was no great device to use a Scotch mist for our safety, and 't were wiser to chance it than stay and be stupidly murdered by Red Donald's men. And so it was, good Robert, even as Mary did say, that we came forth unharmed from amidst them and fled here to King William's court, where we at last are safe."

"Safe, say you; safe?" exclaimed the lad impulsively. "Ay, as safe as is a mouse's nest in a cat's ear — as safe as is a rabbit in a ferret's hutch. But that I know you to be a brave and dauntless maid, I should say to you ——"

But, ere Edith could know what he would say, their conference was rudely broken in upon. For a royal page, dashing up to the three, with scant courtesy, seized the arm of the elder girl, and said hurriedly:

"Haste ye, haste ye, my lady! Our lord King is even now calling for you to come before him in the banquet-hall."

Edith knew too well the rough manners of those dangerous days. She freed herself from the grasp of the page, and said:

"Nay, that may I not, master page. 'T is neither safe nor seemly for a maid to show herself in baron's hall or in King's banquet-room."

"Safe or seemly it may not be, but come you must," said the page rudely. "The King demands it, and your nay is naught."

And so, hurried along whether she would or no, while her friend, Robert Fitz Godwine, accompanied her as far as he dared, the young Princess Edith was speedily brought into the presence of the King of England, William II., called, from the color of his hair and from his fiery temper, Rufus, or "the Red."

For Edith and Mary were both princesses of Scotland, with a history, even before they had reached their teens, as romantic as it was exciting. Their mother, an exiled Saxon princess, had, after the conquest of Saxon England by the stern Duke William the Norman, found refuge in Scotland, and had there married King Malcolm Canmore, the son of that King Duncan whom Macbeth had slain. But when King Malcolm had fallen beneath the walls of Alnwick Castle, a victim to English treachery, and when his fierce brother Donald Bane, or Donald the Red, had usurped the throne of Scotland, then the good Queen Margaret died in the gray castle on the rock of Edinburgh, and the five orphaned children were only saved from the vengeance of their bad uncle Donald by the shrewd and daring device of the young Princess Edith, who bade their good uncle Edgar, the Atheling, guide them, under cover of the mist, straight through the Red Donald's knights and spearmen to England and safety.

You would naturally suppose that the worst possible place for the fugitives to seek safety was in Norman England; for Edgar the Atheling, a Saxon prince, had twice been declared King of England by the Saxon enemies of the Norman conquerors, and the children of King Malcolm and Queen Margaret — half Scotch, half Saxon — were, by blood and birth, of the two races most hateful to the conquerors. But the Red King in his rough sort of way — hot to-day and cold to-morrow — had shown something almost like friendship for this Saxon atheling, or royal prince, who might have been King of England had he not wisely submitted to the greater power of Duke William the Conqueror and to the Red William, his son. More than this, it had been rumored that some two years before, when there was truce between the Kings of England and of Scotland, this harsh and headstrong English King, who was as rough and repelling as a chestnut burr, had seen, noticed, and expressed a particular interest in the eleven-year-old Scottish

* "Fair sir": an ancient style of address, used especially toward those high in rank in Norman times.

girl — this very Princess Edith who now sought his protection.

So, when this wandering uncle boldly threw himself upon Norman courtesy, and came with his homeless nephews and nieces straight to the Norman court for safety, King William Rufus not only received these children of his hereditary foemen with favor and royal welcome, but gave them comfortable lodgment in quaint old Gloucester town, where he held his court.

But even when the royal fugitives deemed themselves safest were they in the greatest danger.

Among the attendant knights and nobles of King William's court was a Saxon knight known as Sir Ordgar, a "thegn," * or baronet, of Oxfordshire; and because those who change their opinions — political or otherwise — often prove the most unrelenting enemies of their former associates, it came to pass that Sir Ordgar, the Saxon, conceived a strong dislike for these orphaned descendants of the Saxon Kings, and convinced himself that the best way to secure himself in the good graces of the Norman King William was to slander and accuse the children of the Saxon Queen Margaret.

And so that very day, in the great hall, when wine was flowing and passions were strong, this false knight, raising his glass, bade them all drink "Confusion to the enemies of our liege the King, from the base Philip of France to the baser Edgar the Atheling and his Scottish brats!"

This was an insult that even the heavy and peace-loving nature of Edgar the Atheling could not brook. He sprang to his feet and denounced the charge:

"None here is truer or more leal to you, lord King," he said, "than am I, Edgar the Atheling, and my charges, your guests."

But King William Rufus was of that changing temper that goes with jealousy and suspicion. His flushed face grew still more red and, turning away from the Saxon prince, he demanded:

"Why make you this charge, Sir Ordgar?"

"Because of its truth, beausire," said the faithless knight. "For what other cause hath this false Atheling sought sanctuary here, save to use his own descent from the ancient kings of this realm to make head and force among your lieges? And his eldest kinsgirl here, the Princess Edith, hath she not been spreading a trumpery story among the younger folk, of how some old *wyrd-wif* † hath said that she who is the daughter of kings shall be the wife and mother of kings? And is it not further true that when her aunt, the Abbess of Romsey, bade her wear the holy veil, she hath again and yet again torn it off, and affirmed that she, who was to be a queen, could never be made a nun? Children and fools, 't is said, do speak the truth, beausire; and in all this do I see the malice and device of this false Atheling, the friend of your rebellious brother, Duke Robert, as you do know him to be; and I do brand him here, in this presence, as traitor and recreant to you, his lord."

The anger of the jealous King grew more unreasoning as Sir Ordgar went on.

"Enough!" he cried. "Seize the traitor, —— or, stay; children and fools, as you have said, Sir Ordgar, do indeed speak the truth. Have in the girl and let us hear the truth. 'Not seemly?' Sir Atheling," he broke out in reply to some protest of Edith's uncle. "Aught is seemly that the King doth wish. Holo! Raoul! Damian! sirrah pages! Run, one of you, and seek the Princess Edith, and bring her here forthwith!"

And while Edgar the Atheling, realizing that this was the gravest of all his dangers, strove, though without effect, to reason with the angry King, Damian, the page, as we have seen, hurried after the Princess Edith.

"How now, mistress!" broke out the Red King, as the young girl was ushered into the banquet-hall, where the disordered tables, strewn with fragments of the feast, showed the ungentle manners of those brutal days. "How now, mistress! do you prate of kings and queens and of your own designs — you, who are but a beggar guest? Is it seemly or wise to talk,— nay, keep you quiet, Sir Atheling; we will have naught from you,— to talk of thrones and crowns as if you did even now hope to win the realm from me — from me, your only protector?"

The Princess Edith was a very high-spirited maiden, as all the stories of her girlhood show. And this unexpected accusation, instead of frightening her, only served to embolden her. She looked the angry monarch full in the face.

"'T is a false and lying charge, lord King," she said, "from whomsoever it may come. Naught have I said but praise of you and your courtesy to us motherless folk. 'T is a false and lying charge; and I am ready to stand test of its proving, come what may."

"Even to the judgment of God, girl?" demanded the King.

And the brave girl made instant reply, "Even to the judgment of God, lord King." Then, skilled in all the curious customs of those warlike times, she drew off her glove. "Whosoever my accuser be, lord King," she said, "I do denounce him as foresworn and false, and thus do I throw myself upon God's good mercy, if it shall please him to raise me up a champion." And she flung her glove upon the floor of the hall, in face of the King and all his barons.

* Pronounced thane

† Witch-wife, or seeress.

It was a bold thing for a girl to do, and a murmur of applause ran through even that unfriendly throng. For, to stand the test of a "wager of battle," or the "judgment of God," as the savage contest was called, was the last resort of any one accused of treason or of crime. It meant no less than a "duel to the death" between the accuser and the accused or their accepted champions, and, upon the result of the duel hung the lives of those in dispute. And the Princess Edith's glove lying on the floor of the Abbey hall was her assertion that she had spoken the truth and was willing to risk her life in proof of her innocence.

Edgar the Atheling, peace-lover though he was, would gladly have accepted the post of champion for his niece, but, as one also involved in the charge of treason, such action was denied him.

For the moment, the Red King's former admiration for this brave young princess caused him to waver; but those were days when suspicion and jealousy rose above all nobler traits. His face grew stern again.

"Ordgar of Oxford," he said, "take up the glove!" and Edith knew who was her accuser. Then the King asked, "Who standeth as champion for Edgar the Atheling and this maid, his niece?"

And almost before the words were spoken young Robert Fitz Godwine stood by Edith's side.

"That would I, lord King, if a young squire might appear against a belted knight!"

"Ordgar of Oxford fights not with boys!" said the accuser contemptuously.

The King's savage humor broke out again.

"Face him with your own page, Sir Ordgar," he said, with a grim laugh. "Boy against boy would be a fitting wager for a young maid's life."

But the Saxon knight was in no mood for sport.

"Nay, beausire; this is no child's play," he said. "I care naught for this girl. I stand as champion for the King against yon traitor Atheling; and if the maiden's cause is his, why then against her too. This is a man's quarrel."

Young Robert would have spoken yet again as his face flushed hot with anger at the knight's contemptuous words. But a firm hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a strong voice said:

"Then is it mine, Sir Ordgar. If between man and man, then will I, with the gracious permission of our lord the King, stand as champion for this maiden here and for my good lord, the noble Atheling, whose liegeman and whose man am I, next to you, lord King." And, taking the mate to the glove which the Princess Edith had flung down in defiance, he thrust it into the guard of his cappelline, or iron skull-cap, in token that he, Godwine of Winchester, the father of the boy Robert, was the young girl's champion.

Three days after, in the tilt-yard of Gloucester Castle, the wager of battle was fought. It was no gay tournament show with streaming banners, gorgeous lists, gayly dressed ladies, flower-decked balconies, and all the splendid display of a tourney of the knights, of which you read in the stories of romance and chivalry. It was a solemn and somber gathering in which all the arrangements suggested only death and gloom, while the accused waited in suspense, knowing that halter and fagot were prepared for them should their champion fall. In quaint and crabbed Latin the old chronicler, John of Fordun, tells the story of the fight, for which there is neither need nor space here. The glove of each contestant was flung into the lists by the judge, and the dispute committed for settlement to the power of God and their own good swords. It is a stirring picture of those days of daring and of might, when force took the place of justice, and the deadliest blows were the only convincing arguments. But, though supported by the favor of the King and the display of splendid armor, Ordgar's treachery had its just reward. Virtue triumphed, and vice was punished. Even while treacherously endeavoring (after being once disarmed) to stab the brave Godwine with a knife which he had concealed in his boot, the false Sir Ordgar was overcome, confessed the falsehood of his charge against Edgar the Atheling and Edith his niece, and, as the quaint old record has it, "The strength of his grief and the multitude of his wounds drove out his impious soul."

So young Edith was saved; and, as is usually the case with men of his character, the Red King's humor changed completely. The victorious Godwine received the arms and lands of the dead Ordgar; Edgar the Atheling was raised high in trust and honor; the throne of Scotland, wrested from the Red Donald, was placed once more in the family of King Malcolm, and King William Rufus himself became the guardian and protector of the Princess Edith.

And when, one fatal August day, the Red King was found pierced by an arrow under the trees of the New Forest, his younger brother, Duke Henry, whom men called Beauclerc, "the good scholar," for his love of learning and of books, ascended the throne of England as King Henry I. And the very year of his accession, on the 11th of November, 1100, he married, in the Abbey of Westminster, the Princess Edith of Scotland, then a fair young lady of scarce twenty-one. At the request of her husband she took, upon her coronation day, the Norman name of Matilda, or Maud, and

by this name she is known in history and among the Queens of England.

So, scarce four and thirty years after the Norman conquest, a Saxon princess sat upon the throne of Norman England, the loving wife of the son of the very man by whom Saxon England was conquered.

"Never, since the battle of Hastings," says Sir Francis Palgrave, the historian, "had there been such a joyous day as when Queen Maud was crowned." Victors and vanquished, Normans and Saxons, were united at last, and the name of "Good Queen Maud" was long an honored memory among the people of England.

And she *was* a good queen. In a time of bitter tyranny, when the common people were but the serfs and slaves of the haughty and cruel barons, this young queen labored to bring in kindlier manners and more gentle ways. Beautiful in face, she was still more lovely in heart and life. Her influence upon her husband, Henry the scholar, was seen in the wise laws he made, and the "Charter of King Henry" is said to have been gained by her intercession. This important paper was the first step toward popular liberty. It led the way to Magna Charta, and finally to our own Declaration of Independence. The boys and girls of America, therefore, in common with those of England, can look back with interest and affection upon the romantic story of "Good Queen Maud," the brave-hearted girl who showed herself wise and fearless both in the perilous mist at Edinburgh, and, later still, in the yet greater dangers of "the black lists of Gloucester."



"'T IS A FALSE CHARGE, LORD KING!' SAID EDITH."

JUAN AND JUANITA.

By Frances C. Baylor.

[This story of two unfortunate fortunates — mice, let us say, seized by a tiger and escaping from under his very paws — is founded upon an actual experience. It is affectionately dedicated to all children everywhere by the Author.]

Chapter I.

About ten years ago, there was not a happier family in all Mexico than one living near the village of Santa Rosa, province of Coahuila, and consisting of a *ranchero*, his wife Anita, and their two children, Juan and Juanita.

They had a great deal to be grateful for and to enjoy; a comfortable home, large flocks and herds,—which constitute the wealth of that country,—health, work, and, best of all, a tender love for one another. They had a great deal of another thing, some of which they could very well have spared—name.

The father called himself Don José Maria Cruz de las Santas,* prided himself upon his pure Castilian lineage, and was never tired talking of his "*sangre azul*," or "blue blood," and his superiority to ordinary Mexicans.

His wife had no aristocratic pretensions whatever, and, instead of always talking about the past, was content to do her duty in the present. She was a simple and rather ignorant woman, but so well did she apply herself to her home duties, that never had any man a truer, better wife, children a more passionately devoted, self-sacrificing mother, nor house a more capable mistress than the Señora Anita. If she had a fault, it was that she was altogether too unselfish, and she would willingly have worked herself to death for those she loved.

And there was enough to do; for, although Don José was reckoned a rich man, he lived as simply in most respects as his poorer neighbors, and never seemed to think of spending his money on servants, carriages, fine clothes, and the like luxuries. Fortunately he was not too fine a gentleman to work, in spite of his excessive vanity about the Cruz de las Santas, whose renown he honestly thought filled the world. On the contrary, he diligently herded his own sheep, sheared them in season, branded his cattle, trained his horses, and did other outdoor work, and he naturally expected the Señora Anita to be equally industrious. Nor was he disappointed; for when she was not making *tomales*, or *tortillas*,† she was sprinkling and sweeping the floors and courtyard, or bringing in great earthen jars of water, or spreading out the family linen to bleach in the sun, or training the rebellious tendrils of the grapevine that covered one side of the house and supplied them with immense bunches of delicious Paras grapes at one season of the year—in short, doing something for the good of the household.

And no matter where she went, she was always followed by Juan and Juanita, who trotted after her from morning until night, yet always felt themselves welcome and no more in the way than did the chickens they saw under this or that hen's wing when they went out to feed the poultry that swarmed about the place. If his mother seized Juan when he ran up to her with the crown of his broad *sombrero* heaped full of eggs, it was to draw him to her side and stroke his hair and praise him for having found them. Or, if Juanita tumbled into the brook near which the Señora was washing in laborious Mexican fashion, the garment, whatever it was, was dropped, and soon the dripping little figure was being pressed against her loving heart, while the tenderest articulate and inarticulate cries of sympathy and affection were poured out on the unfortunate, and so much love shone in the mother's soft, brown eyes that it was worth any child's while to get a wetting in order to see it there and hear the caressing, "*Mi alma! Mi vida!*" ("My soul! My life!") that came so musically from the Señora's lips.

Busy as she was, the Señora found time to do a great deal of "mothering," and her children lived always in the sunshine, indoors and out, as joyous and volatile as the butterflies they chased, as brown as the berries they sought, forever leaping and dancing like the brook in which they were forever wading, the happiest of created things. They did not deserve much credit for being happy, for, except in the golden age of the world, there were never two children who had more to interest and amuse them, and less to vex them. Their few tasks came properly under the head of pleasures; they had no lessons to learn, only a

* Pronounced in English: Hosay Mareea Croos day las Santas. † Mexican dishes.

few simple rules to obey; no fine clothes to soil or spoil; and as for playfellows, they had each other, the pigeons, chickens, lambs, ducks, puppies, and other young things about the place, not to mention the birds, frogs, squirrels, and one especially sagacious and long-suffering shepherd-dog, Amigo, their most faithful friend and constant companion. They were so happy and so busy that it did not often occur to them to be naughty; but if they did get into trouble, it was always Don José who punished them and the Señora who made them sorry for what they had done. As soon as she dared do so, she would go to them, take them in her arms, murmur softly, "*Pobre desgraciado!*" ("Poor disgraced one!") or "*Niña mia!*" ("My little girl!") pour balm into all their wounds, take all the sting and the bitterness out of their sore hearts, and so lead them out, chastened and mild, to kneel at their father's feet and beg forgiveness; and then she sent them out to play, and smiled as she heard their shouts and laughter.



A MEXICAN HACIENDA.

Their home, or *hacienda*, was not in the least like any house that you have ever seen, most likely. It was roughly but strongly built of stout pickets driven firmly into the earth near enough together to allow the space between to be daubed with clay and thatched with *tule*, a long reed that grows in Mexican country wherever there is standing water. Inside there were no carpets, curtains, mirrors, pictures, or books, and only a little furniture of the simplest kind; but, though homely, it was home-like, which is not always the case with finer houses. The floor was only the earth inclosed, but much tramping and the Señora's endless sweepings and scourings had made it quite smooth and hard. The ceiling was festooned with long strings of jerked beef, and onions, and red peppers—the latter a prominent ingredient in everything the Señora cooked, and so much relished by Don José that it was his habit to pull off a handful at odd times and eat them as we would grapes or figs, although they would certainly have choked any one who was unaccustomed to the luxury.

Perhaps, among his other distinguished peculiarities, the Maria Cruz de las Santas had been made fireproof, and so could indulge in dainties that would have proved fatal to ordinary people; perhaps Don José had earned his insensibility to burning liquids and vegetables by a long course of Spartan banquets, and would himself have been blown up early in his career by one of the dozen peppers with which he now seasoned every meal. However that may be, it really seemed as though he could swallow molten lead without winking. A spoonful of those tiny live-coals called *chillis* disappeared down his throat without bringing the least additional tinge of color into his sallow cheek or the suspicion of tears to his eyes; he always took his coffee boiling; and as for the catsups and sauces that we call hot and serve with soup or fish, it is my belief that he would have mistaken them for ice if they had come in his way.

Everything within the *hacienda* was kept in a tidy state by the Señora, the few cooking-utensils bright and clean, the family effects disposed in an orderly fashion about the room, the walls of which were whitewashed regularly twice a year. So good a housewife was sure to have some place to store precious things, and accordingly in one

corner there were some rude shelves where small packages of coffee and sugar, dried fruit, and what not were kept; and it was a spot that interested Juan and his sister more than any other, for here were always to be seen one or more tall pyramids of a confection called *peloncillos** wrapped in golden straw. How their eyes did glisten, to be sure, and their mouths water when the Señora got one down, slowly unpacked it, and then broke off a piece and divided it between them! This was almost sure to happen on Sundays, the days of their saints, the *fiestas* of the Annunciation and Assumption and all the great festivals, on San Miguel's day, San Antonio's day, and whenever they were supposed to deserve the treat. There was nothing they liked better, not even loaves of the fine Mexican bread known as *pan de gloria*, which they enjoyed equally in the baking and the eating. It was a blissful performance to watch the Señora get out her materials, deftly fashion each little cake in turn, make the sign of the cross on it, and pop it into the oven; it was still more delightful to see them taken out, so hot, brown, delicious! and to be given as many as two hands could hold, and to run off to the garden with them! So good a woman as the Señora could hardly be lacking in piety: every morning and evening she was wont to kneel in humble, fervent prayer, with little Juan on one side and Juanita on the other repeating after her their *paternosters*. And if the children were not made to study history and geography and arithmetic, like most young Americans, they at least had before them constantly the example of their sweet mother, and so got by heart, in the best way possible, the first and greatest of all lessons — love to God and man.

Near the house on one side was the *corral*, or pen, for the sheep, with the shepherd-dogs guarding it like so many trusty sentinels. On the other was the Señora's garden, where she had lovely flowers growing or blooming always, great bushes studded with oleander blossoms, clambering vines of jessamine or morning-glory, cacti, aloes, and dwarf palms. Some of the children's most delightful hours were passed in this sunny, fragrant spot, rolling about on the ground with Amigo, caressing their mother's tiny Chihuahua dogs Chula and Preciosa, making wreaths to fling about their necks, or playing hide-and-seek behind the oleanders, while the Señora industriously clipped, watered, shaded, or smoked the plants, planted or gathered seeds, or daily plucked immense bouquets which a prodigal nature daily replaced. Her work done, she would often sit down on the steps of a rickety porch attached to that end of the house where shade and a breeze were nearly always to be found; the children and the little dogs would swarm somehow into her lap; and there she would fondle and caress them all with that wealth of soft labials which the Spanish language possesses, or sing in a high, sweet, but, it must be confessed, very nasal, voice song after song; and in some of them, "*El Sueño*," "*Mañanitas Alegras*," "*Si go te amo*,"† the children would join.

And now I come to the one cloud in the beautiful blue of that heaven on earth — a cloud that sometimes appeared a mere speck for months together and so far away that it was almost lost sight of, and then suddenly grew black and terrible and threatened to overspread the whole sky and work the most dreadful ruin and desolation. It needed but a look at the *hacienda* to tell the whole story, for all along its walls at regular intervals were holes through which to fire upon an attacking party, and the house and outlying buildings were inclosed in a picket-fence, with gaps here and there, intended to serve the same good end. The haunting terror, the curse of the country, was that it was liable to be overrun at any time by the Indians, who would sweep down upon it from their distant strongholds in the mountains, steal all the cattle and sheep they could find, and murder the peaceful inhabitants, men, women, and children, or else carry them off into a captivity so horrible that it was dreaded more than death. The Mexicans, when they had any warning of the approach of the savages, would hastily drive their flocks and herds into the *corrals*, the poorer neighbors seeking shelter and protection from the richer; but it often happened that they were taken completely by surprise, and then terrible scenes ensued. Every *hacienda* was for the time converted into a fortress, always well provisioned in expectation of these forays, and so well defended, that the Indians, who were not prepared to lay regular siege to it with artillery, scaling-ladders, battering-rams, or any of the appliances of civilized warfare, and who could not wait to starve the garrison out, were generally repulsed after a few fierce assaults.

At the time of which I write, there had been no Indian raids for fully eighteen months, and a feeling of perfect security had gradually grown up. The flocks were growing larger and larger, and were every day driven farther and farther from the *jacals*‡ and *haciendas* in search of fresh pasture. Don José heard in Santa Rosa that all the Indians had been chased out of Mexico never to return, and he spread the good news far and wide. Even the timid Señora Anita breathed freely at last; she no longer made herself unhappy when her children (as children will) strayed out into the surrounding country and did not come back until late, and she even formed the habit of sending

* Pronounced pay-lone-cilyos. † "The Dream," "Happy mornings," "If I love thee." ‡ Sheep-huts, pronounced hah-cals.

them every day to carry their father's dinner to him wherever he might be. It was a great weight lifted from her mind and heart, and never had she been busier or happier. It was true that they sometimes heard vaguely of Indian depredations in Texas, but that was not Mexico; and was not everybody quite sure that all danger was over?

But one bright, beautiful summer day, when all the world looked so lovely that there seemed to be no room for trouble or sorrow in it, a terrible thing happened that overwhelmed not only the Las Santas family, but many another, in grief unutterable.

It came in this way. The day opened with a gorgeous sunrise with splendid tints of rose and gold which the Señora lingered to admire as she walked back to the house from the well in the fresh coolness of the early morning, carrying on her head a huge *oya*,* so nicely poised that not a drop of its contents brimmed over. As much could not be said for Juan and Juanita, who with smaller jugs tried to imitate her example, for, instead of following their mother and making at least an attempt to achieve the same graceful, erect, smooth way of gliding over the ground, they ran on ahead and kept turning and twisting their heads and looking back at her, which caused small streams of water to pour down their backs or laughing faces, while the Señora made a mild pretense of scolding them, and really rejoiced in their beauty, health, and happiness. The sun itself, now fully revealed, was not as cheerful a sight to her as her two merry, lovely children, and she watched all their movements with fondest pride and delight. Breakfast over, the gate of the courtyard was thrown open, and through it the long procession of lowing, hooking, trampling cattle pushed themselves and one another out into the open, followed by an immense flock of sheep and goats trotting meekly, bleating pitifully, running awkwardly to right or left in timorous battalions as the herders cut at them with their long whips, or as Don José's vicious little mustang bolted in among them and, feeling a pair of enormous rowels driven into its sensitive sides, bolted out again. The gates were then shut again and made fast, and those who were left behind at the *hacienda* settled down to the usual peaceful and monotonously regular duties of the day.

The Señora first made some preserves and then betook herself to a favorite employment, the manufacture of the beautiful Mexican blankets, which is one of the great industries of the country. She had many difficulties to contend with in making them. Her only loom was a row of wooden pegs driven in the walls, her spinning-wheel was almost as primitive, the wool from her sheep of but an indifferent quality; but such was her energy and womanly skill that she somehow contrived to clean, card, spin and dye very beautiful yarns, brilliant of hue, unfading, and of many shades. Of these she made, from designs of her own, handsome, durable, waterproof blankets, that, in spite of all the local competition, fetched a third more than any others in the market of Santa Rosa when she chose to sell them, which was not often. On that particular morning she finished putting in the warp and woof of a *serapa*† for Don José, and, having filled her large shuttle with yarn, went hopefully to work upon the border as though it was to be the work of a day, instead of a year, thrusting the shuttle patiently in and out, in and out, between the threads with her slender, supple, brown fingers, and singing "*Mananitas Allegras*" more through her nose than ever.

When she saw by her clock (the broad band of sunshine streaming in at the door) that it was high noon, she put by her weaving, got dinner, and, while the children were eating, put up Don José's midday repast in a rush basket and filled a gourd with fresh water. She presently dispatched Juan and Juanita with these, following them to the door, and giving each a fond embrace as well as maternal counsels and cautions. She stood there watching them as they trotted briskly across the sun-baked courtyard, carrying the basket between them. Amigo, who had been taking life comfortably in the shade on the other side of the *hacienda*, dashed after them at the last moment. The Señora got a last glimpse of the children's laughing faces as they successively stooped and patted Amigo, looked back at her, and called out, "*Adios, Mamacita!*" ("Good-bye, little mother!")

"*Adios, niños adorados!*" ("Good-bye, darlings!"‡) she replied affectionately, and kissed her hand to them.

The gates closed on the outgoing trio.

The Señora went back to her dinner and then settled down to her work, well content to have some hours of uninterrupted labor to give to the *serapa*, which she intended should be the handsomest she had ever made — a birthday gift for her husband.

The children walked away westward across the sunburnt, rock-bound plain toward the place where they knew they should find their father and the flock. Whenever the basket got too heavy for them, they stopped; and they were by no means in such haste as to feel debarred from enjoying themselves. They picked many flowers on their leisurely way; they spent almost three-quarters of an hour in watching and thwarting the innumerable

* Earthen-jar.

† A blanket having in the center a hole through which the wearer slips his head. The *serapa* is worn by the Mexicans when they go abroad.

‡ Literally, "Good-bye, adored children!"

companies of large red ants that were marching in long files across the country; and they applied themselves seriously to the work of thrusting their fingers into the large fissures made in the prairie by many parching months of excessive heat, and hollowing out a trench into which Amigo's tail could be neatly fitted and then covered with earth. This was a performance of which they never tired; and when he had stood enough of these attempts to raise him in saved them from a good scolding. Their father's vexation, like his appetite, was soon appeased, however. Juanita was soon allowed to light his pipe and to sit down in his lap, and Juan fell to playing with the cord of his father's immense *sombrero*, braided and coiled about the brim in imitation of a snake with its tail in its mouth, and then tried the hat on, saying proudly, "It is not *much* too big for me, is it, *Padre mio?*" although



"DON JOSÉ'S VICIOUS LITTLE MUSTANG BOLTED IN AMONG THEM."

the scale of animals by depriving him of his caudal appendage, he would get up suddenly, shake himself violently, as likely as not sending a small cloud of dust into their eyes, and stalk away good-humoredly, his only rebuke the dignified one of refusing to come back when called. It was not until Amigo had made this stand that the children realized how late it was growing, and when at last they came to the edge of the little thicket of mesquite trees, where Don José had sought refuge from the noonday glare, not all their voluble excuses it continually slipped down over his black curls and laughing eyes. Once, when this happened, Amigo growled and rose up and began to nose about uneasily, but lay down again when reproved by Don José, who said "That stupid dog does n't know you."

The day was still and sultry, and it seemed as though all the world was holding its breath. The scanty foliage of the mesquite shrubs was motionless overhead. Nothing was to be seen but the sunlit plain before them stretching away to a semicircle

of low distant hills, a beautiful little lake close by reflecting the flood of light which poured down upon it, a few buzzards soaring with the most exquisite grace and repose high in the blue intensity and immensity of the Mexican sky. There was nothing to be heard but an occasional bleat from the flock brought to shade and water near the lake. A more perfectly tranquil, peaceful scene could not be imagined. Don José, having smoked, bethought himself of his usual midday siesta, and sent the children away; and nothing loath, they ran off to play under the trees with the kids and lambs, and to feed the shepherd-dogs. This took some time, during which Don José slept profoundly, having laid aside his pistols and the heavy belt in which his knife was stuck, and propped his gun against a tree. For, although he had grown careless, as people who live in perilous times and places are apt to do whenever there seems no immediate danger of losing life or property, he never dreamed of leaving the *hacienda* without being well armed. Long immunity from Indian raids had effaced the anxiety he had sometimes felt about the safety of his wife and children, and for himself he had no fear; but, if only from sheer force of habit, he would no more have thought of leaving off his knife or pistols than his boots when he dressed himself in the morning. When the children returned they found their father awake, refreshed, good-humored, and disposed to caress his little daughter, who perched again on his lap while he stroked her hair and admired its texture and abundance, her large dark eyes which looked up at him, and, above all, her fair skin, proof of the Castilian blood of which he was so proud.

"You are now six years old, are you not, Juanita *mia?*" he said.

"Yes, Father mine. And Juan is eight," she replied.

"In a year, so, like this," said Don José, measuring with his hand a certain distance from the ground; "in another, so — and so — and so — and so — and so," the hand rising every time.

He went on talking of the days to come when she should be big enough for this and that, and succeed one by one to the occupations and dignities of Mexican womanhood, while the children listened and laughed. But he was interrupted. The shepherd-dogs began barking furiously, and rushed into the *chaparral.** Don José sprang to his feet, armed himself, and seized his gun, thinking that wolves or the Mexican lion or leopard were attacking the flocks. The children nestled close to him, and he looked hesitatingly at them, reluctant to leave them. At that moment the sound of horses' feet and wild yells came to them from the direction of the lake — and they knew that the Comanches were upon them! It was a frightful moment, and the children were paralyzed by terror. But Don José, being an old woodsman, did not lose his presence of mind for one moment, though he turned pale under the shock. "Run! run to the *chaparral!* hide! fly!" he called out to the children in a voice of agonized earnestness; and, as they obeyed, he too ran, but toward the Indians, to divert their attention from Juan and Juanita.

He had not gone far when a loud scream from Juanita told him that his ruse had failed, and, turning, he rushed back again, to see that three Indians had come in from that side, where they had probably for some time been concealed and watching him.

They were so intent upon catching the children that they did not notice the return of the father until he fired on one of them and shot him through the heart. Don José then drew his pistol and began an attack on the other two, who were glad to take shelter behind trees from his well-directed fire. Taking advantage of their defeat, he seized a child by each hand and tried to gain the shelter of a dense thicket near by. But his success was only momentary, for fifteen or twenty Indians burst into the open ground and opened fire upon him. He soon fell mortally wounded, but still cried out, "Run! run!" with all the energy of his soul.

Disobeying him for the first time in her life, Juanita would not leave him, but dropped down by him, threw her arms around his neck, and, hiding her face on his bosom, shrieked out her grief and terror; while poor Juan, who could not bear to leave either of them, added his cries to hers.

The Indians closed in around the little group, and now began one of those terrible scenes too common in both Mexico and Texas. At last even their hideous revenge was complete, and Juanita felt herself seized by the hair from the rear, and sank on her knees with a shriek of despair. The mother of the brave whom Don José had slain had determined to take what vengeance she could for his death, and began raining cruel blows on the trembling child at her feet. But this fresh calamity, instead of further subduing Juan's spirit, seemed to have the effect of arousing him from a horrible dream. The squaw's attack upon the little sister he loved so transported him with fury that, lost to every consideration of prudence or personal fear, he tore off a hard, dry mesquite limb from the nearest tree, and dealt the old Indian woman a series of blows on the head that came so fast and furious that she was forced to let

* Thick and brambly underbrush.

Juanita go and give her whole attention to her enraged assailant.

She was a woman much above the ordinary stature, and with her painted face, black, snaky locks, and glittering eyes, she might have appalled an older and bolder enemy; but Juan not been suddenly reënforced by Amigo, who, with a savage growl, leaped against the squaw with all his sharp teeth showing. Utterly infuriated, she drew her knife and made a fierce lunge at Juan, who swerved swiftly to the right, and replied with a blow that nearly stunned her. The Indians yelled their approval of his courage, and just as she was about to spring upon him again like a tigress, one of the chiefs coming up, seized and held her firmly for a moment, shook her in reply to some fierce words that she muttered in her rage, and then pushed her down on the ground, where she lay panting and glaring at Juan.



"'RUN! RUN TO THE CHAPARRAL! HIDE! FLY!' CALLED DON JOSÉ."

The chief now announced that he should take the children as his prizes, and forbade their being further injured, saying that Juan would make a *bravo soldado* (brave soldier), and should be received into their tribe, where he would take the place of the warrior they had lost. Don José's flock was then hastily gathered, and the Indians prepared to fly with their booty before the Mexicans could rally and pursue them. The children were taken up behind two Indians, and the whole party pushed rapidly across the plain to the hills, where they took the trail and began winding up the side of the mountain. Arrived at a certain high point, they halted and were joined by some Indians stationed there to look out for pursuers.

was beside himself with rage, and his very size gave him an advantage, for he slipped from her grasp over and over again, dodged here and there, struck at her when she least expected it, and darted about her very much as a hornet might have done. The odds were so great, though, that the battle must have gone against Juan had he

The spot commanded a beautiful view of the valley spread out at their feet, which was made more impressive by being enveloped in great part by the peculiar gloom of a fast-approaching storm, across which the late afternoon sun sent long, melancholy shafts of amber light as it reluctantly withdrew from a vain struggle with the powers of

darkness. But there was no one to enjoy the scene.

The Indians exchanged a few words and nods and grunts, and then drove their heels into the flanks of their horses, impatient to get a night's start of possible avenging rancheros. The children, alarmed by the way the mustangs slipped about on the stony hillside, clung desperately to the Indians in front of them, speechless with fright and misery and exhaustion.

As they were about to move on again, Juanita looked down, and there, far below her in the distance, dimly seen in the waning light, was the *hacienda*. Her impulse was to throw herself from the horse as the first step toward reaching it, and she made some such movement, but was jerked back into place by her old enemy, the squaw. Her poor little heart was bursting with anguish. Holding out her arms toward the *hacienda* she broke into passionate sobs and a piteous cry, "*Mi madre! Mi madre!*" ("O my Mother! my Mother!")

The old squaw half turned and struck her.

The very clouds overhead could not stand the sight of so much wretchedness, and let fall a great shower of pitying tears, shutting out the last ray of sunlight from the world, and of hope from the hearts of two captive and despairing children.

(To be continued.)

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP.

By Edith M. Thomas.

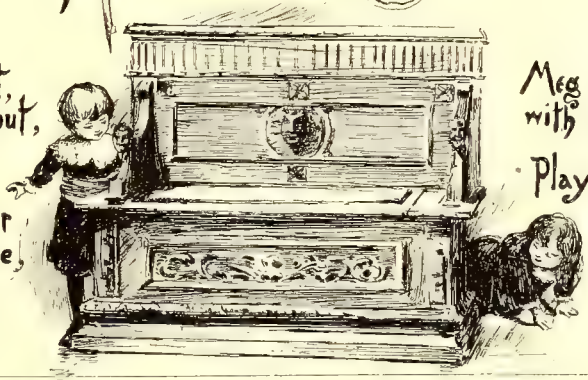
"You think I am dead,"
The apple-tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show—
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow!
But I 'm all alive in trunk and shoot;
The buds of next May
I fold away—
But I pity the withered grass at my root."

"You think I am dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade!
But under the ground
I am safe and sound
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
I 'm all alive, and ready to shoot,
Should the Spring of the Year
Come dancing here—
But I pity the flower without branch or root."

"You think I am dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or root I own!
I never have died,
But close I hide
In a plumy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours;
You will see me again—
I shall laugh at you, then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers!"

HIDE AND SEEK

In and out,
and roundabout,
The big
Hall-Chair
antique,



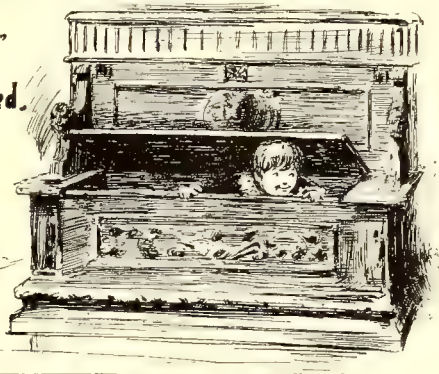
Meg and Mat,
with merry shout,
Play at
Hide
and Seek.



Meg is curled upon the seat:
Softly Mat draws near.
Ah! he spies her little feet,
She is caught, I fear!



"Ready! ready!"
then Mat cried.
(Oh! the
sly young
fox!)



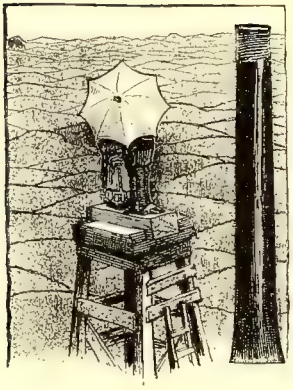
When Meg turn'd
her eyes to hide
he got
in the
box!



ALBERT E. STERNER '95

BORING FOR OIL.

By Samuel W. Hall.



If you will take a map of Pennsylvania, and draw a heavy line from Washington Washington county (down in the south-western corner of the State, near smoky Pittsburg), to Bradford, McKean county (in the northern part of the State), you will have marked the general location and direction of the great oil and natural-gas regions of the State, as they are at present known.

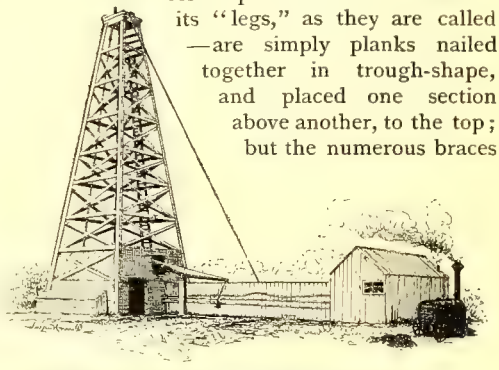
Along this line — and perhaps more to the left, or north and west of it than to the other side — lies the "oil-belt," or the strip of territory within which oil and natural-gas are found.* This strip, or belt, is irregular in width, varying from forty to sixty miles, and its boundaries are not clearly marked or known; so that test wells, or "wild-cat" wells as they are called, often lead to the discovery of rich oil territory in sections before supposed to be "off the belt," as the saying is. However, a knowledge of one general fact has been gained — that the oil-belt, in its general direction, lies along what is known as the "forty-five-degree line," a line running midway between the north and east and the south and west points of the compass. And this line, you will notice, runs nearly parallel with the Allegheny mountains.

Oil is not found everywhere within the "belt," but it seems to be collected far under the surface of the earth, in great basins, or "fields" as they are called — "the Bradford field," and "the Butler field," for instance. After a while, the fields are pumped dry, and then new ones are searched for, and if found are, in their turn, emptied. These fields are separated by many miles of "dry," or barren, territory. And the fields themselves are often divided into a number of "pools" by narrow strips of dry territory.

Geologists differ in their theories as to the origin of the oil, and how it comes to be where it is now found, far below the soil, in certain rocks — from which it takes its name, "rock oil," or petroleum, from two Latin words, *petra*, a rock, and *oleum*, oil.

The operations connected with boring for oil can be most readily explained and understood by following, in imagination, the work as it actually goes forward, or rather downward, in some real well. Let us, then imagine ourselves the locators and owners of a well, and so note all the facts in regard to the work. The writer has selected a real well, now flowing, as a good one for us to bore over again, in fancy, as its history presents all the operations and circumstances connected with the boring and after-working of any well. Some of these processes, however, are not found necessary with a great many oil-wells.

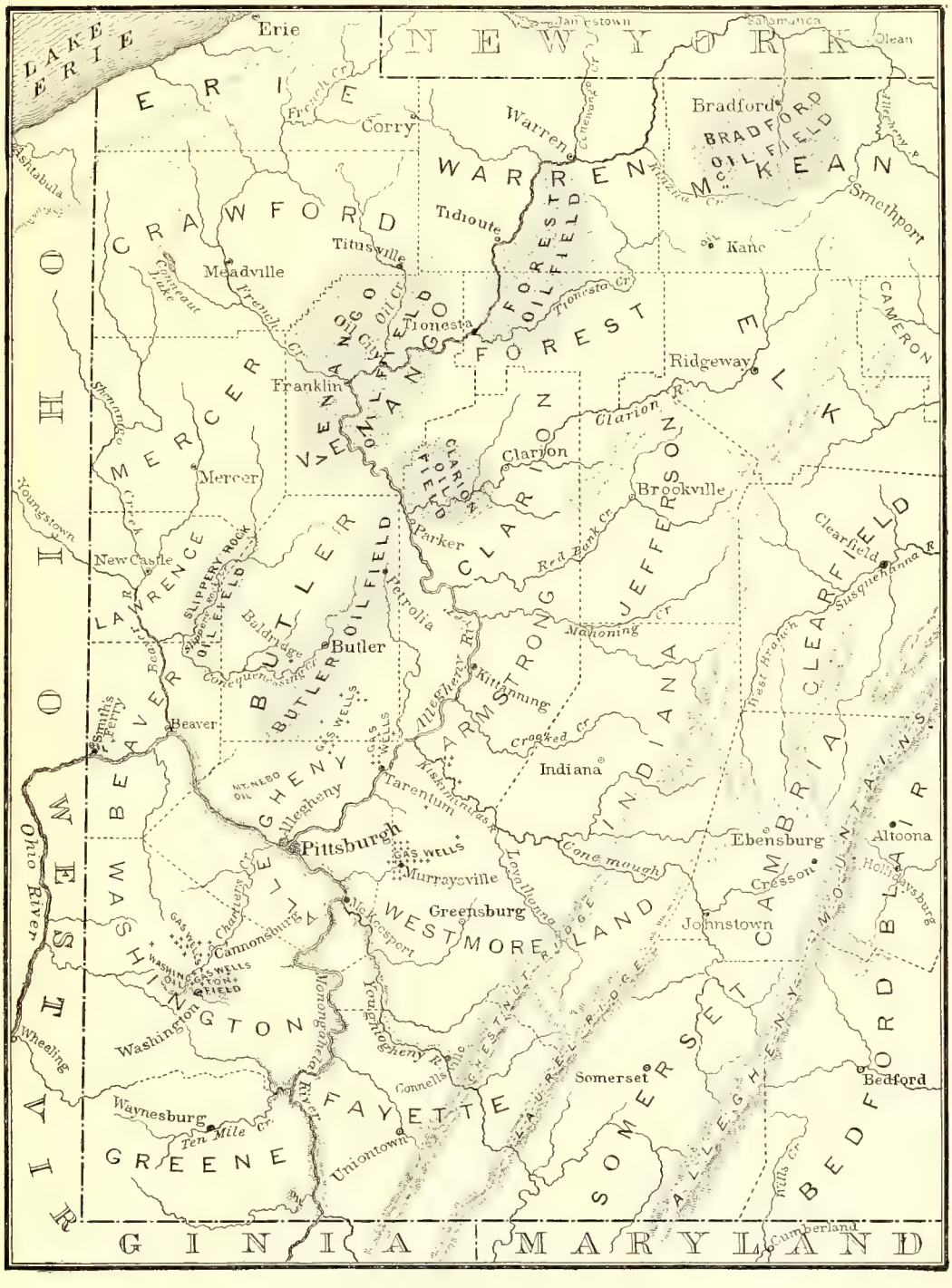
Having selected the spot, we must get ready our "rig" — our buildings, machinery, and tools. Upon a foundation of heavy timbers laid upon the ground, we build our derrick — a tall, skeleton-like building, twenty feet square at the bottom, and tapering on all sides to the top, which is about three feet square, and is over eighty feet from the ground. While we are at the top, let us make fast the two pulleys over which our cables, or ropes, are to run. We will go down by the ladder, which is a necessary part of the derrick, for, in boring, frequent trips to the top must be made. The corner-pieces of the derrick — its "legs," as they are called — are simply planks nailed together in trough-shape, and placed one section above another, to the top; but the numerous braces



FRONT VIEW OF THE ENGINE-HOUSE AND DERRICK.

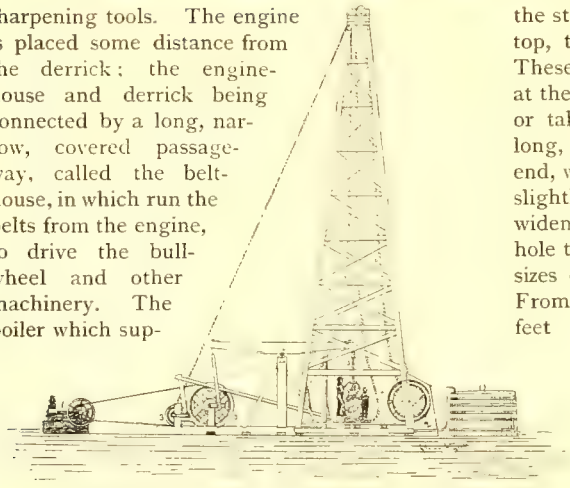
and cross-braces bind them firmly together and make the structure stanch and strong. The lower part of the derrick is boarded up, floored, and roofed, making a large room in which the hired drillers work. Two sides of this room extend a little beyond the main part. In one of the recesses, or added spaces thus formed, is placed the bull-wheel — the great reel on which is wound the drill-cable; in the other is the blacksmith's forge, which is needed for repairing and

* This refers only to Pennsylvania. Oil is found in other places, but nowhere else has it been of such value to the world.



MAP OF THE OIL-REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

sharpening tools. The engine is placed some distance from the derrick; the engine-house and derrick being connected by a long, narrow, covered passage-way, called the belt-house, in which run the belts from the engine, to drive the bull-wheel and other machinery. The boiler which supplies the steam is usually left outside to the tender mercies of the weather. Midway between the derrick and the engine-house, and against the belt-house, is a second reel, but smaller than the bull-wheel, on which is wound a smaller rope, used with the sand-pump and bailer. Still closer to the derrick stands a huge square post, ten or twelve feet high, firmly braced. Balanced across the top of this post is a great beam, one end of which extends into the derrick to a point over the well-hole in the center of the floor; the other end can be connected with a crank beside the belt-house, when necessary, by means of a heavy shaft. This beam is the walking-beam, and is so pivoted upon the top of the great post that when it is attached to the crank, and the engine is started, the ends of the beam alternately go up and down. So much for our shop and machinery. Now for our tools.



1. ENGINE. 2. BULL-WHEEL. 3. SAND-REEL. 4. WALKING-BEAM. 5. TEMPER-SCREW. 6 DRILL-CABLE. 7. SAND-PUMP AND BAILER-CABLE. 8 DRIVE-WHEEL. 9 CLAMPS. 10 TANK.

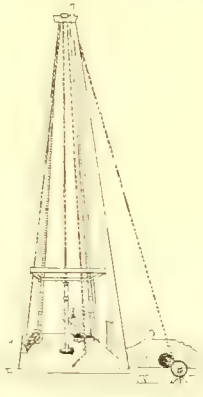


DIAGRAM OF DRILLING, AS SEEN FROM THE REAR OF THE DERRICK.

Boring for oil or natural-gas is not done like wood-boring, though the word may have led you to suppose so. The hole is cut or broken, deeper and deeper, by the continued dropping of the heavy drill, the lower end of which is given a blunt edge. The drill is composed of several separate parts—the bit, or cutting-part, at the bottom; the stem, next above; then the jars; and at the top, the sinker, to which the cable is attached. These parts screw into one another very tightly at the ends, and are readily put together or taken apart. The bit is four feet* long, four inches in diameter at the upper end, where it screws into the stem above, slightly flattened upon two sides, and widening at the bottom to the size of the hole to be drilled. (Three and often four sizes of bits are used in a single well. From five hundred to seven hundred feet are bored with a ten-inch bit, after which a seven and five-eighths inch bit is used, then a five and five-eighths inch bit, and frequently the last section of the well is bored with a four and a quarter inch bit.) The stem is a solid, round, iron rod, four inches through, and thirty-five to forty feet long; it gives weight and force to the blow. The jars are about six feet long, and consist of two heavy steel jaws fitting closely together, but made to slide up and down upon, or within, each other, somewhat like two links of a close chain. The sinker is another heavy piece like the stem, adding needed weight and balance; it is twelve feet long, and forms the upper part of the drill. The accompanying diagram gives a good idea of the form and shape of the various parts of the drill, although it is impossible within so small a space to show the relative sizes of the separate sections. The drill complete is about seventy feet long, and weighs three thousand pounds.

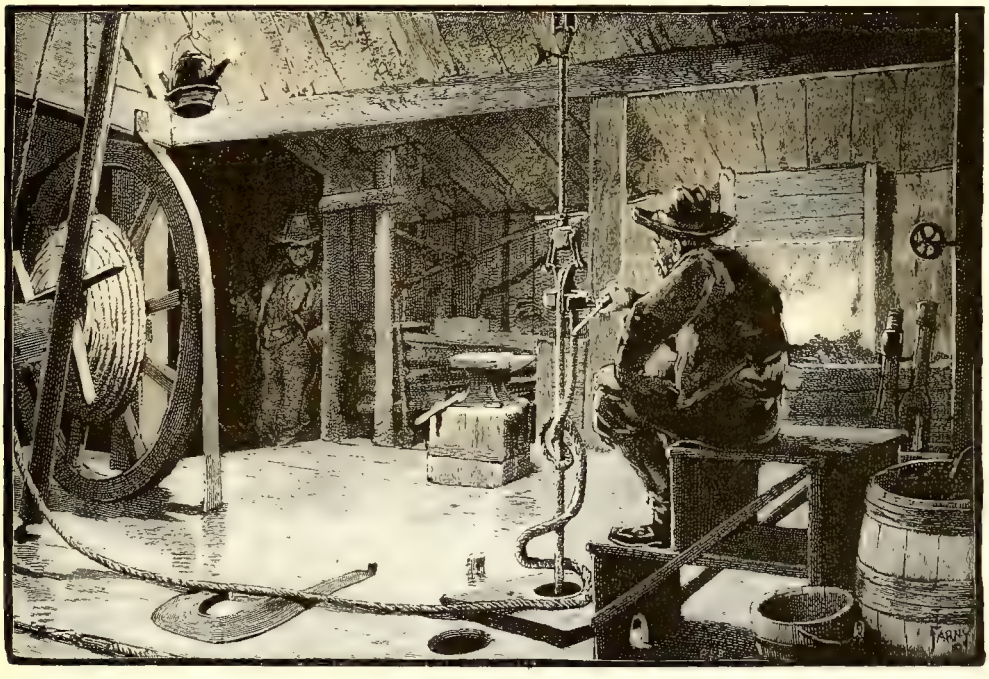


THE DRILL.

In beginning the actual work of boring, the heavy cable, or drill-rope, is wound upon the bull-wheel, and the end carried up over the pulley at the top of the derrick, and brought down to be made fast to the drill, at the top of the sinker. The upper part of the hole for seventy or eighty feet is "spudded" out, until the top of the long drill can get below the walking-beam, when the regular drilling, or boring, is commenced. As the work is the same at all points, we need not follow it foot by foot; let us take it up at the depth of, say, five hundred feet. Before reaching that depth, the drill will have passed through various veins of clay, limestone, sandstone, bituminous coal, etc., and will have tapped many streams of fresh water; and now, at a depth of five hundred feet, it is cutting and breaking its way through solid rock.

* There are other sizes of tools, but the dimensions here given are the sizes commonly used.

Entering the drill-room, we find the drill is about to be "run." It is now hanging at one side of the derrick, out of the way of another operation, which has just been finished. The drillers (for there are two men, a driller and a tool-dresser, to a set, and two sets, each working twelve hours, from twelve o'clock to twelve) are able to control the machinery by means of cords and levers, without leaving the derrick. The bull-wheel is started slowly, and the drill raised and swung over the hole. Then the bull-wheel is reversed, and the drill plunges down the well. As its speed increases, the cable spins off the rumbling bull-wheel, and the whole derrick creaks and rocks.



"EVERY TIME THE DRILL IS RAISED FOR A BLOW, THE DRILLER CATCHES THE HANDLES OF THE CLAMPS AND TWISTS THE ROPE A LITTLE."

The drillers watch the cable, and, as they see by the length unreeled that the drill is near the bottom, they check its speed, and stop it as it touches. The drill must be raised a short distance, and allowed to drop back, and this operation must be continued repeatedly and regularly; every blow thus given by the drill cuts and breaks the hole still deeper. For this work, the walking-beam is brought into action. Clamps connected with the derrick-end of the beam are made fast to the cable, the shaft at the outer end is attached to the crank, and the engine is started. Up and down go the ends of the walking-beam, raising and dropping the drill at the bottom of the well two or three feet every time, and keeping this up at the rate of thirty or more blows a minute.

Every time the drill is raised for a blow, the driller catches the handles of the clamps and twists the rope a little. This slight twisting of the rope at the top turns the drill a little for each blow, though the point of the drill is hundreds or, it may be, thousands of feet below. And this turning is necessary to keep the hole round and true, and to prevent the tools from becoming wedged or fastened in seams of the rocks.

The clamps hold the cable fast to the walking-beam, and so, after the drill has cut a short distance, it can get no deeper, though it should go up and down forever; it is at the end of its rope, and must be lowered. It is not lowered by giving the clamps another hold a little higher up on the cable; the clamps remain as they are. But attached to them is a long screw, four feet long, set in an iron frame. The upper end of the frame is fastened to the walking-beam, and forms the connection between it and the clamps. By letting out this screw, the drill is lowered; and so, without stopping the work, the driller every little while lets out some of the screw, and so keeps lowering the drill, as it cuts its way, until all the screw has been let out. The drill has then cut the length of the bit, or one "bit," as the drillers say. Some-

times, in favorable material, a new grip of the cable may be taken and the screw run out again, so as to cut a length of two bits before the loose pieces of rock are taken out of the hole; but usually they are removed at the completion by the drill of each bit. The clamps are loosed, and the cable thus freed. The bull-wheel is started, and the timbers creak and groan as the cable is wound up, until, with a rush, the long, black drill suddenly shoots out of the hole, all dripping with muddy water, and is again swung to one side to rest there until the hole has been cleaned out.

Water is always kept in the hole to make the drilling easier, even if, as sometimes happens, it must be poured down from the top; the bits of broken and powdered rock at the bottom are therefore lying in water. To get this rock and water out, the sand-pump is used. This is an iron bucket, four or five inches in diameter and six or eight feet long. It has at the bottom a valve which takes in the muddy water and bits of stone, as the pump sinks, and prevents their escape when it is raised.

The sand-pump is attached to the smaller rope, wound upon the outside reel and running over the smaller pulley at the top of the derrick. It is "run" one or more times, until the hole is again clean. Then it is put aside, the drill is again swung over the hole, and, with a great rattle and roar and a general creaking and groaning, it darts down once more to cut its way into nature's treasure-house.

Water, fresh and salt, is usually present, and greatly interferes with the work. For while it is true that there must be water in the hole while drilling is going on, yet the supply is generally far greater than the demand — water often standing in the hole almost to the top. Usually, no attempt is made to remedy this until the well has been drilled below all the fresh-water streams — say, five hundred feet down, in our well; then the nuisance is done away with by "casing" the well, which means, lining it with iron pipe. On some fields, two and often three "strings" or sizes of casing are needed. First a pipe seven and five-eighths inches in diameter is sent down to shut off the fresh-water streams. Then, to keep out a soft caving rock, a smaller pipe, five and five-eighths inches in diameter, is sent down inside the first casing and to a far greater depth; while frequently, inside this, a four and a quarter inch pipe is put down, still farther, to shut out the salt water near the bottom. Every "string" extends to the top of the well, and should fit easily in that section of the well which is of the next larger diameter. If it does not, the hole must be "reamed out"; that is, it must be drilled over again with a wider bit, called a reamer, and thus enlarged to make room for the casing. This is a tedious operation and, of course, stops for a time all the work of drilling or deepening the well. When the reaming has been accomplished, the casing is put down. The long pieces or joints of pipe are screwed together at the ends, at the top of the well, as they are being lowered, and so they form a water-tight lining to the well, the lower end resting upon the shoulder, or rim, left by the reamer.

Now, drilling goes on again, as at first, and no more trouble from water may arise — at least, none from fresh water; but frequently, in certain regions, large basins of salt water are tapped at great depths. If there is not much water coming in, the bailer can be used; it is another long bucket, similar to the sand-pump, and designed to clear the well of water or oil. But sometimes the bailer will not answer, and the workers must then again resort to casing. And if they wish to continue the same size of casing they have last used, all the hundreds of feet of it already in must be drawn out, and the tedious reaming process be begun where it was left off, and continued for hundreds of feet until it reaches below the salt-water inlet. And the casing to that depth must then be put down, before the work can again go on.

Other hindering incidents and accidents, while they may not occur, are always to be expected in every well. The cable may break, and the tools be "lost." "Fishing-tools" are then attached to the cable, and the drill is fished for until it is caught and drawn up. Or, the bit may meet a seam in the rock, so that it can not cut the hole true at the bottom. Sometimes special tools must be employed to remedy this, though sending down a wooden plug, and drilling through it, may cause the bit to cut again as it should. Again, the bit may get so fastened in such a seam that the drill can not be raised. Now the "jars" at the top of the drill come into play. Without them the tools could never be loosened. A steady pull on the cable avails nothing; but as the jaws can slide two or three feet up and down upon each other, every jerk upon the cable brings them together with a heavy jar. This generally loosens the bit, though it may require several hours, or even days, to accomplish it. Finally, it sometimes happens that the bit can not be jarred loose, or the lost tools can not be "fished" out, and then the well must be abandoned, and all the work done must go for nothing.

Otherwise, however, the work goes on, day and night, until the hoped-for oil or gas is found, or the well is abandoned as a "dry hole." This does not mean a hole free from water, but one in which oil — or gas, if it has been drilled for — is not found. The well that is probably the deepest one in the

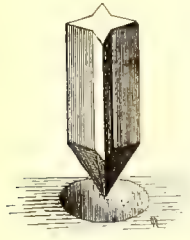
world is such a dry hole. It is the Buchanan well, near Washington, Pa. It is four thousand three hundred and three feet deep — nearly twice the depth of any other deep well.

Wells drilled for oil are abandoned, sometimes, because gas is struck in such volume as to prevent further drilling — often the heavy drill and long cable are blown entirely out of the well by the great force of the escaping gas.

Let us say that we have been drilling for two months, and are down to the oil-sand. This is not a bed of loose sand, but a deep vein of sandstone, very loose, or porous, and full of pebbles. It is only in these beds of sandrock that oil and natural-gas are found. There are several well-known oil-sands, lying at different depths, the third layer from the surface being the one usually furnishing or "producing" the greatest quantities of oil or gas. At Washington, Pennslyvania, it is two thousand two hundred feet below the surface, but it lies less deep as we go northward, all the rocks dipping to the southwest.

When the sand is reached, all fires and lights are put out, and the boiler and forge are removed to a considerable distance from the well, as a sudden rush of oil or gas, if fire were within reach of it, would create a very extensive and expensive bonfire. The drilling goes cautiously on; the drill cuts down into the sandrock, and we "strike oil!" At once all is excitement, and the news is telegraphed abroad that oil has been found. The well is plugged until a tank can be built for the oil; and while we are waiting for this, let us learn some fact about "producing wells," as they are called.

A "gusher" is a well which throws out large quantities of oil; a record of eleven thousand barrels a day has been reached by one well! There must be plenty of oil in the sand, and enough gas to force it up the well, to give us a gusher. But a well may be a gusher at the start, and afterward change; or sometimes, as we shall see, it may be made a gusher, though it shows but little oil at first. Unless there is considerable gas in the sand, the oil, whether much or little, can not be forced up. If there is no gas, the oil must be pumped up, and the well is called a "pumper." An iron pipe, two or three inches wide, with a valve at the bottom, is put down the well, like the casing; a "sucker rod" of wood or iron is put in, the end attached to the walking-beam, and the oil pumped up and into tanks. Where there is considerable gas, but not enough to lift the well full of oil and make a gusher, we may make the oil flow by "packing" the well, instead of pumping it. The small pipe is put in, but without the sucker-rod, and the space all around it, at the bottom, is closely



THE "GO-DEVIL" — USED FOR "SHOOTING" AN OIL-WELL. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)



A BURNING OIL-WELL — "AN EXPENSIVE BONFIRE."



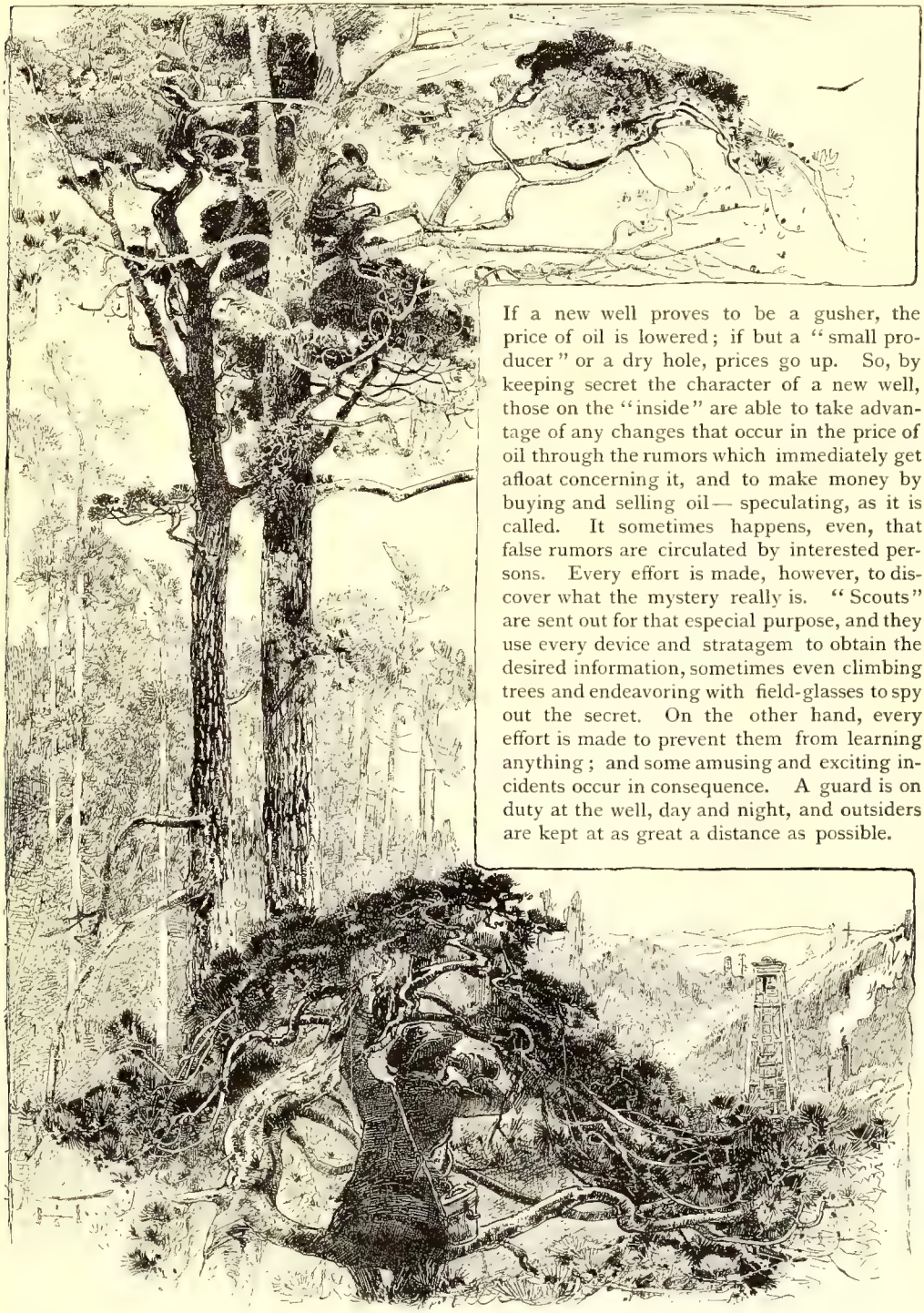
"SHOOTING" A WELL, AND MAKING IT A "GUSHER."

packed with a rubber ring made for the purpose. This leaves but a small hole for the oil to flow up through, and the pressure of the gas through this smaller hole is often sufficient to raise the oil to the surface; and the well flows. When a well does not produce much oil at first, or when the production of a gusher has fallen off, it is sometimes thought that the quantity may be increased by loosening, or breaking up, the sandrock at the bottom of the well. To do this, the well is "torpedoed," or "shot." The torpedo is a long tin bucket or shell filled with nitro-glycerine—from twenty to one hundred and fifty quarts, as the case is supposed to demand. It is carefully lowered to the bottom, and when all is ready, a queer-looking, pointed piece of iron, called the "go-devil," is dropped down the well, and, striking a cap on the top of the torpedo, causes a terrific explosion at the bottom of the well. This explosion breaks and loosens the sandrock around, and gives the oil—or gas, if in a gas-well—a chance to get to the well. The explosion is faintly heard, but it is not felt, at the top of the well. The "response" may come quickly, or may be delayed for some hours; or it may not come at all, which means, generally, that there is but little oil, if any, to come. A good shot, in a good well, may soon respond by sending the oil gushing up into the tanks, or high above the derrick, if the tanks are not connected with the well. In a seemingly poor well, the production is thus often greatly increased, and the well made a gusher.

Different sections of the oil-regions produce different qualities of oil. From some wells, it comes clear and yellow; from others, thick and dark. Pipes carry it from the wells to great tanks, from which it is sent to the refineries by rail, in tank-cars, or through pipe-lines across the country, over mountain, valley, and stream.

But to return to our well. When our tank is ready, the plug is removed, and for a little while the well flows steadily. Then, let us suppose, it stops. It is drilled deeper into the sand, and, every five or six days, as the gas-pressure gathers, it gushes for a few minutes, throwing the oil high above the derrick. It is finally shot, and responds with another brief gush—and again stops. Packing is resorted to, but without success. Finally, pumping is tried, and our well, we will say, now yields a fair quantity of beautiful amber oil of the finest quality.

But almost every well is more than an ordinary oil-well, for a time; it is a "mystery." A well is called a "mystery" when the amount of its yield is kept secret by the owners, for the purpose of making money by affecting the price of oil in the market.



If a new well proves to be a gusher, the price of oil is lowered; if but a "small producer" or a dry hole, prices go up. So, by keeping secret the character of a new well, those on the "inside" are able to take advantage of any changes that occur in the price of oil through the rumors which immediately get afloat concerning it, and to make money by buying and selling oil — speculating, as it is called. It sometimes happens, even, that false rumors are circulated by interested persons. Every effort is made, however, to discover what the mystery really is. "Scouts" are sent out for that especial purpose, and they use every device and stratagem to obtain the desired information, sometimes even climbing trees and endeavoring with field-glasses to spy out the secret. On the other hand, every effort is made to prevent them from learning anything; and some amusing and exciting incidents occur in consequence. A guard is on duty at the well, day and night, and outsiders are kept at as great a distance as possible.

"SCOUTS" TRYING TO SPY OUT A "MYSTERY."

Richard Carr's Baby.



By

RICHARD H. DAVIS.

A FEW years ago, all boys living in the town of Princeton who were of that age when it is easy to remember the fall, winter, spring, and summer as the foot-ball, coasting, swimming, and base-ball seasons, regarded Richard Carr as embodying their ideal of human greatness.

When they read in the history primers how George Washington became the Father of his Country, they felt sure that with a like opportunity Richard Carr would come to the front and be at least the Stepfather of his Country.

They lay in wait for him at the post-office, and as soon as he came in sight would ask for his mail and run to give it to him; they would go ahead of him on the other side of the street, cross over and meet him with a very important "How do you do, Mr. Carr?" and were quite satisfied if he gave them an amused "Hello, youngster!" in return.

Their efforts to imitate his straight, military walk, with shoulders squared and head erect, were of great benefit to their lungs and personal appearance.

Those ragged hangers-on of the college, too, who picked up odd dimes from the students by carrying baggage and chasing tennis balls, waited on Richard Carr, and shouted "Hurrah for you, Carr!" whenever that worthy walked by.

Those who have not already guessed the position which Richard Carr held in the college will be surprised to learn that he was the captain of the college foot-ball team, and those who can not understand the admiration that Arthur Waller, and Willie Beck, and the rest of the small fry of Princeton felt for this young man would better stop here—for neither will they understand this story.

Among all these young hero-worshipers, Richard Carr's most devoted follower was Arthur Waller—"Arty," as his friends called him; for, while the other boys, looking upon Carr as their ideal, hoped that in time they might themselves be even as great as he, Arthur felt that, to him at least this glorious possibility must be denied. Arthur was neither strong nor sturdy, and could, he knew, never hope to be like the captain of the foot-ball team, whose strength and physique seemed therefore all the grander to him.

He never ran after Carr, nor tried to draw his attention as the others did; he was content to watch and form his own ideas about his hero from a distance. Richard Carr was more than the captain of the team to him. He was the one person who, above all others, had that which Arthur lacked—strength; and so Arthur did not merely envy him,—he worshiped him.

Although Arthur Waller was somewhat older in his way of thinking than his friends, he enjoyed the same games they enjoyed, and would have liked to play them, if he had been able; but, as he was not, the boys usually asked him to keep the score, or to referee the matches they played on the

cow pasture with one of the college's cast-off foot-balls. On the whole, the boys were very good to Arthur.

It was the first part of the last half of the Yale-Princeton foot-ball match, played on the Princeton grounds. The modest grand stand was filled with young ladies and college boys, while townspeople of all sorts and conditions, ages, and sizes covered the fences and carriages, and crowded closely on the whitewashed lines, cheering and howling at the twenty-two very dirty, very determined, and very cool young men who ran, rushed, dodged, and "tackled" in the open space before them,—the most interested and least excited individuals on the grounds.

Arthur Waller had crept between the spectators until he had reached the very front of the crowd, and had stood through the first half of the game with bated breath, his finger-nails pressed into his palms, and his eyes following only one of the players. He was entirely too much excited to shout or call as the others did; he was perfectly silent except for the little gasps of fear that he gave involuntarily when Richard Carr struck the ground with more than the usual number of men on top of him.

Suddenly, Mr. Hobbes, of Yale, kicked the ball, but kicked it sidewise; and so, instead of going straight down the field, it turned and whirled over the heads of the crowd and settled among the carriages. A panting little Yale man tore wildly after it, beseeching Mr. Hobbes, in agonizing tones, to put him "on side." Mr. Hobbes ran past the spot where the ball would strike, and the Yale man dashed after it through the crowd. Behind him, his hair flying, his eyes fixed on the ball over his head, every muscle on a strain, came Richard Carr. He went at the crowd, who tumbled over one another like a flock of sheep, in their efforts to clear the way for him. With his head in the air, he did not see Arthur striving to get out of his way; he only heard a faint cry of pain when he stumbled for an instant, and, looking back, saw the crowd closing around a little boy who was lying very still and white, but who was not crying. Richard Carr stopped as he ran back, and setting Arthur on his feet, asked, "Are you hurt, youngster?" But, as Arthur only stared at him and said nothing, the champion hurried on again into the midst of the fray.

"There is one thing we must have before the next match," said the manager of the team, as the players were gathered in the dressing-rooms after the game, "and that is a rope to keep the people back. They *will* crowd on the field, and get in the way of the half-backs, and, besides, it is not safe for them to stand so near. Carr knocked over a little kid this afternoon, and hurt him quite badly, I believe."

"What 's that?" said Richard Carr, turning from the group of substitutes who were explaining how they would have played the game and tendering congratulations.

"I was saying," continued the manager, "that we ought to have a rope to keep the people off the field; they interfere with the game; and they say that you hurt a little fellow when you ran into the crowd during the last half."

"Those boys should n't be allowed to stand in front there," said Richard Carr; "but I did n't know I hurt the little fellow. Who was he? where does he live? Do you know?"

"It was the widow Waller's son, sah," volunteered Sam, the colored attendant. "That 's her house with the trees around it; you can see the roof from here. I think that 's where they took him."

"Took him!" exclaimed Richard Carr, catching up his great-coat. "Was he so badly hurt? You must wait until I come back, Sam."

Sam looked after him in astonishment as he ran on a jog-trot toward the gate. "That 's a nice example to set a team," growled Sam. "Running off to sick chillun without changin' his clothes or rubbin' down. He should n' be capt'n ef he don't know any better dan dat."

A pale, gentle-faced woman, who looked as if she had been crying, came to the door when Richard Carr rang the bell of the cottage which had been pointed out to him from the athletic grounds. When she saw his foot-ball costume, the look of welcome on her face died out very suddenly.

"Does the little boy live here who was hurt on the athletic grounds?" asked Richard Carr, wondering if it could have been the doctor she was expecting.

"Yes, sir," answered the lady coldly.

"I came to see how he was: I am the man who ran against him. I wish to explain to you how it happened—I suppose you are Mrs. Waller?" (Richard Carr hesitated, and bowed, but the lady only bowed her head in return, and said nothing.) "It was accidental, of course," continued Carr. "He was in the crowd when I ran in after the ball; it was flying over our heads, and I was looking up at it and did n't see him. I hope he is all right now." Before the lady could answer, Richard Carr's eyes wandered from her face and caught sight of a little figure lying on the sofa in the wide hall. Stepping across the floor as lightly as he could in his heavy shoes, Carr sat down beside Arthur on the sofa. "Well, old man," he said,

taking Arthur's hands in his, "I hope I did n't hurt you much. No bones broken,—are there? You were very plucky not to cry, let me tell you. It was a very hard fall, and I 'm very, very sorry; but I did n't see you, you know."

"Oh, no, sir," said Arthur quickly, with his eyes fixed on Richard Carr's face. "I knew you did n't see me, and I thought maybe you would come when you heard I was hurt. I don't mind it a bit, from you. Because Willie Beck says — he is the captain of our team, you know — that you would n't hurt any one if you could help it; he says you never hit a man on the field unless he 's playing foul or trying to hurt some of your team."

Richard Carr doubted whether this recital of his



"'WELL, OLD MAN,' SAID CARR, 'I HOPE I DID N'T HURT YOU MUCH.'"

virtues would appeal as strongly to Mrs. Waller as it did to Arthur, so he said, "And who is Willie Beck?"

"Willie Beck! Why, don't you know Willie Beck?" exclaimed Arthur, who was rapidly losing his awe of Richard Carr. "He says he knows you; he is the boy who holds your coat for you during the practice games."

Richard Carr saw he was running a risk of hurting some young admirer's feelings, so he said, "Oh, yes, the boy who holds my coat for me. And he is the captain of your team, is he? Well, the next time you play, you wear this cap and tell Willie Beck and the rest of the boys that I gave it to you because you were so plucky when I knocked you down."

With these words he pressed his black and orange cap into Arthur's hand and rose to go, but Arthur looked so wistfully at him, and then at the captain's cap, that he stopped.

"I 'd like to wear it, Mr. Carr," he said slowly. "I 'd like to ever so much, Mamma," he added, turning his eyes to where Mrs. Waller stood looking out at the twilight and weeping softly,—"but you see, sir, I don't play myself. I generally referee. I 'm not very strong, sir, not at present; but I will be some day,— wont I, Mamma? And the doctor says I must keep quiet until I am older, and not play games that are rough. For he says if I got a shock or a fall I might not get over it, or it might put me back—and I do so want to get well just as soon as I can. You see, sir, it 's my spine ——"

At this the tender-hearted giant gave a gasp of sympathy and remorse, and, sinking on his knees beside the sofa, he took Arthur in his arms, feeling very guilty and very miserable.

For a moment, Arthur only looked startled and distressed, and patted Richard Carr's broad back with an idea of comforting him; but then he cried:

"Oh, but I did n't mean to blame *you*, Mr. Carr! I know you did n't see me. Don't you worry about me, Mr. Carr. I 'm going to get well some day. Indeed I am, sir!"

Whether it was that the doctor whom Richard Carr's father sent on from New York knew more about Arthur's trouble than the other doctors did, or whether it was that Richard Carr saw that Arthur had many medicines, pleasant and unpleasant, which his mother had been unable to get for him, I do not know,—but I do know that Arthur got better day by day.

And day after day, Richard Carr stopped on his way to the field, and on his way back again, to see his "Baby," as he called him, and to answer the numerous questions put to him by Arthur's companions. They always assembled at the hour of Richard Carr's arrival in order to share some of the glory that had fallen on their comrade, and to cherish and carry away whatever precious thoughts Richard Carr happened to let drop concerning foot-ball, the weather, or any other vital subject of college life.

As soon as the doctor said Arthur could be moved, Richard Carr used to stop for him in a two-seated carriage and drive him in state to the foot-ball field. And after he had drawn up the carriage where Arthur could get a good view of the game, he would hand over the reins to one of those vulture-like individuals who hover around the field of battle, waiting for some one to be hurt, and who are known as "substitutes." In his black and orange uniform, one of these fellows made a very gorgeous coachman indeed.

And though the students might yell, and the townspeople shout ever so loudly, Richard Carr only heard one shrill little voice, which called to him above all the others; and as that voice got cheeks all aglow, and the substitute's arm around him to keep him from falling over in his excitement. And the other teams who came to play at Princeton soon learned about the captain's



"RICHARD CARR HEARD ONE SHRILL LITTLE VOICE, WHICH CALLED TO HIM ABOVE ALL THE OTHERS"

stronger day by day, Richard Carr got back his old spirit and interest in the game, which, since the Yale match, he seemed to have lost.

The team said Richard Carr's "Baby" brought them luck, and they called him their "Mascot," and presented him with a flag of the college colors; and when the weather grew colder they used to smother him in their white woolen jerseys, so that he looked like a fat polar bear.

It was a very pretty sight, indeed, to see how Richard Carr and the rest of the team, whenever they had scored or had made a good play, would turn first for their commendation to where Arthur sat perched above the crowd, waving his flag, his "Baby," and inquired if he were on the field; and if he was, they would go up and gravely shake hands with him, as with some celebrated individual holding a public reception.

Richard Carr is out West now at the head of a great sheep ranch, and Arthur Waller enters Princeton next year. I do not know whether he will be on the team, though he is strong enough; but I am sure he will help to hand down the fame of Richard Carr, and that he will do it in such a way that his hero will be remembered as the possessor of certain qualities, perhaps not so highly prized, but quite as excellent, as were those which fitted him to be the captain of the team.

Now, players all, mark what I say:
Whatever be the game you play,
Wit against size may win the day.

KANDIKEW.

By Eudora S. Bumstead.

Did ever you sail in a dream-canoe
To the honey-comb reefs of Kandikew,
The island built by aquatical bees
Who carry their sweets down under the seas?
The sands of the beach that shimmer and shine
Are powdered sugar white and fine;
While billows of syrup fall and rise
O'er candy pebbles of every size.

There 's a perfume borne on every breeze
From the fruit preserves on the orchard trees;
There are limpid jellies in every lake,
And hills and mountains of frosted cake;
There are children here who roam at will,
Free to forage and eat their fill,
But they lack one thing of bliss complete —
For they can not endure the taste of sweet!

So they sigh in vain for a sylvan shade
With brooks and rivers of lemonade,
And lakes of vinegar clear and strong,
Where they 'd fish for pickles the whole day long.
And ships come sailing from happier climes
With crab-apples, cranberries, lemons, and limes,
For these, I 've heard, and 't is doubtless true,
Are all they can eat in Kandikew.

IN A FLAMINGO ROOKERY.

By Charles Frederick Holder.



Among the many vessels that find their way into the great ports of Boston and New York, certain low, trim-looking schooners are conspicuous. They might almost pass for yachts. They are, generally, New England vessels, in the fruit trade, running between Nassau or other Southern ports and New York or Boston. Many of these vessels on arriving at New York lie alongside the East River docks in the neighborhood of Fulton ferry, and are well worth a visit during the busy months when bananas and pine-apples, oranges and lemons and other tropical fruits are in season. Besides the cargo of tropical luxuries, the skipper of one of these boats usually has, stowed away on board, some curiosity, some strange lizard or hermit-crab, or curious bird, that he is bringing home to a friend. It may be imagined, therefore, that visits of curiosity to a lately arrived fruiter are often well repaid; and so there was nothing remarkable in the fact that one morning about four o'clock, when the docks were cold and deserted, and the watchmen were hiding in dark corners endeavoring to steal a nap before the sun rose, a party of boys walked hurriedly down one of these long East River piers in New York and anxiously inquired if Capt. Sam Whittlefield's schooner Red Snapper had been spoken.

"She 's about off Governor's Island now," said the sleepy watchman. The boys, glad to know that the schooner was so near, waited her arrival with some spasmodic exercise and many impatient looks along the line of tapering masts that fringed the East side docks southward toward the Battery. At last they were rewarded when, after a half hour of waiting, the Red Snapper hove in sight behind a fussy little tug. As the sun looked over the tops

of the tall buildings, and cast its good-morning beams into the dark slips, she ran in and was made fast.

"How are you, Captain?" shouted one of the expectant group, as there came on deck a short, fat, red-faced man, with so jolly and good-natured a countenance that you would wish to shake hands with him at first sight.

"Wal', wal'," exclaimed the Yankee skipper with a laugh of recognition, "Why, it 's the boys!"

Then commenced a series of questions — "Have you brought my centipede?" "Could you find a hermit-crab, Captain!" "Did you remember Tom's octopus?" and so on, until the captain, ruddier than ever from laughing, invited all hands on board. As they tumbled down the companion-way ladder, those ahead came to a sudden halt, for out of the gloom was heard an unearthly "honk! honk! honk!"

"Come right on down!" said the jolly skipper. "Don't mind the singing; it 's my pet flamingo." As their eyes became accustomed to the darkness of the place, the boys saw a magnificent flamingo sitting very contentedly on a box at the end of the cabin, with its neck (or so it certainly seemed) tied in a bow knot.

"*He* does n't need any necktie," laughed the captain; "he can tie his own neck into more quirks and knots than you can imagine. Where did I get him? Wal', as they say, thereby hangs a tale. You 'll find the plantains and pomegranates in that first locker, and here 's some guava jelly and Nassau biscuit. When you've discussed them, I 'll tell you about my pet."

When breakfast, in which the boys and the long-necked flamingo joined, was over, and the captain of the galley had removed the dishes, Captain Sam lighted his pipe, gave a preparatory look around at his small but attentive audience, surrounded himself with a cloud of smoke, through which his jolly red face gleamed like the sun in a fog, and began his yarn.

"In this last cruise," he said, "I was delayed in Nassau three weeks before I could get all the pine-apples and fruit that I wanted, and in the mean time I did n't know what to do with myself, for I 'm one of the kind that has to keep on the go, or else give up altogether.

"But one day I met a friend who had a plantation on one of the outer Keys; he asked me to go on a hunting trip with him, and I took him up on the minute. He lent me a gun, and the next day we were aboard his smack and off. For a week we cruised about from one place to another, and then he told me he was bent on showin' me the finest curiosity in the Bahamas. That same afternoon we brought up in a cove at Andros Island, one of the biggest of the whole lot, and I reckon about ninety miles long, more or less. As they say in the geographies, it is bounded on the north, east, south, and west by water; principal productions — sand and crabs. That night we slept aboard ship. The next morning, bright and early, we took the little dingey boat and had a couple of the men and the captain's son, a lad about the size of one of you boys, to row us over to the land.

"We pulled along the shore, which was broken up by bays and creeks that seemed in places to cut clean through the island. The water was as clear as crystal, and corals, sea-fans and plumes, and angel-fish with wonderful colors could be seen in countless numbers; now and then, too, we ran over a big nurse shark, or a turtle that made off leavin' a big wave behind to follow and tell just where it was goin'. All at once we rounded a point and saw a sight so queer that I must have sung out; for the men stopped pullin' and we all looked for about a minute and did n't say a word. We had popped 'round a point and entered a little bay where the land was low. The sand was a pure white, but all along shore, a good way in, was a line that looked just like a streak of scarlet cloud, such as we often see in the south at sunset. It was mornin' then, however, and the contrast was too bright for clouds.

"'What do you think of that?' said my friend. 'If that is n't worth comin' twelve hundred miles to see, I 'm mistaken!'

"'What is it?' I asked.

"'Why,' says he, 'birds, man! nothin' but flamingoes! And that is n't the funny part of it — every bird lives on a monument.'

"I thought," continued the captain, "that this was a joke, but the men gave way at the oars, and we went toward the red streak with a rush. And soon, sure enough, I could make out the forms of the birds, though every one looked at first like a scarlet dash of color. They were standing along shore in rows and groups, their long, light-colored necks moving this way and that; and the minute they heard the splash of the oars and saw us, they rose in a regular cloud, — not like ordinary birds, mind you. They just started and ran along the beach into the water, and so gradually got headway; and then they rose into the air in a great crimson cloud, their long slender legs towin' along behind.

"We all were so excited that we hardly knew what we were doin'; but our idea was to catch some of the birds alive, and, as some of them were still struggling to get up, we ran the boat into the sand and tumbled out on the shore, and in a moment were in the strangest kind of a rookery you ever heard of, I 'll warrant! Overhead was the

great cloud of birds flyin' off to sea, the beating of their wings, and their screams of 'honk! honk!' makin' such a noise that you 'd have thought a hurricane was comin' on. We could hardly hear ourselves speak. We made a dash to get ahead, but it was almost impossible; for the nests were columns of mud or clay from two to four feet high, and were packed so closely together that we could n't get over them quickly, I assure you. One of the men made a leap over a nest, but fell into a hole and was well-nigh wedged in. We tried to follow, floundering along, knockin' over the mounds, laughin' and shoutin', but soon had to give it up; and as I crawled up on one of the bird-monuments, I saw that the captain's boy had beaten us all, and was right in the midst of the rookery. He 'd taken a long sprit as a pole, and so jumped from one mound to another. Then we all took oars and followed his lead, and in that way we got along quite rapidly.

"Hard? Yes; most of the nests were solid as rock, so we merely had to jump from one to another. Some, however, were soft on top, and sometimes we slipped and fell down between them into the mud. Several of the birds in their fright had been unable to rise, and were struggling in among the nests, and there I caught my bird; I grabbed him before he could rise. And eggs? Almost every nest had one or two, and the number of nests I could n't begin to count. There were thousands of 'em, filling that entire point of land, another point near at hand, and extending along shore. They were built right on a mud flat at the edge of the water, so that the tide, when high, probably rose among them and they were almost surrounded. Some of the mounds were only two feet high,—others, three and four; but all looked something like old-fashioned churns, but scooped out at the top, just enough to hold the eggs. Some of the nests had just been made, and the eggs had been pressed into the mud, while other eggs had rolled off into the mud and water; so I think the young flamingoes must have a rather hard time of it."

"How do they make their nests?" asked one of the boys.

"Well," replied the captain, "my friend sometime before had watched the birds building their nests, and he said that the holes we saw by the sides of many nests were places from which the birds had taken mud in their beaks, and gradually piled it up, the idea being to make a column, so that the eggs will be high above the water. As they build them, the sun hardens the marl and makes the rest nearly as hard as stone. Some of the nests we saw had been built the year before, and we could see where the birds had mended them in places."

"If they were four feet high a bird could n't sit with its legs hanging over," suggested one of the listeners.

"That 's just the point I wanted to tell you about," said the captain. "The picture-books all show the nest with the bird upon it, with its long legs on the ground; but that 's a mistake, as we saw them sitting on the nests, and they had their feet doubled up under them like any bird.

"By the time we had found out how to travel over those monuments, or the 'city on stilts,' as the lad called it, the birds were well out of the way, and we examined the rookery at our leisure. The more we looked, the more wonderful it seemed. Just imagine, if you can," said Captain Sam, "two thousand or more mounds of mud of all sizes, looking like churns, small at the top and increasin' in size to the bottom, packed in together, and every one holdin' one of those beautiful red, black, and white colored birds. And when they rose, the birds seemed to move away like wheels revolvin' in the air.

"They 're funny fellows, I can tell you," the captain went on. "I met a man down the coast who told me that once when he was huntin' on the Florida low-lands he came upon a whole colony of flamingoes among the mangrove trees. He watched their antics for some time—some standin' on one leg, some with their long necks in all sorts of curious positions, some stalking up and down as solemn as parsons—and he thought it would n't be a bad idea to play a joke on them.

"So he took a fish-line, and when the birds flew away he fastened one end of the line to the root of a tree and climbed with the other end up into another tree.

"Before long the birds came back, and then the fun began. As soon as one or two stepped across the line, the man in the tree gave it a pull, and the flamingoes began hoppin' and trippin' and dancin' about, now fallin' down, now jumpin' across and really seemin' to enjoy it immensely. He actually had 'em all a-skippin' rope and there 's no tellin' how long they 'd 'a' kept it up if it had n't been so very funny that my friend could n't help laughin' out loud; that frightened them off. That may seem a rather brisk story," said Captain Sam; "but, from what I 've seen of my specimen, I fully believe it.

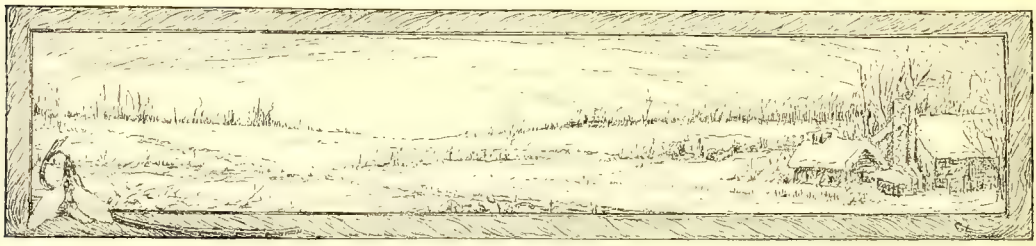
"I tried to bring away a nest for him, as some of them were overturned, but it was too difficult, and we were a long way from home. My flamingo was not hurt, and I took him aboard and fastened him to the riggin', and in a short time he became perfectly tame, and now demands more attention than I have time to give him. He has all sorts of

curious tricks; curls his neck about mine, which I suppose is the flamingo way of putting an arm around my neck, then he will put his head into my pocket and nibble my hands. In fact, he is a very sociable fellow; but he has a hard time in a gale of wind, and does n't seem to get his sea legs. The truth is, he 's got too much top hamper and wants re-riggin'."

Here the tall bird fell off of his box; and as the captain picked his pet up, he said, "Now that we 've righted him, suppose we go and look at your curiosities."



MAKING FLAMINGOES JUMP THE ROPE. (SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)



MOLLY'S POETRY.

By Walter Learned.

THE heiress was arranging her collection of post-marks, her mother was mending a hole which a sharp stick "all by itself" had poked in a small dress, and I was trying to find where I had left off in a recent novel, and wondering if it would make much difference if I were to lose a few pages. Presently the heiress began to say, rather softly:

> "To him who, in the love of Nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language."

As the heiress is only about half-past nine years old, this was n't the sort of soliloquy that I expected, and I asked her,

"What 's that, Molly?"

"That 's poetry, Papa," she replied.

"Do you know any more of it?" I asked.

"Some," she said; and with a little prompting she repeated twenty lines or so.

"Where in the world did you learn that?" I said.

"Up at school," she answered. "That 's 'Thanatopsis,' Papa."

"They have n't been teaching it to you?" I said, feeling rather doubtful about the expediency of filling the juvenile mind with

> "Sad images
> Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall."

"No," she said. "They did n't teach it to me, but Addie Palmer 's been learning it and I heard her recite it."

"How do you like it?" I asked.

"Well," said the heiress, assuming a meditative attitude with her chin on her hand, "I think it 's rather sad. I believe I 'll write some poetry, Papa, and the very first thing I write will be a cheerful 'Thanatopsis.'"

In pursuance of this resolution the heiress seated herself in her chair at the table on the following evening, and, having instructed her mother and me that we were to sit very still and not talk, she began her poem.

It was a great labor. She sighed, bit her pencil, remarked that thinking was very hard work, and had to have her pencil sharpened once when she had borne down too hard on it. But at last she handed over the completed poem, with the remark that she meant to write three verses, but it was such hard work that she thought that one would do.

"Would you publish it, Papa?" she asked.

"Molly," said I, "I usually leave that question to an editor."

A CHEERFUL "THANATOPSIS."

By Mary Carleton Learned.

DEAR little snowdrops, deep under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know.
Sweet little snowdrops, far down in the ground,
You will be kissed and caressed when you 're found.



ST. NICHOLAS DOG STORIES.

XX.—CÆSAR, A DOG OF SPAIN.

(An Adaptation from the Spanish of Cervantes.)

By Mrs. J. A. Hoxie.

There was in a great city in Spain a large slaughter-house where some butchers were hired to kill all the meat for the people in the city. One of these butchers was named Nicholas, and he was not a good man at all. He owned some puppies, and as they grew up he taught them to catch the cattle for the butchers and to hold them by the ears so they could be killed. That was all the work the dogs had to do, and they had plenty of meat to eat, so they grew large and strong. One of these dogs Nicholas taught to carry a great basket. The dog would take the handle in his teeth and walk carefully, and let nobody touch the basket till he got to the place where he had been told to go; then he would wag his tail politely, while the meat was taken out, and would then carry home the empty basket.

Now Cæsar—for that was his name—was a good dog, and he saw a great deal that was wrong going on among the butchers; but then he thought, "My business is to mind my master." The butchers, however, stole a great deal of the meat. They killed the cattle in the night, and when they cut up the meat they would lay aside many nice pieces, and before daylight their wives' or their friends' little servant-girls would come, crowds of them, with bags and baskets to get what the butchers had stolen for them and carry it off to their homes before the sun rose. The reason Nicholas taught his dog to carry the basket was to save his wife and his friends the trouble of sending their servants for it. So one morning just about daylight Nicholas gave Cæsar the big basket and told the dog to take it to his wife. Cæsar set off, very steadily and carefully, but on the way an old man (to whose house he used often to carry meat) looked out of an upper window and called him in a kind and gentle tone. Of course he stopped. And the man came down to the door and called him in, and petted and praised him and talked to him and made him very happy. But then he took all the meat out of the basket and put one of his old shoes into it and covered it up and said, "Go back to old Nicholas and tell him I wish never to deal with him again."

Of course, the dog could not tell the message, but Nicholas when he saw the old shoe in the basket



Cæsar has to run for his life. (See next page.)

was in a fury, and he snatched his knife to kill Cæsar; but the dog ran for his life. He ran all day long as fast as he could go,—far—far beyond the great city, out through the country, and up among the hills; and when it grew dark he was *so* tired and *so* hungry! "At any rate," he thought, "Nicholas can't catch me here," and he lay down and went sound asleep.

When it grew daylight, he found there was a large flock of sheep sleeping near him. "Ah," he thought, "this is fine! I always thought it was good work for a dog to take care of sheep—let me see if I can't persuade the shepherd to have me for his dog." Just then the shepherds came,



"ONE OF THE SHEPHERDS CALLED TO CÆSAR."

stretching themselves, out of a little hut near by, and one of them called to Cæsar. He went quietly, wagging his tail and licking the shepherd's shoes, as much as to say, "Do let me stay with you!" The man looked at his teeth to see how old he was, and patted him. Just then up rode the owner of the flocks. He did not look like a shepherd; he rode a good horse and was handsomely dressed; he wore pistols and a dagger, and had a gun in his hand. He ordered the shepherds about, and they were very humble.

"Whose dog is that?" said he.

The shepherd took off his hat and said, "He is a stray dog; he does not belong to any one around here; but he has all the marks of a good breed, and will make a fine dog."

"Then give him the collar of the dog that died last week and keep him," said the master. "Make much of him; a petted dog will love the flock." And off he rode.

The shepherd brought out a collar that was all set with iron spikes, and he put a lot of bread and milk into a wooden trough for Cæsar's breakfast. Then they followed where the flocks had spread and scattered themselves upon the hills to feed. The dog thought, "This will be a pleasant life for me; shepherds are good, gay, happy people, and I shall be as good as a dog can be." For when he used to go to the pretty lady who had sent the message to Nicholas, he often had to wait there, and he had heard her reading in some of her books to her companions what a pleasant life it was to be a shepherd or a shepherdess; how the shepherds sat under shady groves, by the side of the pleasant brooks and rivers, and played sweet music on their flutes and guitars, and sang all sorts of beautiful songs, and danced with the pretty shepherdesses; while their faithful dogs now and then ran all

around the sheep to make sure that they were safe, and then came back to listen to the music. But Cæsar soon found that that was the way shepherds do in story-books, but not in reality; at least, those shepherds were very different. They were dirty and stupid, they slept in the sunshine, or, if the wind blew, under the shelter of a rock. Sometimes they mended their old shoes. And, as to the music — all they ever played was an ugly noise, made by clattering two sticks together; and their singing was all one sound, over and over,— no words, only "dum, dum, dum," or "do, do, do"; a dog could howl better music.

Only one thing was true as told in the story — the dogs took care of the flock; and that Cæsar did, night and day. Wherever the sheep went over the mountains, he was constantly racing around them, that no wolf should ever get a chance to steal even one poor little lamb. The rough rocks made his poor paws sore sometimes, he ran on them so fast and so much; and oh! he got so tired! And what were soaked bread and milk — mostly milk too — for food, when his work was so hard? He was hungry all the time — dreadfully hungry. And yet, with all his faithful watching, when the master came to see how the sheep were getting on, the shepherds would always bring parts of torn sheep and say, "The wolves have had so many." And then the master would scold and say, "Beat the dogs," and the shepherds would beat them, and Cæsar would think, "This is a puzzle! When did the wolves get at those poor sheep?" But one day he found out the puzzle. He saw a smoke rising among some rocks, and there he spied those wicked shepherds. They had killed some sheep and were having a fine dinner together; then they took what was left and tore it, and rubbed it on the rocks, so as to make it look as if the wolves had bitten it! They were the wolves themselves, and dishonest men, and they had beaten the poor dogs for what they themselves had done! Cæsar thought, "I 'll work no more for these bad masters!" and so he ran away again, down from the hills and through the country to another city. There he walked about awhile, half starved, trying to find a home to suit him. At last he saw a very nice large house; and the owner of it, who looked like a rich merchant, came out of the door; so he went toward the gentleman, and wagged his tail and tried to make friends; and the gentleman called to one of his servants and said: "Here 's a fine dog, and I know by his eyes that he is an honest one. He seems to have lost his master and to want another. He 's thin enough, poor fellow; take him in and feed him — he 'll make us a good watch-dog."

"Ah!" thought the dog, "there's nothing like a gentleman! How kind he is! Indeed I will be a good watch-dog for them!"

The servants fed him, and they showed him behind the front door a little mat to lie upon. What had become of his spiked collar I don't know — I suppose it had been worn out, for they put a very handsome one on him with a chain to it, and they showed him who belonged to the family, or were good friends that often went in and out — to them he was to wag his tail. If strangers came to the door, he was to growl, — if any bad-looking people, to bark with all his might. At night they unchained him and let him out-of-doors. He could now get some exercise and fresh air; but he must go around the outside of the house and the stables and sheds, and the garden that was behind the house, and watch everything carefully all night; and that he gladly did for so kind a master. His master had two sons who went to school every day; and a servant walked before them to carry their books and a satchel with their luncheon in it. Now you know Nicholas had taught Cæsar to carry things, and he wished to carry the satchel, instead of the servant; so when the boys were getting ready for school one day, he took hold of the handle with his teeth, and when the servant wanted to take it from him, he growled, and went in front of them and wagged his tail to them. They understood what he wanted, and said, "Cæsar wants to go to school with us; unchain him and see if he wont carry the knapsack as well as a man."

Now he was a happy dog. Every day he walked on in front till they came to the school-house. The other scholars would try to make him give them the satchel; but he would not let them have it. He carried it gravely and properly to the janitor, who took care of all the scholars' bags, then went back out of the school-room and sat just outside the door, straight, like a man, looking directly at the teacher who was talking to the scholars or hearing their lessons. He thought it was fine to have a chance to get an education. At noon the boys all played with him, and gave him part of their dinners. They all liked him very much, he was so big and so good-natured; and when they went home at night, then he kept watch again at his master's door. But the teachers gave the boys lessons to learn at noon, and, though he was quiet, he interfered with their studies, for the lads would not let him alone. It was such fun for them to have him for a play-mate, — but every afternoon the lessons were not properly learned. So his young masters said, "We must not let Cæsar go to school with us any more. He is a good dog, but the boys will not sit down and study while we have him there."

Poor Cæsar! how sad he felt when they went away and left him chained at home! and it was very tedious lying in one place all the time, and not having any more education. Then he had a new trouble. There was a cook, who, after dinner, used to bring a plate of bones for him and for two great cats that lived at the same house. But as Cæsar could not go any farther than the length of his chain, they would generally get more than their share, and he had too good manners to make a noise or quarrel with them, and so he really did not have enough. He sighed when he remembered what quantities of nice white bread cakes the scholars used to feed him.



"THERE WAS A GREAT WALL AROUND THE TOWN WITH GATES THAT WERE FASTENED AT NIGHT"

Now, this same cook used to sleep in the kitchen, and he had a friend who worked in the stables and slept in the courtyard outside the front door. When everybody, except Cæsar, was asleep, he would come softly and bring him some more dinner, and pat him so kindly, and unlock and open the big door and let in his friend, and the two would talk together in a whisper for a long time. Then the friend would go out, and the cook would lock the door, and go back to the kitchen before any one waked up. So now Cæsar had enough to eat again, but he was not happy; for he knew his master would not allow the door to be opened at night. So he watched sharply. He thought, "If they steal the least thing, I 'll bark with all my might." But they did not steal anything, and the cook brought him such good feasts! At last he thought what he would do. He would not bite the cook, of course. He would be a strange watch-dog to *bite* one of the household; but he decided he must stop the cook's bad ways. So the next time the cook came slyly creeping along with his plate of meat, Cæsar caught hold of his clothes and tore them, and scratched the cook's legs with his claws. He did not make the least noise, nor did his victim dare to. For a whole week afterward, the door was not opened, and Cæsar thought he had cured the cook of his naughtiness—but no; he got some more clothes, and brought the dog food again, but kept out of his reach and opened the door as before. Then Cæsar lay on his mat and thought and thought, "What ought I to do? My master thinks I shall do what is right—and what *is* right? If I bark and rouse the house, the servants will be punished, and I shall have no more treats. They really don't do any harm, they only talk together, but at the same time I know my master trusts me to guard that door, and he would

not let them open it at night. I don't know what I ought to do. It is too hard a question for me. I must run away and find a new master." So the next time he was let out for a run, he ran indeed, out of the city and far off to another large town, where he made friends with some policemen, and soon gained one of them for his master. They found him very useful.

He went about the streets with them at night, and if they saw any one stealing they would point, and Cæsar would run far quicker than they could, and catch the rascal and hold him till they came up to put him in prison. He did not like the work very well; though he staid there a long while, and was as good as any policeman of them all.

One night his master was not there, but the others were going out to patrol the streets and they called him to go too; so he went. There was a great wall around the town with gates that were fastened at night; but there was a hole in this wall, where some stones had fallen out, as Cæsar had noticed, and there was a church in that part of the town. They saw a man slinking out of the church, and sneaking along as if he had been stealing.

"A thief!" the men said, and set Cæsar on him.

He rushed down the street and seized the man — and it was his own master!

He was so ashamed and frightened that he let go and ran out of the hole in the wall and raced off fifty miles before he stopped to rest. Then he hid in a wood and slept and rested himself. Then he trotted along till he came to a town where there was a great crowd. There were troops of soldiers marching through the town. They had flags flying, and music; and he saw a man drumming whom he had seen before — so he walked along beside the drummer, who remembered him and said, "Cæsar, poor fellow, how came you here? Do you want to go to be a soldier?" And he said to his companions that here was a bright dog, that would make fun for them when they had nothing to do. For this happened at a time when there was no fighting going on.

The drummer was a good-natured master to Cæsar and fed him well. He taught him many droll tricks, and he taught him to stand upon his hind legs and dance, and keep time to the music; and the men all said they never saw a dog dance so nicely. His master had some very pretty clothes made for him, and when they came into a town where they were to stay all night, he would go out with his drum and call through the streets: "If any wish to see the Wonderful Learned Dog, let them come to such a place at seven o'clock." And people would come to see Cæsar's pranks and his dancing, and pay money at the door; so his master thought a great deal of him, and he was very busy and contented. He did n't like it as well as going to school, but it did very well. At last they came to a town where his master hired a large room, and there was a great crowd to see the Learned Dog, and all were astonished to see how he understood and did everything his master told him. Then up got somebody and said, "That is not a dog, for no dog can do such things! It is just a boy dressed up like a dog,— and it is a great shame to call a boy a dog, and it ought to be stopped."

Then some others said, "Yes! yes! put the man in prison!" Still others screamed out, "Let the fine old doggie dance! We have paid our money to see him — dogs know as much as boys!" and so they scolded and angered one another and soon began to fight. "Police! police!" some people shouted; then all began to run. And what became of Cæsar's master? Cæsar did not stop to see, but he, too, ran off as fast as he could, and wriggled off his clothes and left them in the street.

Then, after more wandering, he took a poet for his master, and he liked him very much. He was gentle and kind, and his friends were all polite gentlemen, so Cæsar was in good company. But he soon found his master had nothing to eat for himself half the time, so he thought, "My master would be better off without me, though he is too kind to say so." And as he walked about the town, thinking whether to run away again or not, he took notice of a large hospital where many sick people were nursed and taken care of. The good brethren that lived there went out through the town to bring in sick people or anybody that was in distress, so Cæsar made friends with them and carried things for them, and, when the nights were dark, walked ahead with a large lantern, and he did not have to run away any more, for he was almost as good and kind as his new masters, and many a poor fellow who had been hurt or fallen ill rejoiced to see him coming with his lantern. And now he was well fed — with nice white meat, and bread and everything that he liked; and so he had a good home at last, and no more troubles.

XXI.—TWO VENETIAN DOGS.

By Katharine Bronson.

Some years ago, while wintering in Venice, a friend, who knew my fondness for pets, brought me two dear little doggies. One of them I decided to keep as my own; but I gave the other to a young friend who was living with me. They seemed so happy together that we gave them the names of Placido and Contenta, which are the Italian words

for "peaceful" and "contented," and we found great pleasure in feeding and caressing them. They enjoyed each other's society for a month or more, but when the mistress of Placido was obliged to return to her home, she found that it was not possible to take with her the new-found and dearly-prized pet. So she sorrowfully resigned it into the hands of a young officer in the Italian navy. A collar of silver with mysterious inscriptions upon it was fastened around Placido's neck, and a paper in imitation of a legal document was drawn up, transferring this precious object from one owner to the other.



Now these little dogs are unlike any that American children ever see. They are a deep yellow color, and in the sunlight their coats shine like beaten gold. They have small heads and fine narrow muzzles, with ears and tails cut short like those of a terrier. In shape they are somewhat like tiny Spitz or Pomeranian dogs. Their hair is soft as floss-silk, and their large dark eyes are as tender and loving as those of a gazelle. Placido grew to be much larger and stronger than his sister, though there is still a family likeness between them. His life at first was chiefly passed with his new owner in the arsenal, but when the latter received orders for a two-years' cruise in the Ægean Sea, Placido was taken to Genoa, where he lived in a luxurious though somewhat monotonous manner during his master's

absence. I can not easily describe the development of Placido's intelligence; but I can assure you that his little sister grew daily in beauty and cleverness, though not in size. If she was taken to walk on the *riva*, which is to the water-streets of Venice what a sidewalk is to the avenues of other towns, she would constantly leave the servant's side, to seek in all the gondolas for her mistress, and would each time return disappointed. Though her gentle manner and sensitive temperament seemed to indicate timidity, she would encounter with absolute fearlessness the wild and lawless cats that make their home among the arches of the Ducal Palace. One day a savage creature flew at her and tore her face until the blood flowed freely; but Contenta was undaunted.

Indeed, far from being frightened at the feline race, she was always restless at a certain hour of the evening, when she considered it necessary to go to the kitchen to "put the cats to bed." This operation consisted in barking violently at the household mouse-catchers, until they flew before her in terror and took refuge in the garret. Then Contenta returned to the drawing-room with the air of saying, "Behold me, once more I have done my duty!" And this feat was the more remarkable since she was smaller than the cats.

She frequently sat alone in a room for hours, patiently waiting for mice; but I regret to say that she destroyed her own chances by barking when they made a noise in the wall. In spite of this, however, she often caught them as they ran across the room, and she then seemed perfectly overjoyed at her own prowess. On one occasion, so I have been assured, Contenta seized, worried, and killed a large rat in the courtyard; but as I was not myself a witness to that deed of daring, I can not, of course, give it as an actual fact in this faithful history. But I can narrate an incident which is much more remarkable, and which I know to be perfectly true. We were about to start on a journey—the halls were filled with trunks, and all was ready for departure, when to our surprise we saw Contenta busily engaged, as we thought, in uprooting the plants from the large flower-pots of the front balcony. On investigation, we found that she had drawn forth from their hiding-places numerous bones which she had concealed from time to time in the earth. She nibbled a little at the most savory among them, and then appeared quite ready to leave home, with no care upon her mind.

At this time, I am sorry to say, she began to treat me with caprice, and seemed to transfer her affections to our traveling-servant. His voice was more quickly obeyed than was mine, and Contenta evidently preferred his society to that of any one else. This strange freak was so annoying to me that I determined to get another dog; accordingly, in Florence, I took to my affections a new pet—a tiny white terrier of Maltese ancestry. He was smaller than anything I had then seen in the dog-world, and was consequently very delicate. He sat on my shoulder and never left me by day or night. After his arrival, Contenta seemed sad but consoled herself with the servants.

When we returned to Venice in the month of October, the demon of jealousy seemed roused at last in the capricious breast of Contenta. She visibly pined and seemed to wish to return to me, but I was obdurate, as the fragile Lino quite absorbed my care and attention. One fatal day I went out in the gondola to sketch; the boat was attached to a buoy, I was busy with my work, and the little Florentine played about the prow of the boat. Suddenly I heard a gentle splash in the water, and looking up, I saw my Lino carried rapidly down by the tide. To loosen the gondola and



strive to save him was the work of a moment. He was swept by the current within reach of some workmen who were caulking a ship's sides, and one of them seized the poor little dog and gave him to me. He was so small that one might have thought him a little drowned kitten. Once at home, we tried all possible restoratives, but that

cold bath was too much for so frail a body, and within three days he panted his tiny life away. He was buried under the oleanders in the court-yard, and on his small white marble tombstone are these words in golden letters:

LINO.

BORN in the Tuscan fields
With the violets of the year;
Dead by the sad sea wave
Ere yet those fields were sere.

Lightly may earth and flower
Lie on his gentle breast;
Nor wind nor wintry shower
Disturb my Lino's rest.

After Lino's death, Contenta returned to her devotion to me, and remained loyal and faithful.

Clever dogs are possessed of wonderful memories. Placido, on his return to Venice after a two-years' absence, remembered the street on which his sister lived, and ran away from his master to greet her and all the household with violent demonstrations of joy.

I am sure, too, that Contenta knew whenever she approached her old home; for after long journeys in many lands, by rail and steamer and carriage, during which time she slept peacefully and was a most exemplary traveler, the moment she heard the call "*Venezia!*" she would become restless, never ceasing to look out at the windows of the railway carriage, and never sleeping a moment during the last four or six hours of the journey.

She was a born smuggler, and when her ticket had not been taken, she was quite aware that she ought not to be seen by the railway officials. The moment the train slackened speed, she would creep into a place of concealment where she would remain motionless until the five or ten minutes at the station were past, and would emerge from hiding only when the train was again fairly in motion.

A LITTLE CAPTIVE.

BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.

SOME one has prisoned in a cage
A little chipmunk with black eyes;
Sometimes he gnaws the wires in rage,
Sometimes in weary dullness lies.
It 's clear to me, he longs to be
Over the stone wall leaping,
Up the tall tree, nimble and free,
Or in its hollow sleeping.

He has a soft bright coat of brown
With pretty stripes of darker hue,
In the woods scampering up and down,
With merry mates he throve and grew.
And oh! and oh! he longs to go
Back to the forest flying —
He has a nest, for aught I know,
Where little ones are crying.

His captor looks at him each morn,
But has no loving word to say.
Brings him some water and some corn,
And then forgets him all the day.
Poor little thing! who fain would bring
Nuts from the great trees yonder,
Drink water from some hill-side spring,
And freely, wildly wander.

Pent in a narrow wire-walled box,
He pines in vain, no joy he takes;
The moss, the leaves, the woods, the rocks,
For these his little sad heart aches.
My word I plight that I to-night
Will wake, while some are sleeping,
And to the woods by bright moonlight
The chipmunk shall go leaping!

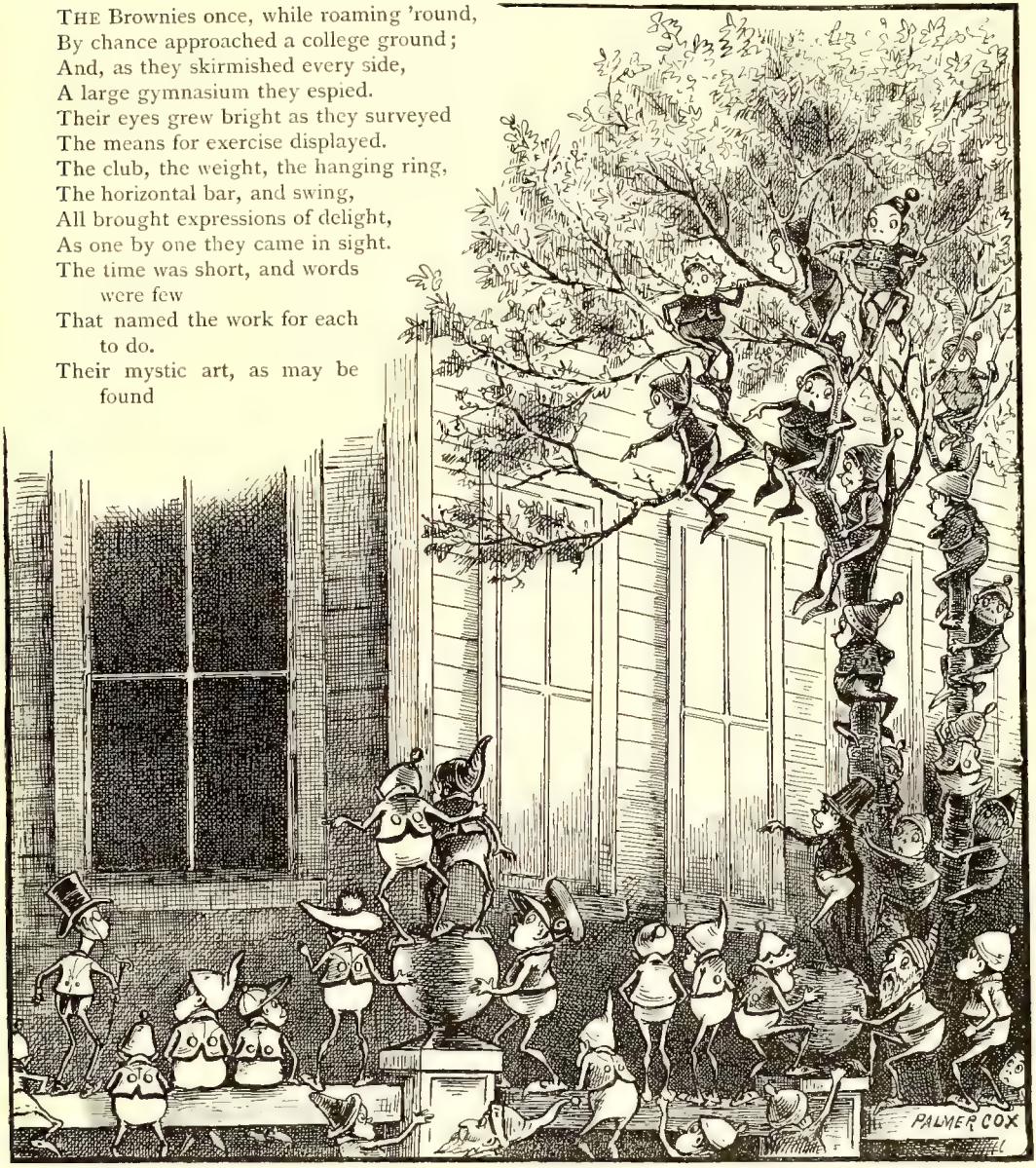


THE BROWNIES IN THE GYMNASIUM.

By Palmer Cox.

The Brownies once, while roaming 'round,
By chance approached a college ground;
And, as they skirmished every side,
A large gymnasium they espied.
Their eyes grew bright as they surveyed
The means for exercise displayed.
The club, the weight, the hanging ring,
The horizontal bar, and swing,
All brought expressions of delight,
As one by one they came in sight.
The time was short, and words were few
That named the work for each to do.
Their mystic art, as may be found
On pages now in volumes bound,
Was quite enough to bear them in
Through walls of wood and roofs of tin.
No hasp can hold, no bolt can stand
Before the Brownie's tiny hand;
The sash will rise, the panel yield,
And leave him master of the field.

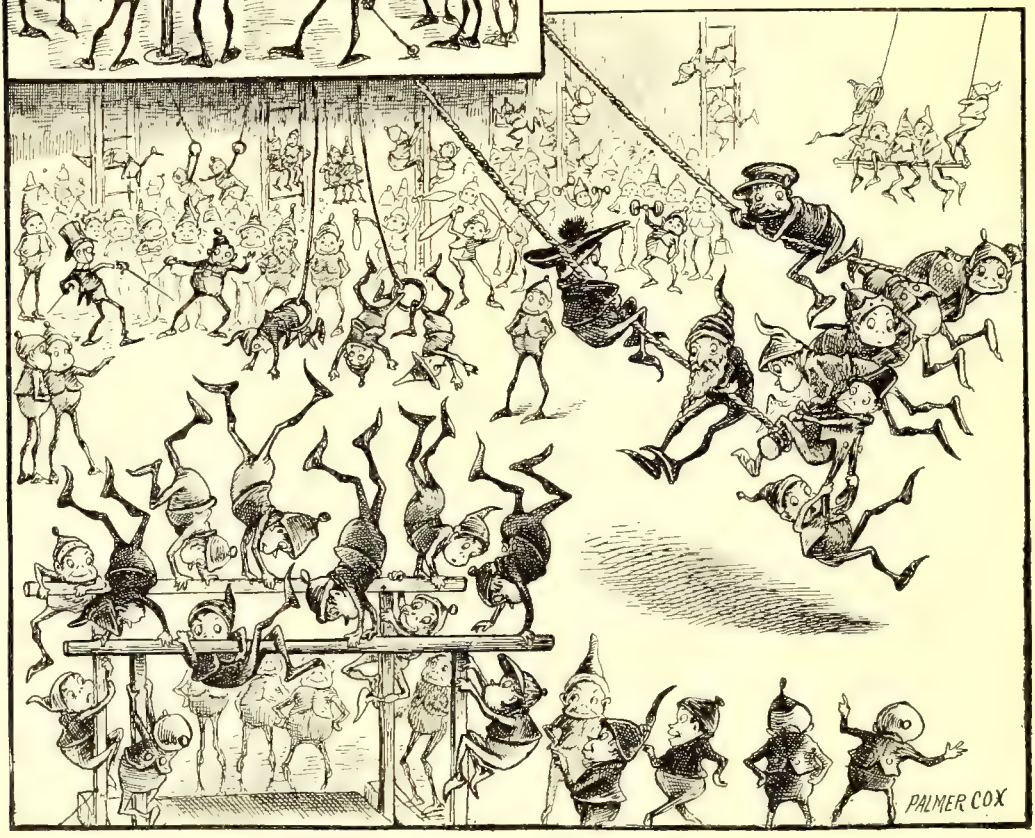
When safe they stood within the hall,
A pleasant time was promised all.





Though not the largest in the band,
I claim to own no infant hand;
And muscle in this arm you 'll meet
That well might grace a trained athlete.
Two goats once blocked a mountain pass,
Contending o'er a tuft of grass.
Important messages of state
Forbade me there to stand and wait;
Without a pause, the pair I neared
And seized the larger by the beard;
I dragged him from his panting foe
And hurled him to the plain below."

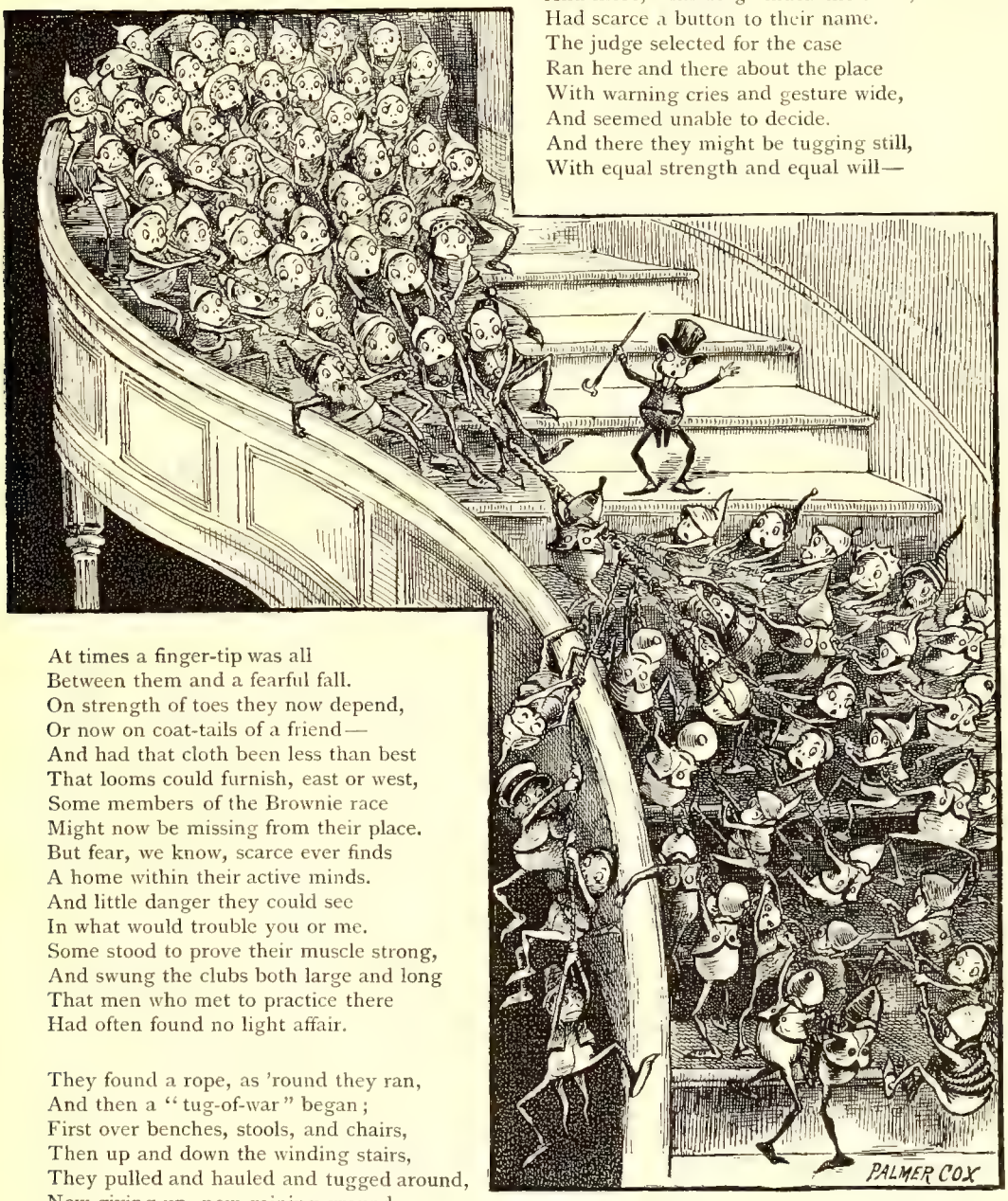
"For clubs," a second answered there,
"Or heavy weights I little care;
But give me bar or give me ring,
Where I can turn, contort, and swing,
And I 'll outdo, with movements fine,
The monkey on his tropic vine."



Said one, "The clubs let me obtain
That Indians use upon the plain,
And here I 'll stand to test my power,
And swing them 'round my head an hour;

Thus skill and strength and wind they tried
By means they found on every side.
Some claimed at once the high trapeze,
And there performed with grace and ease;

They turned and tumbled left and right,
As though they held existence light.



At times a finger-tip was all
Between them and a fearful fall.
On strength of toes they now depend,
Or now on coat-tails of a friend—
And had that cloth been less than best
That looms could furnish, east or west,
Some members of the Brownie race
Might now be missing from their place.
But fear, we know, scarce ever finds
A home within their active minds.
And little danger they could see
In what would trouble you or me.
Some stood to prove their muscle strong,
And swung the clubs both large and long
That men who met to practice there
Had often found no light affair.

They found a rope, as 'round they ran,
And then a "tug-of-war" began;
First over benches, stools, and chairs,
Then up and down the winding stairs,
They pulled and hauled and tugged around,
Now giving up, now gaining ground;
Some lost their footing at the go,
And on their backs slid to and fro
Without a chance their state to mend
Until the contest found an end.

Their coats from tail to collar rent
Showed some through trying treatment went,
And more, with usage much the same,
Had scarce a button to their name.
The judge selected for the case
Ran here and there about the place
With warning cries and gesture wide,
And seemed unable to decide.
And there they might be tugging still,
With equal strength and equal will—

But while they struggled, stars withdrew
And hints of morning broader grew,
Till arrows from the rising sun
Soon made them drop the rope and run.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-DAY, my friends! much obliged to you for assembling here this fine morning, when the hickory-nuts and walnuts are dropping over yonder, and the squirrels are too busy to come and chatter their pretty nonsense to me. Now we 'll proceed to take up—no, no; not a collection, but a new subject,

DO BIRDS NEVER FLY DOWN?

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Can you or the Little School-ma'am, or your friend Mr. Holder, answer us an important question about birds? It is this: We two live next door to each other, in the country, and since we 've known you we have grown very fond of noticing things like the habits of animals. Well, among other points, we 've noticed that the birds we have watched flying up into the air have one way of going up, and another of coming down. They evidently move their wings in mounting, but, in their descent, they seem to us to just *fall* gracefully through the air, simply using their outspread wings to balance them and to regulate their speed. Are we right? When birds are wounded, you know, they have no power to hold out their wings properly, and so they have to tumble, poor things! but when they have their senses, they can drop down gently from the far sky and slant themselves in just the right way. We watched, too, the fowls in the poultry-yard come down from high roosting-places, and though they made a good deal of noise and fuss with their wings, it seemed to us it was not because they were trying to *fly* down with their clipped wings, but that they were trying to balance themselves. We may be wrong (we almost always are, my brother says), but that is our opinion.

This letter is composed by us both, and is a true account of our observations, and we would like to have it answered, if you will show it to your hearers, dear Jack. Your young friends,

HENRIETTE AND MAY.

A SIMPLE QUESTION.

WHY is it very hard for a goat to be good?

This question was asked during the noon recess at the little red school-house yesterday. The boy who asked it is quite a funny boy, so everybody tried to give a lively answer.

"Because he 's too hard-headed," shouted one.

"Because he wont mind his ma," ventured another.

"Becauth he dothent know how," lisped a pretty little fellow with yellow curls.

"Because he gives too many buts," said the dear Little School-ma'am, glancing brightly at certain scholars who are fond of making excuses.

"Because people are never extra good to *him*," answered a tall boy rather sheepishly.

"I don't know about that," put in a chubby little maid. "Some people are *very* good to ammamuls."

"All wrong!" cried the funny boy. "Do you give it up? *Why* is it very hard for a goat to be good? I made it up my own self. Do you want to know?"

"Yes, yes. Tell us!" cried one and all.

"Well," said the funny boy very gravely, "*it 's because he was born a little wee-kid.*"

The next thing I knew, the entire school was chasing that boy.

A NEW MORAL TO AN OLD FABLE.

DEACON GREEN received a letter not long ago from a crony of his, who wrote that he had come across a new moral to an old fable. And the Deacon read it to his young friend, Tom Walker, as they met near my pulpit the other evening. Here it is:

"The hare that slept till overtaken by a tortoise said, 'This comes from racing with an unworthy competitor. Had I been matched with a fox, I should have won.'"

"Well," said the Deacon slowly, as he closed the letter, "that 's the hare's side of the case, I suppose. But I 've noticed—have n't you?—that folks who lose in contests are very apt to try to comfort themselves with a good excuse. Besides, can we admit in advance that he *would* have won in a race with the fox? The fox is a very clever and unscrupulous fellow. Now, it would be just like the fox to try to trick the hare into taking a nap somewhere along the course—and, ten to one, the hare would be silly enough to be tricked!"

"Yes, sir," said Tom smiling, "the hare does n't seem to be fully awake even yet. If, after all these years, the moral you 've just read is the best reason he is able to give for losing that race—why, he 'd better let the tortoise explain it!"

"But pray don't let the tortoise hear you say that!" rejoined the Deacon. "His account of it would be as slow as his pace. Nevertheless, for my own part, I 've always admired the good,

honest, steady work done by the tortoise on that occasion."

"Right you are, sir!" exclaimed Tom. "It was the tortoise, not the hare, that had the 'walk over,' as we boys say; but he had to walk over every inch of it."

Tom is a good fellow, and has a habit of winning running-matches himself, though he 's no tortoise, you may be sure. In fact, according to the boys who go through my meadow, he 's a "sprint runner," which, I suppose, means something extraordinary.

A COCOA-NUT PRISON.

IN the West Indies, there lives a mouse who likes cocoa-nuts. So up the tree he runs, and, selecting a fine soft nut, nimbly gnaws a little hole, and then in he goes. Now he is in fine quarters. He has plenty to eat and drink, and a very good place for little naps. He improves his opportunities and eats and eats; and as cocoa-nut milk fattens mice, he soon grows to a fine large size. After a time he decides to come out, but alas! the hole seems to have grown a little smaller! So he turns and takes a little more of the milk,—no need to go away hungry, you know. Well, the end of it is, that, either through laziness or stupidity, he never gets out! And when the people come to that tree to gather cocoa-nuts, behold there is a mouse in one of the very finest!

A FINE STORY SPOILED.

"ONCE upon a time, a matronly hen and her fine brood of promising chicks were wandering along the pebbly shore of a limpid stream, at peace with themselves and all the world!" That was the way it began. And of course when a story begins in that way, something is bound to happen! So it was in this case. What happened was a rat. And, of course, he made for the chicks; and, of course, the hen (as the chicks well knew) had a bad temper; and so—well, as to what happened next, why look at the picture!

—And just here, by the way, I propose to arise in my might and protest! For what can be more unjust, say I, than for an artist, who calls himself my friend, to send me a long rigmarole about a thrilling adventure of this sort, when the picture he sends with it tells the whole story in advance? How am I to "lead up" to an exciting climax, I 'd like to know, when the climax itself is illuminated for you before I 've said a word? This thing must be stopped!

You see now why I had to skip so much in telling you this story. I could n't possibly catch up with the picture before you saw it, and the moment you saw it the story was told!
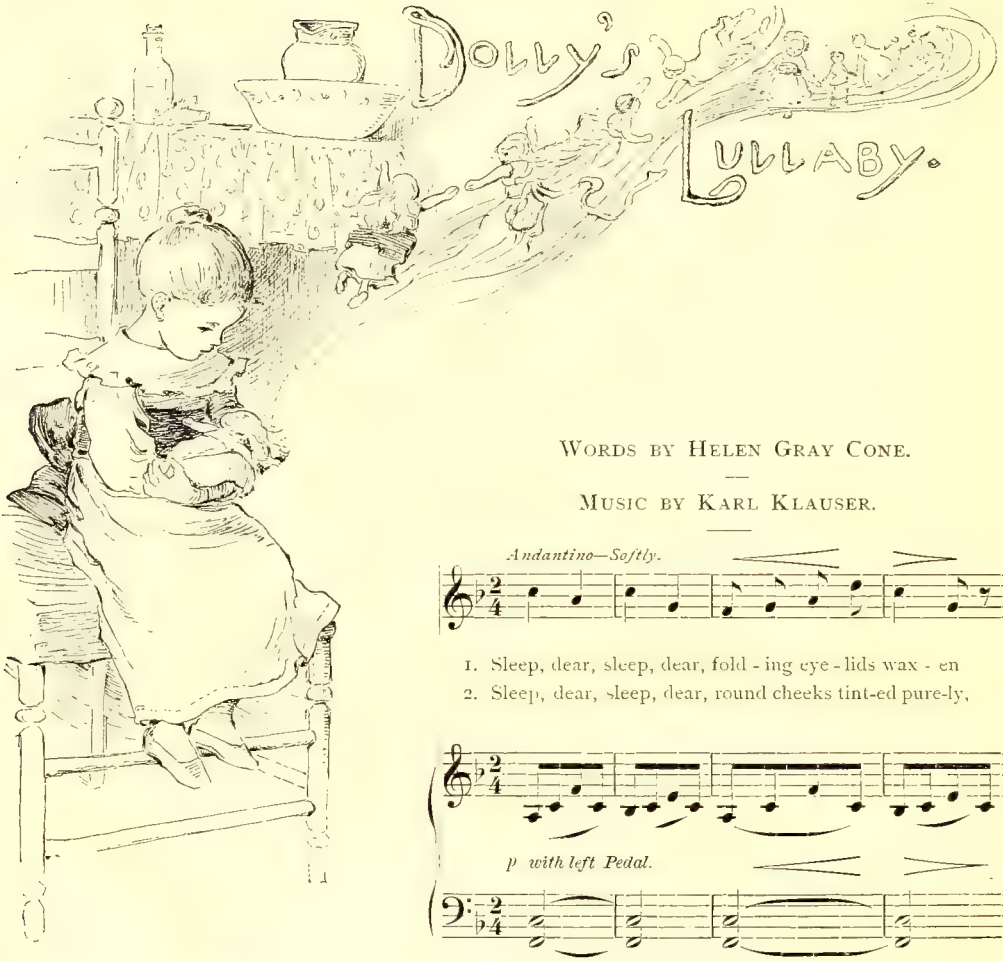
But no! There 's the conclusion! You know it already, eh? "The rat was drowned?" do you say? Not a bit of it! And the chicks did n't all live happy ever after, either! That rat outran the hen, leaped across the brook on some convenient stones, and an hour later, when the hot-tempered hen was in the barn trying to peck a china egg to pieces, Mr. Rat quietly returned and ate one of her chicks.—But if the artist had pictured that scene, I would never have consented to tell the story at all.



NOT THE END OF IT YET, BY ANY MEANS.

WHO WOULD?

BY the way, my friends, I 've had some letters from you asking me to tell what I expect to see on Hallow-e'en night—just as if I 'd tell anybody!



WORDS BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

MUSIC BY KARL KLAUSER.

Andantino—Softly.

1. Sleep, dear, sleep, dear, fold - ing eye - lids wax - en
2. Sleep, dear, sleep, dear, round cheeks tint-ed pure-ly,

p with left Pedal.

O - ver eyes like corn-flowers brightly blue ; Rest here, rest here, lit - tle head so flax - en ;
Red lips gath - ered in a rose - bud pout ; Bye-bye, bye-bye, now she's dreaming sure-ly ;

p

Soft I'll hush you, just as moth-ers do: Dol-ly's good, she does not cry When she hears her
How I won-der what she dreams a - bout! Oh! how ver - y, ver - y odd Must be Dol-ly's

pp

lul - la - by, Oh, quite eas - i - ly she goes to sleep Yes, at an - y time of day
Land of Nod! Ah, what happens when she goes to sleep? I sup-pose she must for - get,

p pp

I may choose for night, in play, Oh, quite eas - i - ly she goes to sleep.
For she nev - er told me yet. Pray, what happens when she goes to sleep?

pp





THE SECOND GENERAL CONVENTION OF THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.

THE Second National Convention of the AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION was held in Davenport, Iowa, August 25, 26, and 27, 1886. Probably no readers of ST NICHOLAS need to be told what this Association is, unless perhaps some of the younger readers, whose subscription to this magazine begins with the present number. All such will find a complete history of our organization in the files of ST. NICHOLAS since November, 1880.

Our first convention met two years ago in Philadelphia. At that meeting the Eastern States were largely represented, while the distance to be traversed prevented the attendance of many delegates from the West. It was partly in order to accommodate our Western Chapters that this year's convention was appointed for Iowa. A stronger reason was found in the fact that the Chapters of Iowa have been the first to organize themselves into a State Assembly, called the Iowa Assembly of the Agassiz Association. By means of this union of forces, the Iowa Chapters were able consistently to assume the labor and expense of the Convention, which would have proved a task far too burdensome for any single Chapter. Indeed, the Philadelphia meeting had been rendered possible and successful only by a similar action on the part of the local Chapters, which, to the number of twenty or more, had combined to form the Philadelphia Assembly.

The officers and members of the Iowa Assembly deserve the highest praise for the energetic, self-sacrificing, and intelligent way in which they perfected every arrangement calculated to add to the interest of the convention and the comfort and pleasure of the delegates. Preparations were begun months in advance, and by personal subscription and solicitation, and by fairs, lectures, and exhibitions, more than three hundred dollars was raised. Besides this, the city was canvassed for places at which delegates should be entertained; the railroads were induced to grant the concession of low fares; a fine hall was secured and tastefully decorated for the meetings; and the press of the city was thoroughly informed of the history of the A. A. and the purposes of the convention. With the money raised a steamer was chartered for the excursion on the Mississippi; a band of musicians was engaged to enliven the trip; a special railroad train was hired to convey the delegates to Rock Island, for a visit to the Government Arsenal; an elaborate banquet was prepared. In a word, everything was done that devotion, liberality, and hospitality could suggest.

The General Convention opened on Wednesday, and, on the day before, the Iowa Assembly convened for its annual session. Under the efficient management of President E. P. Boynton, this Assembly has already attained a remarkable growth, and shows every sign of strength and permanence. I have never attended a meeting of young persons conducted with more enthusiasm, interest, and dignity. There was no trifling. Every appointment was fulfilled; every paper was carefully prepared; and the showing then made of the work done by the several Chapters during the year was so gratifying that it was well worth a journey of a thousand miles to hear the report of it.

On Wednesday afternoon the National Convention was called to order by the President, at half-past two o'clock. After prayer by Rev. O. Clute, of Iowa City, who has long been a member and a warm friend of the A. A., Charles Putnam, Esq., President of the Davenport Academy of Sciences, delivered an eloquent address of welcome.

Among his first words were these: "When the students of our schools and colleges voluntarily put aside the mere amusements which are wont to dominate those early years, and thus journey from far and near to take wise counsel and engage in serious study, we are encouraged to look hopefully forward into the future for achievements in scientific research which shall be worthy of our race and age."

The President of the A. A. responded in a few words, voicing the gratitude of the delegates for Iowa's kind words and deeds of welcome. The first paper was then read by Mrs. Ferris. It was written by Mr. M. R. Steele, of Decorah, and its subject was "The Rivers of Iowa."

The succeeding papers were: "White and Yellow Water-Lilies," illustrated by beautiful mounted specimens, by Arthur Cox, of Iowa City; "Modes of Work," by J. N. Houghton, of Grinnell; "The Unionidæ of the Mississippi," by Louis Block, of Davenport; "Technical Terms," by J. F. Clarke, of Fairfield; "Why Coal is not found in Wisconsin," by J. G. Laughton, of Chapter 134, De Pere, Wis.; "The Agassiz Association, an Educational Institution," by Mrs. F. A. Reynolds, of Chapter 852, Willis, Montana Territory; "The Egyptian Lotus and its American Cousins," by Miss Jessie L. Hoopes, of Chapter 950, Swarthmore, Pa.; "The Distribution of Lead," by Mr. Cary Carper, of Chapter 807, Burlington, Iowa; and "Notes on the Grasshopper," by Mr. George L. Marsh, of Marshalltown, Iowa.

In the evening the delegates marched in a body to the banquet-hall, which had been elaborately decorated.

Three long tables extending across the hall were laden with all that goes to make a delicious banquet. They were adorned with flowers, gracefully arranged in beautiful sea-shells; while here and there more elaborate designs lent dignity to the scene. One of the handsomest wreaths was of pure white flowers, on which the name Agassiz appeared, in flowers of glowing red, thus combining the national colors of Switzerland. After the delegates had enjoyed the feast, Prof. McBride, of the Iowa State University, acting as toast-master, called upon the President of the Association to respond to the first toast, Louis Agassiz.

Among the other toasts proposed, and happily responded to by members and friends of the A. A., were: "The Scientists who Help Us"; "The Agassiz Association in Our Homes"; "Our Girls"; "Our Boys"; "The Iowa Assembly of the A. A."

At the conclusion of his speech in response to the last toast, President Boynton surprised the President of the A. A. by presenting to him, on behalf of the Iowa Assembly, an extremely handsome jeweled watch charm, in the form of the Swiss cross, our Association badge.

The proceedings of Thursday opened with a pleasant trip to Government Island, where a photograph of the entire convention was taken, with the grim background of one of the arsenal buildings.

In the afternoon, after a lively discussion of some of the ninety-five intricate questions found in the Question-Box, a number of papers on Methods of Work, and a series of very interesting historical sketches of various Chapters of the A. A., were read, and President H. H. Ballard gave an address on "The History and the Aims of the Agassiz Association." In the evening Professor McBride

delivered a lecture of surpassing interest and pathos on Palissy, the Huguenot potter.

On Friday a delightful excursion was made down the Mississippi to Buffalo, where a picnic was enjoyed on the beautiful grounds of Captain Clarke.

During the week, and particularly on Wednesday morning, the delegates were received most cordially at the Academy of Sciences, where many pleasant hours were spent in examining the rare and valuable specimens belonging to that institution — Indian relics, copper axes, pipes, ancient pottery, and the much-discussed tablets with strange inscriptions. We must mention as the most beautiful objects in the Academy two slabs on which lie tangled, in a pattern of marvelous grace and loveliness, no less than nineteen different species of crinoids, or "stone-lilies," which have been so skillfully worked out by the patient dexterity of Mr. Pratt, the curator, that each is perfect in stem and flower, and every several joint

On the whole, the convention was a marked success. It served to acquaint the delegates with one another, to establish friendships, quicken zeal, and arouse popular interest. It will result in the formation of many new Chapters, and in the organization of "Assemblies" in other States Already, in Massachusetts, Illinois, New York, Michigan, Dakota, Kansas, Nebraska, and Maine, movements are on foot looking toward this desirable end; and it is almost safe to predict that the next National Convention will meet in one of those States, under the auspices of its "State Assembly."

H. H. B.

THE preceding report of our Convention, at Davenport, brings our Association pleasantly to the close of another year.

The outlook for the future was never so bright. Many new Chapters are rapidly organizing and old Chapters are uniting in State Assemblies; new courses of study are being planned, and better methods of work are being learned.

Now, at the beginning of the year, is the best time to join us. Look over the files of ST. NICHOLAS for the past five years, or write for our A. A. HAND-BOOK, and you will learn all about our history and our aims. We most cordially invite you all, young and old, to join us in our work.

We are planning two important courses of study for the coming year — one, a continuation of the course in mineralogy, so successfully accomplished under Professor Crosby, and the other, a somewhat similar course in elementary zoölogy. If nothing unforeseen shall occur, we hope to make definite announcement of one or both these courses in the December number of this magazine. Let us now take a survey of the work accomplished during the year by the

SEVENTH CENTURY,

Chapters 601 to 700, inclusive.

601, *Purvis, Miss* We have lately received a beautiful lot of shells that came as ballast on a ship from the West Indies. We should like to exchange with other Chapters, and can furnish specimens of Mississippi flowers — R. S. Cross, Sec.

604, *Fredonia, N. Y.* Our Chapter steadily holds its way, getting and doing what good it can. Our six members have observed and learned much during the year, and all have the benefit of what one learns. One visited Kansas, Nebraska, and Dakota, and brought home to us mineral specimens and an interesting account of the wonderful and beautiful scenery of the West. Two of us visited the noted "Panama Rocks," in this county, so interesting to geologists. One has taken the course of study in minerals, which has proved a great help to us all. Our entomologist has raised, besides many other species, twenty Luna moths and thirty of the Bombyx mori Wishing continued prosperity to the A. A.— Mrs. Jennie N. Curtis, Sec.

605, *Gravesend, Essex Co., N. J.* I am pleased to be able to tell you that our Chapter is gaining ground rapidly. We have had fifteen dollars appropriated from the treasury for the purchase of books to form the nucleus of a library Hoping to increase in good work, and grateful for kind words from you.— Wilber W. Jackson, Sec.

[*This report came a few months ago, but has not been printed.*]

609, *Brooklyn, N. Y.* After our vacation, it was good to come together again, and see what each had to tell of summer work. One brought four cases of mounted insects; another, a quantity of specimens from the seashore; another, many pressed flowers. One of the very youngest had a note-book with notes of some interesting things she had seen, as, for instance, a snake-skin which she had picked up on the road It was wrong side out, and perfect from head to tail. Two members studied caterpillars from observation, keeping them in a room in the wood-house. One Io caterpillar made its way into the side of a pine box, where it is now, with the entrance neatly gummed up

One of the older members was able to interest some little children in the A. A. during the summer, and they saw all the changes of the *Danais archippus*, from tiny caterpillars just hatched on the swamp milkweed, until the perfect butterfly came out. The cocoon, you know, is one of the most beautiful, and these children were so interested, that they collected other caterpillars, and soon had four or five kinds of cocoons, besides butterflies and dragon-flies mounted, and, best of all, their eyes open to look around them and see what they too can find. We meet every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock, and seldom have a member absent, which is a good sign that we like to come — Philip Van Ingen, Cor. Sec

[*This report, too, has been waiting in our pigeon-hole some time.*]

610, *Racine, Wisconsin.* In February last an effort was made to renew the work of this Chapter. A meeting was held, March 20, at which the following officers were elected and renewed: H. L. Wheeler, President; Geo. S. Whitney, Treasurer; F. C. Emery, Secretary; Chas. F. Lewis, Corresponding Secretary

From this meeting the Chapter has been doing good work. The specimens collected during the past two years have been to a great extent classified. Lectures have been given on "Air," "Circulation of the Blood" (with illustrations), "Termites," and "Hive Bees" These were all excellent and very instructive.

We have several cocoons in a case, and from others have hatched some fine moths. We have a room where we meet, and in which are the cabinets (2), specimens, books, and instruments. In connection with our Chapter we have what we call an associate membership. This consists of those members of the school who are not old enough to become regular active members, and of those who are desirous of becoming active members. These associates have the access to the room when an active member is in it: they collect specimens for the Chapter, and may attend the meetings, but need not. By means of this we are able to train the younger boys, and test the steadfastness of the older ones.

We have about one hundred classified geological specimens, thirty-five of which have been lately presented to us. These latter are Lake Superior ores. We have also about one hundred unclassified specimens.

We have about forty oölogical specimens, a good number of books, and several instruments. Among these is a microscope. We also have the use of a very powerful microscope belonging to the college laboratory.

639, *N. Y. City.* Our Chapter was only organized a little over a month ago, but we are getting on very well. The members who study ornithology are fast making a collection of birds. During the winter we expect to meet once a week.—Rufus Hatch Jr., Sec.

644, *Philadelphia, Pa.* At present we have on our roll the names of fourteen active and four honorary members. Our meetings are held on the first and third Mondays of each month, and for the last six months have been well attended, much of the interest manifested being due to a series of lectures on chemistry, well illustrated with experiments by our Curator, Geo. E. Paul. Papers have been read on various subjects, among them "The Cicada" (Professor Holt, one of our honorary members, being present with his specimens and adding much to the evening's instruction);

"Cyclosis in vegetable cells";
"Volvox Globator";
"What is a Diatom";
"Hydra Vulgaris";

(These four were illustrated by specimens under the microscope, two of our members owning instruments)

"Sponges";
"Crystallography";
"The Chemistry of Bread-making," etc.

The Chapter had its picnic on June 24th, on the banks of the Wissahickon Creek. As part of the entertainment we had a heavy hail-storm; none of the stones were longer than ¾-inch, but their numbers made up their lack of size We noticed that the stone had a white snowlike nucleus, then a layer of clear ice, and outside another layer of hardened snow.— E. F. Lindsay, Sec., 25 South 6th St.

645, *Bath, N. Y.* The following question has been asked, and not answered by any of us; we should like to have it put in ST. NICHOLAS — What is instinct? We are getting along as well as usual, having about eight or ten regular members With the best wishes for the prosperity of the A. A — Wm. H. Church, Sec

655, *New Lyme, Ohio.* No. 655 was organized in the spring of '84 with seven (7) members.

As most of us were students at So. New Lyme, the Chapter soon broke up, for many of us were from abroad.

Nevertheless, since that time I have not given up

I, the only member at the present time, am at New Lyme still, attending school I spend what time I can in collecting, studying, and labeling specimens

During the winter I spent a good many hours out in the cold trying to draw snow crystals. I succeeded in getting quite a large number. I will copy them as soon as possible, and send them to you.

As to collecting butterflies and insects, I have had no luck at all.

In my last term of school (which closed June 17), I began botany and became very much interested in it I therefore obtained a limited knowledge of flowers.

I have exchanged with different persons and obtained a large number of specimens. I have also received some very fine specimens from friends in the West.

My whole collection contains about 200 specimens.—F. E Loucks.

672, *Chicago Lawn.* Will you please publish for me a notice in the next issue of the ST. NICHOLAS, asking all the Chapters in Illinois to correspond with me in regard to organizing a State Assembly? I hope we will be able to organize in Illinois. It will draw the members closer together, and benefit us in many ways

Your obedient servant, George L. Brockman,
Mount Sterling, Illinois.

[*We call the special attention of all Illinois Chapters to this important announcement.*]

676, *Burlington, N. J.* This Chapter has the honor of reporting to you that it is in a fine condition, and has admitted one new member, whose name is Robert Ewan. The following report is respectfully submitted to you for inspection, and is a true statement of the condition of our Chapter at the present time.

Our collection embraces,

Minerals	272–300	specimens.
Birds' eggs	200–225	"
Fossils	50– 75	"

Also woods, mosses, petrifactions, marine curiosities, land and water shells, and other articles not classified. Also Indian ax-heads, corn-pounders, arrow and spear-heads, drills, skinners, etc., in addition to about 500 coins (U. S. cents, etc.)—which are plainly not formations of nature!—Charles P. Smith, Jr.

678, *Taunton, Mass.* Since my last report our Chapter has decreased in membership, but increased in interest. There are now only four members in our Chapter. This year has been the most successful since we began. In the winter, we had lectures and essays on different subjects, some of which were illustrated by the polyopticon. On the evening of Agassiz's birthday we gave an entertainment and an exhibition of specimens. In the winter we had an unfortunate accident by which we lost quite a number of eggs, but we have worked harder than ever, and made good the loss, along with more valuable specimens. We are at work now, principally on minerals and plants. Our curator has mounted some pretty specimens of seaweed, while on a vacation. We have discovered in this locality some very fine specimens of pink chalcedony. We took Professor Crosby's course in mineralogy, and found it highly interesting. Wishing success to the A. A.—Daniel J. Mehegan, Sec.

682, *Philadelphia, Pa.* During the year our Chapter has had no formal meetings, but as the members are in the same family we do not find them necessary.

In July the Chapter was presented with several cucujos from Cuba which we kept alive several weeks on sugar-cane from Cuba. They make a beautiful greenish light, over which they have perfect control.

The Secretary devoted the month of August to the collection and study of the common "Lepidoptera" of Philadephia, of which he has quite a collection.—Jas E Brooks, Sec.

684, *Gilbertsville, N. Y.* Our meetings during the winter were held less frequently, and the attendance was so limited that we were inclined to be discouraged, but now the interest is rapidly increasing, and our meetings will, no doubt, prove very profitable.

Several new members have been added during the past year, and visitors are present at nearly every meeting. During the winter many of our subjects were taken from the Grallatores. Other subjects were the large animals, such as the elephant, rhinoceros, etc. During the spring we studied fishes, especially those of our streams.—Elizabeth Bryant, Sec.

698, *Middleport, N. Y.* Our Chapter is just as lively to-day as ever it was. At the closing exercises of our school, we had our cabinets, pictures, and charter, all trimmed with bunting and flowers, and a visiting clergyman gave us a very high compliment and wished us the best success. A good many of us can analyze any of the common flowers. We have fifty members.—J. W. Hinchey, Pres.

700, *Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.* We have just finished Professor Crosby's lessons in mineralogy, and found them very instructive. We have about two hundred specimens, but they are not all classified. We sent three delegates to the convention at Davenport. They enjoyed it very much, and we hope to profit by it. We expect to continue the study of geology, but will not rely so much on books and minerals from a distance, but study the minerals found around home.—Grace Roberts, Sec.

DELAYED REPORTS.

[*Besides the following, a late but gratifying report comes from 585, Buffalo, N. Y.*]

514, *Iowa City, Iowa.* Our Chapter is progressing. We number fourteen members. For the past year we have held meetings once a week, with but three exceptions. Of those meetings one out of every three would be a lecture; while the other two would be taken up with papers and discussions by the members.

We have a large cabinet filled with fossils, minerals, and marine specimens. We have some forty bird-skins and a good start on a collection of insects; also one hundred pressed plants, analyzed and mounted. Different members have made about sixty excursions in this vicinity during the year. Yours truly, Dillon L. Ross, Sec.

584, *Colorado Springs.* We are a family of father, mother, and two sons, who are both over twenty-one, and we are all interested in this "undeveloped country." We have a way of getting information about birds and rocks, but until the appearance of Professor Coulter's "Rocky Mountain Botany," we could only gather and admire the flowers. The A. A mentioned Professor Jones among its scientists, and we knew him to be good authority; so, to avail ourselves of his knowledge, we joined the Association, and are not sorry. We have transplanted into our yard the following wild shrubs and perennials:

Bear raspberry.	Columbine (four species).
Spirea (two species).	Larkspur.
Saxifrage.	Meadow rue.
Plum.	Red gilia.
Choke-cherry.	Geranium (three species).
Flowering currant.	White lily.
Wolfberry.	Cactus (six species).
Wild rose.	Penstemon (six species).
Woodbine.	Fairy-bell.
Peas.	Anemone (two species).
Clematis (two species).	Moccasin flower.
Harebell.	Violet (two species).
Soapweed.	

We have also a large collection of the wild flowers of this region, dried and named as far as we have been able to get their names. We are arranging a cabinet of shells, mosses, and seeds.—Mrs. E. B. McMorris, Sec.

EXCHANGES.

PENTREMITES and oölitic limestone, for fossils and minerals.—John W. Durkee, Jr., Bowling Green, Ky.

Correspondence on botany desired with Chapters far South or North.—Miss Nellie Scull, Rochester, Ind.

Fine specimens of serpentine, marble, felspar, mica, garnets in the rough, and conglomerate, all correctly labeled with name and locality, for Indian relics, etc.—E. C. Gilbert, 217 William St., Bridgeport, Conn.

Minerals. Lists exchanged.—Daniel J. Mehegan, Taunton, Mass.

Lepidoptera.—J. F. Estes, Sec., Arnold's Mills, R. I.

CHAPTERS, NEW AND REORGANIZED.

No.	*Name.*	*No. of Members.*	*Address.*
976	Malden, Mass. (C)	9	Miss Nellie Esau.
977	Bridgeport, Conn. (B)	4	E. C. Gilbert, 217 William St.
978	Ashburnham, Mass. (B)	12	Mrs. A. B. Marble.
979	Chillicothe, O. (A)	4	John Ruhlah.
980	Des Moines, Iowa (A)	4	Miss Jessie Sharpnack, 1145 9th St.
981	Cumberland, R. I. (A)	5	J. F. Estes, Arnold's Mills, R. I.
982	Rindge, N. H. (A)	8	Ansel Phelps, Camp Harvard.
983	Birmingham, Ala. (B)	4	John L. Hibbard, box 492.
930	New York, N. Y. (Q)	6	Rufus Hatch, Jr., 475 5th Ave.
350	Orange, Cal. (A)	4	M. F. Bradshaw.
190	York, Pa (A)	5	Miss Annie Strickler.
2	Cape Romain, S. C. (A)	12	Miss Mary Van B. Stevenson (via McClellanville).
8	New York, N. Y. (C)	4	R. S Bright, 643 W. 48th St.
4	Lacrosse, Wis. (A)	4	Mrs. D. S. McArthur, 212 S. 6th St.
680	Taylorville, Ill. (A)	4	Samuel Cook.
887	Grinnell, Iowa (A)	4	"A A. Box 523."
901	Hartford, Conn	7	F. W. Colton, 31 Barbour St.
742	Jefferson, O. (B)	11	A. E. Warren, Rio Vista, Va.

DISSOLVED.

907	Meriden, Iowa	*Members removed from town.*
421	Petaluma, Cal.	Miss Cora E. Derby.
299	Watertown, N. Y.	Nicoll Ludlow, Jr.

All are invited to join the Association. Secretaries of Chapters 801–900, please report at once. Address all communications for this department to MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD,
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

THE LETTER-BOX.

HERE are four more letters from far-away lands — one of the little writers living in Russia, another in Queensland, another in South Africa, and a fourth in the Sandwich Islands:

NOVINKAY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Russian girl who lives in Moscow. I have been receiving your journal for the last three years, and like it more than any other journals I receive. I think "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is the prettiest story I ever read. I hope you will print this letter; please do. We spend the summer in the country, and we enjoy ourselves very much. I have been in the Crimea last year, and will go there again this autumn. It was there I saw the sea for the first time, and I love it very much. I was once very near being drowned. We went out to sea in a boat, and a storm came on; our mast was broken, and two or three waves went over the boat, so that we were quite wet, but still we came safely to shore.

I am afraid this letter will be too long if I go on.

Your loving little reader, MAROUSSA S.

POOLE ISLAND, BOWEN, QUEENSLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You are the dearest and best of all my books, and I do want to write and tell you so.

My father has taken ST. NICHOLAS four years for me, and now they are bound.

I live on a small island in the Pacific. I have two little brothers, Jack and Leonard, and we have fine games on the rocks.

I have just had a lovely doll out from England, where we used to live two years ago

I have not read your big stories yet. I like "Little Red Hen," in September number, 1885, very much, and I think the "Brownies" very funny.

We have some very pretty flowers, most of them grown from seeds we brought from England.

We go out in a boat sometimes.

Please do print my letter in the Letter-Box. Mother thinks perhaps you will, as you don't have many letters from little girls in North Queensland. I am seven and a half years old.

From your little friend, DOROTHY S——.

GRIQUA LAND WEST, DIST. WEST BARKLY,
WALDECKS PLANT, SOUTH AFRICA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for a year or more, and I think you very pleasant to read; and it seems to me that I can not part with you. Papa brought me the first numbers of you, but he is going to get me the other numbers also. My eldest sister, Rosa, is eleven years old, and I have a little sister Ella, who is four years old, and I am eight years. So, dear ST. NICHOLAS,

Your constant reader, KATIE A. TEPPE.

WAILUKU MAUI, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In one of the late numbers of the ST. NICHOLAS I read a very interesting article on "Vegetable Clothing," and I thought perhaps some of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS would like to hear about the vegetable clothing that the natives of the Sandwich Islands used to wear. The cloth is called tapa, or kapa. It is made from the bark of the Wauke tree. The bark is soaked in water until the fibers are all separated; then it is spread out on a flat surface and pounded with a hard wooden mallet until all the fibers adhere together. The mallet has different patterns cut out on it, and as the tapa is pounded, the pattern is stamped on it. It is very scarce, and costs a great deal now, as there are only a few old natives who know how to make it. I have lived here just one year, and expect to go back to California soon. I think this is a delightful place, and would much rather stay here a year or two longer than to go back now. The fruits of the island are delicious. We have figs, mangoes, guavas, pawpaws, oranges, ohias, and bananas all ripe now. I am afraid I am making this letter too long, so I will say, "Aloha."

NINA LOUISE B.

BUDD'S IDEA OF THE REVOLUTION OF THE EARTH.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The following incident came to my knowledge only a few days ago, and I thought it so good that I have determined to send it to you.

Budd is a small boy of six summers. His teacher had been trying to explain to him the movement of the earth upon its axis. At night, when he was being put to bed, he surprised his mother by asking that she would wake him very early the next morning. His mother asked him why he wished to get up so early. He replied, "I want to see China go by."

Very truly yours, JOHN G. READING, JR.

THE VALUE OF OBSERVATION.

STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Don't you wish you could come up here to Stockbridge? My little five-year-old city cousin is here and finds many curious things to interest him. He has just finished dictating to me a letter to his father. He says in it, "The trees are all made of wood, and the leaves are painted green inside and out." This shows the value of observation.

Yours truly, MAISY M. G.

MANALAPAN, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In reading "George Washington," in your July number, I saw an account of the battle of Monmouth. We live about four miles from the battle-ground. The old Tennent church, which stood on the battle-ground, is still standing and in good repair. It has two rows of small windows and a quaint little steeple. Inside, the pulpit is built very high and has a sounding-board hanging over it. The pews are high, straight-backed, and very uncomfortable; many of them are stained with the blood of the Revolutionary soldiers. Visitors sometimes chip pieces out with their penknives to carry away as mementoes. Just outside the door stands a sturdy oak which stood there at the time of the battle. At the west end of the church is the grave of Colonel Moncton, a Scotch soldier of the British army. Farther down the road on the battle-ground stood the old Tennent parsonage, where the Rev. William Tennent lived. When they tore it down, several years ago, many relic-seekers went there for relics, and my father has a cane, the wood of which was cut from a beam in the house. Monday, the 28th of June, was the one hundred and eighth anniversary of the battle. Hoping this letter will not be too long to print, I remain,

Your interested reader, MARIANA VAND——.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy you so much that I thought I ought to write and tell you so. I think that "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is the loveliest story! And isn't he the dearest and most interesting little fellow! I was very much interested in "From Bach to Wagner," as I love music dearly, and I was very sorry when it was ended. I like "Historic Girls" very much, too; and I think Miss Swett's stories are all perfectly delightful. I hope that she will write another one soon; they are so natural, I think, and it seems to me she must know and love girls and boys very well. I hope, if we have any French historic girl, that it will be Joan of Arc, for I like her very much; she was so splendidly brave. I have taken you for a long time, and I should like to take you always, even when I am grown up. I wonder if all your readers hate to grow up as I do. Now, good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

Your true reader. MADELINE S. ASHMOND.

ALL SAINTS VICARAGE, NORTHAMPTON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother has taken you for a year, and we are all very fond of you. My brother has had a lot of letters from America about some pop-corn in a letter of his in the February number. Please print this, as it is the first I have written. I would be so pleased to have it put in. I am nine years old. My brother is writing this for me. Your affectionate little reader,

FLOSSY H.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One night my papa came home from uptown with a ST. NICHOLAS. It was the Christmas number of 1880. Since that time my sister and I have had every number but one. We are all very much interested in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Papa and mamma and a number of our neighbors are reading it. I think Lord Fauntleroy is very "cute," and often wish he was my brother.

Your constant reader, MABEL T——.

The following are the final letters received by ST. NICHOLAS concerning the vexed question of curve-pitching:

CHETOPA, KANSAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Allow me to give a hint toward the solution of the ball-curve question.

If a light piece of wood, say two inches square and a foot long, be thrown sidewise, with a swift rotation, it will make a sharp curve in the direction of the rotation, because one side rolls *over* the air unobstructed, while the opposite side rolls swiftly *against* the air, and that side acts as a sail, striking obliquely against the air with force enough to crowd it out of right line.

I suppose a ball curves for the same reason, and therefore it would not curve in the vacuum.

A rifle-ball curves from another cause, and it would curve still more in a vacuum. E. C. G.

LINCOLN, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been very much interested in the discussion of the "curved" ball, and wish to submit the following explanation of "why a ball curves," for those of your readers who may be interested in the problem.

I consider Mr. Stevens's theory correct, as given in your Letter-Box for April, but the force he has in mind is in reality overcome by a greater force, which causes the ball to curve in the *opposite* direction, as stated by Mr. Folsom.

In order the more fully to understand the action of this force, let us suppose a ball to be thrown swiftly forward without rotation. The air meets all parts of the front of the ball at the same velocity, and hence there is no tendency for the ball to deviate from its course.

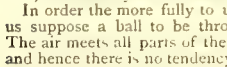
But now, while moving forward, suppose the ball to rotate rapidly from right to left about a vertical axis, the air will then meet the right-hand portion of the ball with a velocity equal to the forward motion of the ball *plus* the motion of rotation, and the left-hand portion with a velocity equal to the forward motion *minus* the motion of rotation. Hence it is plain that the air impinges upon the right-hand portion of the ball with greater velocity than on the left-hand portion. This difference of velocity causes a difference of pressure, which is greater on the right-hand side of the ball than on the left, and hence the ball is "crowded over" to the left, causing the "out-curve."

The anonymous communication in your February number gives all the *conditions* correctly, but arrives at a *wrong conclusion*, as in fact the ball would curve the other way under the conditions there given.

A complete discussion of this problem would be interesting, but would take too much space and time for the present purpose. If the above is of sufficient interest to warrant it, please insert it in the Letter-Box. An interested reader, ARTHUR C. BRAUCHER.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to reply to your correspondent Fred N. Folsom, whose letter will be found on page 476, April number of ST. NICHOLAS, regarding the fact — for it is a fact — that a ball thrown with a twist will not curve the right way to suit the theory of Robt. L. Stevens and others. It seems to me the following is the solution:



The ball is thrown from P with the left twist, as indicated in the diagram, but instead of curving to the right, as R. L. S. supposes, it takes the path P, B and curves to the left.

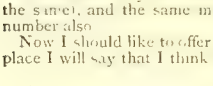
Now with the ball in motion at M, there is a compacted cushion of air in front of it and comparatively little behind it. The side *w* carries air, by friction, backward, while *x* carries it forward. That carried by *w* meets no resistance and is thrown off tangentially, in the rear of the ball; that carried by *x* is opposed by the air-cushion before spoken of, and tends to collect at the point *z*. Consequently the ball meets resistance at *z*, the effect of which is to drive it in the curve P, B. *Quod erat demonstrandum.* J. L. K.

BIRMINGHAM, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Like Mr. Fred. Folsom, I am not a subscriber to you, but I have bought you of our newsdealer for about seven years, and so I also claim my "little say" on the "curve ball question."

The ball most certainly does curve in the opposite direction from that indicated in your February number (the circumstances being the same), and the same mistake is in the explanation in the April number also.

Now I should like to offer an original explanation; and in the first place I will say that I think the *air* has nothing to do with it.



When the ball leaves or starts from O, it is supposed to be revolving as indicated by the arrow. We will mark the upper half A, and the lower B.

While the ball is going the distance from O to O', we suppose the ball makes one-fourth of a revolution, and then we will see that the upper half, A, has *gone farther* than the lower half, B. A, A ≻ B, B.

Now the ball has a *new* upper half, D, and a new lower half, C, and in another one-fourth revolution D will again *go farther* than C. D, D ≻ C, C.

Thus we see that the *top* is *constantly gaining* on the bottom, and the ball *must*, therefore, *curve*. The same is true of any direction (sideways or up) in which the ball may whirl.

I have drawn the path of the ball straight, for convenience, and have also imagined that the ball changes its upper half at every one-fourth revolution; but of course it *does* change constantly, but the effect is just the same.

I hope you will publish this explanation, as I am confident that it is correct; and I further believe that if the whole distance, the velocity, and the distance the ball goes while revolving once were given, a skillful mathematician could figure the distance the ball would curve. Yours forever, STEVE GOODMAN.

CORTLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish so much to put a letter in your Letter-Box and let you know how much we all enjoy your magazine, which I have taken for a long time. I go to school to the Cobble-stone school; so we call the scholars cobble-stones. My teacher, Miss A——, takes your beautiful magazine for the school, and reads to us every day. We are very much interested in Frank R. Stockton's writings, especially when he took us to Naples and the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. We are also anxiously waiting for the next number to see what the queer little Brownies are going to do. I am nine years old. Perhaps next month you will hear from another cobble-stone; we are nearly sixty in number, and all of us wish to tell how we like you.

Your little friend, CARL P——

OCEAN VIEW, FELIXSTOWE, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you since I was eleven, for nearly three years. I like you better than any English magazine, and we all think you are awfully jolly.

I have sent you a little poem; it is my first, so I do hope you will print it. I should like to write a book of poems.

I shall take you always, even when I am grown up.

Always your loving ERICA.

WHAT I SAW IN THE SUMMER.

A SEA-GULL white speeds o'er the deep blue sea;
The sheep and lambs wind slowly o'er the lea;
The children, laughing gayly, run home to tea.

A pretty yacht blown onward by the wind,
A lovelier sight I 'm sure you ne'er would find.—
Remember, children, always to be kind.

The children, off to school, run o'er the hill,
Over the brook and meadows, past the mill;
The hunter, gun in hand, goes forth to kill.

ANOTHER young poet, a girl of thirteen, sends us the following:

OMAHA, NEB.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

A week to-day,
Since a lovely baby-boy came to stay,
In the cozy cottage over the way.

Of course he 's sweet,
From crown of head to soles of feet;
But he needs a name to make him complete.

"What 's in a name?"
Beautiful meanings they ofttimes claim:
No life will be worse for a good old name.

"Man of his word"
Means Roger; Phineas, "name of a friend";
Gilbert, "light of many"; Hugh, "mighty to the end."

Shall we call him
Ralph, Robert, or George? — (all family names—
Malcolm and Donald have similar claims).

What odds to me?
Why care I so much what the name shall be?
I 'm the baby's young auntie,—don't you see?

"BROWNIE."

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

PI. THERE is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dripping in warm light the pillared clouds.
LONGFELLOW. "*Autumn.*"

DECAPITATIONS. Eastern, astern, stern, tern, ern, R. N. (Royal Navy), N.

EASY HALF-SQUARE. 1. Panama. 2. Aside. 3. Nina. 4. Ada 5. Me. 6. A

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS I. 1. F. 2. Lid. 3. Laced. 4. Fiction. 5. Deign. 6. Don. 7. N. II. 1. N. 2. Cup. 3. Canal. 4. Nuncios. 5. Paint. 6. Lot. 7. S. III. 1. N. 2. Nap. 3. Natal. 4. Natures 5. Parma 6. Lea. 7. S. IV. 1. N. 2. Hop. 3. Hotel. 4. Notices. 5 Pecan. 6. Len (to). 7. S V. 1. S. 2. Aim. 3. Armed. 4. Similes. 5. Melee 6. Dee. 7. S.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES. Scabbard. Upper square: 1. Sect. 2. Echo. 3. Cham. 4. Tomb. Lower square: 1. Brad. 2. Race. 3 Acre. 4. Deed.

UNIFORM REMAINDERS. Tear. 1. Hearty. 2. Hatred. 3. Maters. 4. Barter. 5. Retard. 6. Crates. 7. Prated. 8. Parted. 9. Stream. 10. Cretan. 11. Stared. 12. Treats.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. Harvest-time. 1. Humiliation. 2. Appellation. 3. Renovation. 4. Valuation. 5. Exhortation. 6. Situation. 7. Transportation. 8. Temptation. 9. Isolation. 10. Misquotation. 11. Education.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS. I. Primals, Heir; finals, Loom. Cross-words: 1. HerbaL. 2. EskimO. 3. IndigO 4. RansoM. II Primals, Cachalot; finals, Physeter. Cross-words: 1. ClasP. 2 ApisH. 3. CrazY. 4. HymnS. 5. AlonE. 6. LeasT. 7. OlivE. 8. TapiR.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The sweet, calm sunshine of October now
Warms the low spot; upon its grassy mold
The purple oak-leaf falls; the birchen bough
Drops its bright spoil like arrow-heads of gold.
BRYANT. "*October, 1866*"

CUBE. From 1 to 2, steamers; 2 to 4, seashore; 3 to 4, gladsome; 1 to 3, skimming; 5 to 6, swimmers; 6 to 8, sandwich; 7 to 8, strength; 5 to 7, skippers; 1 to 5, sails; 2 to 6, seals; 4 to 8, earth; 3 to 7, gulls

PECULIAR ACROSTICS. All Hallow E'en. All Saints' Eve. Cross-words: 1. mArtiAl. 2. gLobuLe. 3 sLeekLy. 4. cHeriSh 5. cAravAn. 6. pLastIc. 7. gLowiNg. 8. rOseaTe. 9. sWiniSh. 10. rEverEs. 11. rEserVe. 12. aNnulEt.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: In sending answers to puzzles, sign only your initials or use a short assumed name; but if you send a complete list of answers you may sign your full name. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 20, from Paul Reese — Edith Noel — Beth H. — L and N. T. — Hugh G. Leighton — M. E. P. — Maggie T. Turrill — Effie K. Talboys and J. A. S. — "N. O. Tarys" — Hazel — Nellie and Reggie — "Original Puzzle Club" — Francis W. Islip.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 20, from Harriet A. Dick, 2 — Chiddingstone and Elmhurst, 6 — "Clio," 1 — N. L. H., 3 — J. F. Weir, 1 — "Nelly Bly," 3 — Alice R. D., 4 — "Friedrich," 4 — M. Sherwood, 8 — W. E. G., 1 — L. M. S., 1 — L B. R., 1 — "Gen'l K.," 5 — F. D., 5 — "Nanki-po," 3 — Alice M. and Daisy M. B, 1 — L W. Mitchell, 1 — S. K. W., 1 — J. A. H., 2 — Addie Bowles, 1 — J. F. Nickerson, 1 — H. R. H., 3 — Chase, 2 — Lizzie W., 4 — "N. Bumpo," 2 — "Miss Hurricane," 10 — "S Lunn and J. Cake," 11 — L. D. S., 3 — Ada H., 1 — "J. A. Berwock," 4 — "Violet K.," 2 — I. C. A., 1 — Retlaw, 3 — "Lord Dolphin," 2 — E. D., 2 — Ernest G, 1 — E. A. Haight. 1 — Elsie, 2 — Algarve, 4 — J. A. M., 1 — "Oakdale, L. I.," 10 — A E P, 2 — C. M., 2 — F. B. N, 1 — "Ninon," 3 — E. C. Patterson, 1 — H. H. C., 1 — "R. O. O. Ster," 6 — Colonel and Reg, 1 — W. K. C., 1 — "Lynn C. Doyle," 3 — W. H. C., 1 — "Yum Yum," 1 — F. W. and K. B. Knight. 4 — "Ben Zeene," 5 — "Ilyan," 2 — Bayard Sweeney, 3 — W. G. U., 1 — Celynn, 7 — X. Y. Z., 9 — K. C. and H. S., 9 — F. H. Knauff, 3 — Jo and I, 10 — W. R M., 10 — E. S C, 1 — C C. Rittenhouse, 8 — "Agricola," 9 — Emilie Q. N. Moon, 4 — Dolph, 2 — Noiram Krap, 4 — Two Cousins, 11 — Puzzler, 2 — "Little L. F.," 2 — Nell, Lou, and Jo, 7 — Waterbury, 9 — A. G. L., 6 — W. L. C., 2 — C. and H. Condit, 9 — "Ronnoc," 2 — Gex, 3 — Lily Wells, 2 — Alfred and Howard, 1 — F. Jersey, 10 — G. Whiz and S. K. I., 1 — "Stuff and Nonsense," 5 — One of "The Pards," 6 — J. C., 4.

RHOMBOIDS.

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. . .

I. ACROSS: 1. Conical. 2. A cavalry sword. 3. Purport. 4. At no time. 5 To crowd or compress closely.

DOWNWARD: 1 In store. 2 Like. 3. To touch lightly. 4. A boy's name 5. To re-establish. 6. To wander. 7. A color. 8. Two-thirds of a fashionable covering for floors. 9. In store.

II. ACROSS: 1. To fasten. 2. A body of water. 3. Tested. 4. To follow. 5. Stalks.

DOWNWARD: 1. In secure. 2 An exclamation 3 To perform. 4. Withered. 5. Aches. 6. A home. 7. Owed. 8. A printer's measure. 9 In secure

H. H. D. AND "TOPSY AND EVA."

ANAGRAMS.

EACH of the following anagrams may be transposed to form the name of a famous man.

1. C. will love R. more. 2 I fed regal jams. 3 A pale barn poet? No, no. 4. I am Jan N. Flinnberk. 5. A wit-mill, Tip. 6. A soft hen s for Jem. 7. No, call a Brahmin. 8. Butcher Moriul's chops.

"TOPSY AND EVA."

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

My primals, when read downward, will spell the name of a wheat-producing State.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A city of New Hampshire. 2. The State in which Lincoln's youth was spent. 3. A State noted for its silver mines. 4. A republic of Central America. 5. A celebrated river of Asiatic Turkey. 6. The name of a town of India which means "city of the lion." 7. A large river whose name begins and ends with the same letter. 8. The largest of the United States. 9. A river of South America.

S. G. S.

PI.

BELST eb hotes saftse hwit meplis plyent wedcron,
Wheer lal eth durdy yalmif drouan
Gluha ta teh jetss ro kraspn hatt evern laif,
Ro sihg thiw pyti ta meos furlumon tela.

CUBE.

1 2

5 6

3 4

7 8

FROM 1 to 2, to dismay; from 2 to 4, marine; from 3 to 4, pertaining to the tropics; from 1 to 3, aromatic; from 5 to 6, to become mortified; from 6 to 8, capable of being drawn out; from 7 to 8, to choke; from 5 to 7, splendid; from 1 to 5, a banner; from 2 to 6, part of a tea-pot; from 4 to 8, part of the ear; from 3 to 7, sailors.

"JIMMIE."



REBUS.

THE answer to this rebus is a very familiar maxim, and the Latin quotation above it embodies the same idea.

WORD BUILDING.

TO A word of two letters, meaning a Roman weight of twelve ounces, add a small coin, and make a mounting upward. 2. To the same two letters add the name of a German metaphysician, and make sideways. 3. A long step, and make awry. 4. To begin a voyage, and make to set upon. 5. Dispatched, and make to yield. 6. A gesture, and make a person to whom property is transferred. 7. Declines, and make stock-in-trade 8. Dimension, and make any court of justice. 9. Kind, and make to arrange in order. 10. Certain, and to make confident. 11. A bird, and make the rear of a ship. 12. A waiter, and make wrong. "L. LOS REGNI."

CHARADE.

My *first*, though false and bad and low,
At bottom 's good alway;
At night my *second* 's seen, although
'T is always round by day.
My *whole* 's a sport that 's all the go,
And yet has come to stay. ADA AND HARRY.

DOUBLE DIAMOND.

ACROSS: 1. In cantaloupe. 2. A genus of serpents. 3. An exclamation of regret. 4. A chemical substance. 5. A chief officer. 6. Chinese weights. 7. A name by which seaweeds were formerly called. 8. A boy's name. 9. In cantaloupe.

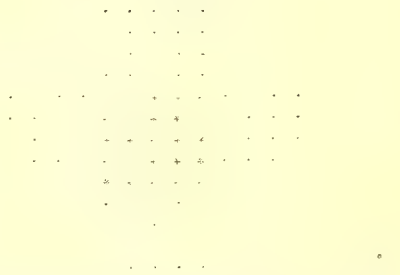
DOWNWARD: 1. In cantaloupe. 2. A part of a circle. 3. Close by. 4. A plaster. 5. An alliance. 6. Tartness. 7. The joints covered by the patella. 8. Printers' measures. 9. In cantaloupe.
SIDNEY J.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

EACH of the words described contains seven letters. When these have been rightly guessed and written one below the other, the first row of letters will spell the name of vehicles introduced into New York in the year 1830; the fourth row of letters spell a kind of ship first built in that year; and the last row of letters will spell small but useful instruments first manufactured in that year.

CROSS-WORDS: The son of Agamemnon. 2. A kind of swallow. 3. What a Frenchwoman calls table-linen. 4. To bathe all over. 5. Full to the top. 6. What a washerwoman should do to help in cleaning linen (two short words). 7. The nationality of one of the friends of Job. 8. To encompass. 9. Excess beyond what is wanted. E. L. E.

GREEK CROSS.



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. A kind of food mentioned in the Bible. 2. To profit. 3. Termed. 4. A relative. 5. A kind of tree.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. An agreeable odor. 2. A competitor. 3. Egg-shaped. 4. Indian corn. 5. A kind of tree.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A kind of tree. 2. To depart. 3. Ventures. 4. An incident. 5. Intermissions.

IV. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Pauses. 2. A girl's name. 3. Polish. 4. Rigid. 5. Repose.

V. LOWER SQUARE: 1. Reposes. 2. To bring into active operation. 3. A Spanish form of address. 4. A figure of speech. 5. To scatter. M. A. S.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A friend. 2. A compound of oxygen and a base free from acid and salt. 3. Sleeplessness. 4. A Roman magistrate. 5. To let anew.

II. 1. Employment. 2. To mature. 3. A fruit. 4. A city of Hindostan. 5. An epic poem written by Virgil.

III. 1. To cast down 2. A division of Southern Germany. 3. To grant entrance. 4. To take by force 5. To engage in.

IV. 1. Ornamental vessels. 2. To venerate. 3. Pertaining to the sun. 4. To obliterate. 5. Withered.

V. 1. An open shed for sheltering cattle. 2. A musical drama. 3. The goddess of female beauty. 4. To break forth. 5. Molds of the human foot.

VI. 1. The beginning of a journey. 2. A river of Europe. 3. Overhead. 4. To vie with in return. 5. Plentiful in forests.
F. L. F.



IN CHRISTMAS SEASON, LONG AGO.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XIV. DECEMBER, 1886. NO. 2.

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IN CHRISTMAS SEASON, LONG AGO.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

"DEAR COUSIN *Jack*,—
Pray come to spend
The Holly-days with your true Friend,
In Hopes that Weather will permit.
To your good Parents Pa has writ,
And you, and *Ned*, and *Frank* can ride
Your Poneys by the Chariot's side.

"I am desired to say that *Nan*
Expects much Sport with Cousin *Fan*.
She has a Doll from London Town,
With an Egret, and Tabby Gown.
She is so proud! but, *Jack*, we Boys
Can think of better Things than Toys.

"*Hal* begs his Love. Pray answer quick.
Your faithfull loving
COUSIN *Dick*.

"P. S.—There came gilt Ginger-bread
From England in a Box; for *Ned*
There 's a Dragoon, for *Francis*, too;
But, *Jack*, I 'll save *King George* for you!"

The yellowed letter,—so it runs,
Oft read by sons and sons of sons.
Above the formal sheet, outspread,
Dick bent his curly, ribboned head,
With tight-grasped goose-quill moving slow,
That Christmas season, long ago.

'T was sealed and sent; one must confess,
Ill sealed,—a finger burnt, I guess!
Black Pompey rode 'twixt kith and kin,
With ebon face and ivory grin,
To bear such letters to and fro,
In Christmas season, long ago.

Our fancy paints the Yule-tide sport
At hospitable Holly Court;
How Dick, and Nan, and Harry ran
To welcome Ned, and Frank, and Fan,
And Jack, with apple cheeks aglow,—
In Christmas season, long ago.

What mirthful games! what generous cheer!
What sirloins huge! what cider clear!
What "puddens,"—Dicky spelled it thus,—
What nut-brown turkeys odorous!
What big mince-pies in spicy row,—
In Christmas season, long ago!

As 'round the hearth the circle smiled,
What log fires roared 'neath mantels tiled,
Where, figuring forth the Scripture tale,
Blue Jonah fed the azure whale!
What singing sounds! what genial glow!
In Christmas season, long ago.

What stories, told, as snug they sat,
By Cousin This or Uncle That!
Till Dicky vowed to go to sea,
But Jack a soldier bold would be,
Fight for the King, and make a show
In scarlet coat,—long, long ago!

All passed, like scenes in shifting fire:
And sailor Dick grew up a squire;
While (strange the change the swift years bring!)
Bold Jack fell fighting *'gainst* the King.
All vanished, like the melting snow
Of Christmas season, long ago.



By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

ONCE upon a time, in the days of the fairies, there was in the far west country a kingdom which was called by the name of Stumpinghame. It was a rather curious country in several ways. In the first place, the people who lived there thought that Stumpinghame was all the world; they thought there was no world at all outside of Stumpinghame. And they thought that the people of Stumpinghame knew everything that could possibly be known, and that what they did not know was of no consequence at all.

One idea common in Stumpinghame was really very unusual indeed. It was a peculiar taste in the matter of feet. In Stumpinghame the larger a person's feet were, the more beautiful and elegant he or she was considered; and the more aristocratic and nobly born a man was, the more immense were his feet. Only the very lowest and most vulgar persons were ever known to have small feet. The King's feet were simply huge; so were the Queen's; so were those of the young princes and princesses. It had never occurred to any one that a member of such a royal family could possibly disgrace himself by being born with small feet. Well, you may imagine, then, what a terrible and humiliating state of affairs arose when there was born into that royal family a little son, a prince, whose feet were so very small and slender and delicate that they would have been considered small even in other places than Stumpinghame. Grief and confusion seized the entire nation. The Queen fainted six times a day; the King had black rosettes fastened upon his crown; all the flags were at half-mast; and the court went into the deepest mourning. There had been born to Stumpinghame a royal prince with small feet, and nobody knew how the country could survive it!

Yet the disgraceful little prince survived it and did not seem to mind it at all. He was the prettiest and best-tempered baby the royal nurse had ever seen. But for his small feet, he would have been the flower of the family. The royal nurse said so herself, and privately told his little royal highness's chief bottle-washer that she "never see a hinfant as took notice so, and sneezed as hintelligent." But of course the King and Queen could see nothing but his little feet, and very soon they made up their minds to send him away. So one day they had him bundled up and carried where they thought he might be quite forgotten. They sent him to the hut of a swineherd who lived deep, deep in a great forest which seemed to end nowhere.

They gave the swineherd some money, and some clothes for Fairyfoot, and told him that if he would take care of the child, they would send money and clothes every year. As for themselves, they only wished to be sure of never seeing Fairyfoot again.

This pleased the swineherd well enough. He was poor, and he had a wife and ten children, and hundreds of swine to take care of, and he knew he could use the little prince's money and clothes for his own family, and no one would find it out. So he let his wife take the little fellow, and as soon as the King's messengers had gone, the woman took the royal clothes off the Prince and put on him a coarse little night-gown, and gave all his things to her own children. But the baby prince did not seem to mind that — he did not seem to mind anything, even that he had no name but Prince Fairyfoot, which had been given him in contempt by the disgusted courtiers. He grew prettier and prettier every day, and long before

the time when other children begin to walk, he could run about on his fairy feet.

The swineherd and his wife did not like him at all; in fact, they disliked him because he was so much prettier and so much brighter than their own clumsy children. And the children did not like him because they were ill-natured and only liked themselves.

So as he grew older year by year, the poor little prince was more and more lonely. He had no one to play with, and was obliged to be always by himself. He dressed only in the coarsest and roughest clothes; he seldom had enough to eat, and he slept on straw in a loft under the roof of the swineherd's hut. But all this did not prevent his being strong and rosy and active. He was as fleet as the wind, and he had a voice as sweet as a bird's; he had lovely sparkling eyes, and bright golden hair; and he had so kind a heart that he would not have done a wrong or cruel thing for the world. As soon as he was big enough, the swineherd made him go out into the forest every



THE SWINEHERD IS WELL PLEASED TO RECEIVE THE LITTLE PRINCE AND THE MONEY.

day to take care of the swine. He was obliged to keep them together in one place, and if any of them ran away into the forest, Prince Fairyfoot was beaten. And as the swine were very wild and unruly, he was very often beaten, because it was almost impossible to keep them from wandering off; and when they ran away, they ran so fast, and through places so tangled, that it was almost impossible to follow them.

The forest in which he had to spend the long days was a very beautiful one, however, and he could take pleasure in that. It was a forest so great that it was like a world in itself. There were in it strange, splendid trees, the branches of which interlocked overhead, and when their many leaves moved and rustled, it seemed as if they were whispering secrets. There were bright, swift, strange birds, that flew about in the deep golden sunshine, and when they rested on the boughs, they too seemed telling one another secrets. There was a bright, clear brook, with water as sparkling and pure as crystal, and with shining shells and pebbles of all colors lying in the gold and silver sand at the bottom. Prince Fairyfoot always thought the brook knew the forest's secret also and sang it softly to the flowers as it ran along. And as for the flowers, they were beautiful; they grew as thickly as if they had been a carpet, and under them was another carpet of lovely green moss. The trees and the birds, and the brook and the flowers, were Prince Fairyfoot's friends. He loved them, and never was very lonely when he was with them; and if his swine had not run away so often, and if the swineherd had not beaten him so much, sometimes — indeed, nearly all summer — he would have been almost happy. He used to lie on the fragrant carpet of flowers and moss, and listen to the soft sound of the running water, and to the whispering of the waving leaves, and to the songs of the birds; and he would wonder what they were saying to one another, and if it were true, as the swineherd's children said, that the great forest was full of fairies. And then he would pretend it was true, and would tell himself stories about them, and make believe they were his friends, and that they came to talk to him and let him love them. He wanted to love something or somebody, and he had nothing to love — not even a little dog.

One day he was resting under a great green tree, feeling really quite happy because everything was so beautiful. He had even made a little song to chime in with the brook's, and he was singing it softly and sweetly, when suddenly, as he lifted his curly, golden head to look about him, he saw that all his swine were gone. He sprang to his feet, feeling very much frightened, and he whistled and called, but he heard nothing. He could not imagine how they all could have disappeared so quietly, without making any sound; but not one of them was anywhere to be seen. Then his poor little heart began to beat fast with trouble and anxiety. He ran here and there; he looked through the bushes and under the trees;

he ran, and ran, and ran, and called, and whistled, and searched; but nowhere — nowhere was one of those swine to be found! He searched for them for hours, going deeper and deeper into the forest than he had ever been before. He saw strange trees and strange flowers, and heard strange sounds, and at last the sun began to go down and he knew he would soon be left in the dark. His little feet and legs were scratched with brambles, and were so tired that they would scarcely carry him; but he dared not go back to the swineherd's hut without finding the swine. The only comfort he had on all the long way was that the little brook had run by his side and sung its song to him; and sometimes he had stopped and bathed his hot face in it, and had said, "Oh, little brook, you are so kind to me! You are my friend, I know. It would be so lonely without you!"

When, at last, the sun did go down, Prince Fairyfoot had wandered so far that he did not know where he was, and he was so tired that he threw himself down by the brook, and hid his face in the flowery moss, and said: "Oh, little brook, I am so tired I can go no further! And I can never find them!"

While he was lying there in despair, he heard a sound in the air above him, and looked up to see what it was. It sounded like a little bird in some trouble. And surely enough, there was a huge hawk darting after a plump little brown bird with a red breast. The little bird was uttering sharp, frightened cries, and Prince Fairyfoot felt so sorry for it that he sprung up and tried to drive the hawk away. The little bird saw him at once, and straightway flew to him, and Fairyfoot covered it with his cap. And then the hawk flew away in a great rage.

When the hawk was gone, Fairyfoot sat down again and lifted his cap, expecting, of course, to see the brown bird with the red breast. But, instead of a bird, out stepped a little man, not much higher than your little finger — a plump little man in a brown suit with a bright red vest, and with a cocked hat on.

"Why!" exclaimed Fairyfoot, "I 'm surprised!"

"So am I!" said the little man, cheerfully. "I never was more surprised in my life, except when my great-aunt's grandmother got into such a rage, and changed me into a robin-redbreast. I tell you, that surprised me!"

"I should think it might," said Fairyfoot. "Why did she do it?"

"Mad," answered the little man. "That was what was the matter with her. She was always losing her temper like that, and turning people into awkward things, and then being sorry for it, and not being able to change them back again. If you are a fairy, you have to be careful. If you 'll believe me, that woman once turned her second cousin's sister-in-law into a mushroom, and somebody picked her and she was made into catsup — which is a thing no man likes to have happen in his family."

"Of course not," said Fairyfoot, politely.

"The difficulty is," said the little man, "that some fairies don't graduate. They learn how to turn people into things, but they don't learn how to unturn them; and then, when they get mad in their families,— you know how it is about getting mad in families,— there is confusion. Yes, seriously, confusion arises. It arises. That was the way with my great-aunt's grandmother. She was not a cultivated old person, and she did not know how to unturn people, and now you see the result. Quite accidentally I trod on her favorite corn; she got mad and changed me into a robin and regretted it ever afterward. I could only become myself again by a kind-hearted person's saving me from a great danger. You are that person. Give me your hand."

Fairyfoot held out his hand. The little man looked at it.

"On second thought," he said, "I can't shake it — it 's too large. I 'll sit on it, and talk to you."

With these words, he hopped upon Fairyfoot's hand, and sat down, smiling and clasping his own hands about his tiny knees.

"I declare, it 's delightful not to be a robin," he said. "Had to go about picking up worms, you know. Disgusting business. I always did hate worms. I never ate them myself — I drew the line there; but I had to get them for my family."

Suddenly he began to giggle, and to hug his knees up tight.

"Do you wish to know what I 'm laughing at?" he asked Fairyfoot.

"Yes," Fairyfoot answered.

The little man giggled more than ever.

"I 'm thinking about my wife," he said — "the one I had when I was a robin. A nice rage she 'll be in when I don't come home to-night! She 'll have to hustle around and pick up worms for herself, and for the children, too — and it serves her right. She had a temper that would embitter the life of a crow — much more a simple robin. I wore myself to skin and bone taking care of her and her brood, and how I did hate 'em! — bare, squawking things, always with their throats gaping open. They seemed to think a parent's sole duty was to bring worms for them."

"It must have been unpleasant," said Fairyfoot.

"It was more than that," said the little man.

"It used to make my feathers stand on end. There was the nest, too! Fancy being changed into a robin, and being obliged to build a nest at a moment's notice! I never felt so ridiculous in my life. How was I to know how to build a nest! And the worst of it was the way she went on about it."

"She?" said Fairyfoot.

"Oh, her, you know," replied the little man, ungrammatically; "my wife. She 'd always been

"Oh, no," answered the little man. "I meant that it nearly killed me to think the eggs were n't in it at the time."

"What did you do about the nest?" asked Fairyfoot.

The little man winked in the most improper manner.

"Do?" he said. "I got mad, of course, and told her that if she had n't interfered, it would n't have happened; said it was exactly like a hen to fly



"THE NEXT INSTANT THE DROVE OF SWINE CAME TEARING THROUGH THE BUSHES." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

a robin, and she knew how to build a nest; she liked to order me about, too: she was one of that kind. But, of course, I was n't going to own that I did n't know anything about nest-building; I could never have done anything with her in the world, if I 'd let her think she knew as much as I did. So I just put things together in a way of my own, and built a nest that would have made you weep! The bottom fell out of it the first night. It nearly killed me."

"Did you fall out, too?" inquired Fairyfoot.

around giving advice and unsettling one's mind, and then complain if things were n't right. I told her she might build the nest herself, if she thought she could build a better one. She did it, too!" And he winked again.

"Was it a better one?" asked Fairyfoot.

The little man actually winked a third time. "It may surprise you to hear that it was," he replied; "but it did n't surprise me. By the bye," he added, with startling suddenness, "what 's your name and what 's the matter with you?"

"My name is Prince Fairyfoot," said the boy, "and I have lost my master's swine."

"My name," said the little man, "is Robin Goodfellow, and I 'll find them for you."

He had a tiny scarlet silk pouch hanging at his girdle, and he put his hand into it and drew forth the smallest golden whistle you ever saw.

"Blow that," he said, giving it to Fairyfoot, "and take care that you don't swallow it. You are such a tremendous creature!"

Fairyfoot took the whistle and put it very delicately to his lips. He blew, and there came from it a high, clear sound that seemed to pierce the deepest depths of the forest.

"Blow again," commanded Robin Goodfellow. Again Prince Fairyfoot blew, and again the pure clear sound rang through the trees, and the next instant he heard a loud rushing and tramping and squeaking and grunting, and all the great drove of swine came tearing through the bushes and formed themselves into a circle and stood staring at him as if waiting to be told what to do next.

"Oh! Robin Goodfellow! Robin Goodfellow!" cried Fairyfoot, "how grateful I am to you!"

"Not as grateful as I am to you," said Robin Goodfellow. "But for you I should be disturbing that hawk's digestion at the present moment, instead of which, here I am, a respectable fairy once more, and my late wife (though I ought not to call her that, for goodness knows she was early enough hustling me out of my nest before daybreak, with an unpleasant proverb about the early bird catching the worm!) — I suppose I should say my early wife — is at this juncture a widow. Now, where do you live?"

Fairyfoot told him, and told him also about the swineherd, and how it happened that, though he was a prince, he had to herd swine and live in the forest.

"Well, well!" said Robin Goodfellow, "that is a disagreeable state of affairs. Perhaps I can make it rather easier for you. You see that is a fairy whistle."

"I thought so," said Fairyfoot.

"Well," continued Robin Goodfellow, "you can always call your swine with it, so you will never be beaten again. Now are you ever lonely?"

"Sometimes I am very lonely indeed," answered the Prince. "No one cares for me, though I think the brook is sometimes sorry, and tries to tell me things."

"Of course," said Robin. "They all like you. I 've heard them say so."

"Oh, have you?" cried Fairyfoot, joyfully.

"Yes; you never throw stones at the birds, or break the branches of the trees, or trample on the flowers, when you can help it."

"The birds sing to me," said Fairyfoot, "and the trees seem to beckon to me and whisper; and when I am very lonely, I lie down in the grass and look into the eyes of the flowers and talk to them. I would not hurt one of them for all the world!"

"Humph!" said Robin, "you are a rather good little fellow. Would you like to go to a party?"

"A party!" said Fairyfoot. "What is that?"

"This sort of thing," said Robin; and he jumped up and began to dance around and to kick up his heels gayly in the palm of Fairyfoot's hand. "Wine, you know, and cake, and all sorts of fun. It begins at twelve to-night, in a place the fairies know of; and it lasts until just two minutes and three seconds and a half before daylight. Would you like to come?"

"Oh," cried Fairyfoot, "I should be so happy if I might!"

"Well, you may," said Robin; "I 'll take you. They 'll be delighted to see any friend of mine. I 'm a great favorite; of course you can easily imagine that! It was a great blow to them when I was changed; such a loss, you know! In fact, there were several lady fairies, who — but no matter." And he gave a slight cough, and began to arrange his necktie with a disgracefully consequential air, though he was trying very hard not to look conceited; and while he was endeavoring to appear easy and gracefully careless, he began accidentally to hum "See the Conquering Hero Comes," which was not the right tune, under the circumstances.

"But for you," he said next, "I could n't have given them the relief and pleasure of seeing me this evening. And what ecstasy it will be to them, to be sure! I should n't be surprised if it broke up the whole thing. They 'll faint so, — for joy, you know, — just at first — that is, the ladies will. The men wont like it at all; and I don't blame 'em. I suppose I should n't like it — to see another fellow sweep all before him. That 's what I do; I sweep all before me." And he waved his hand in such a fine large gesture that he overbalanced himself and turned a somersault. But he jumped up after it, quite undisturbed.

"You 'll see me do it, to-night," he said, knocking the dents out of his hat — "sweep all before me." Then he put his hat on, and his hands on his hips, with a swaggering, man-of-society air. "I say," he said, "I 'm glad you 're going. I should like you to see it."

"And I should like to see it," replied Fairyfoot.

"Well," said Mr. Goodfellow, "you deserve it, though that 's saying a great deal. You 've re-

stored me to them. But for you, even if I 'd escaped that hawk, I should have had to spend the night in that beastly robin's nest, crowded into a corner by those squawking things, and domineered over by her! I was n't made for that! I 'm superior to it. Domestic life does n't suit me. I was made for society. I adorn it. She never appreciated me. She could n't soar to it. When I think of the way she treated me!" he exclaimed, suddenly getting into a rage, "I 've a great mind to turn back into a robin, and peck her head off!"

"Would you like to see her now?" asked Fairyfoot innocently.

Mr. Goodfellow glanced behind him in great haste, and suddenly sat down.

"No, no!" he exclaimed in a tremendous hurry; "by no means! She has no delicacy. And she does n't deserve to see me. And there 's a violence and uncertainty about her movements which is annoying beyond anything you can imagine. No, I don't want to see her! I 'll let her go unpunished for the present. Perhaps it 's punishment enough for her to be deprived of me. Just pick up your cap, wont you? and if you see any birds lying about, throw it at them, robins particularly."

"I think I must take the swine home, if you 'll excuse me," said Fairyfoot. "I 'm late now."

"Well, let me sit on your shoulder and I 'll go with you, and show you a short way home," said Goodfellow; "I know all about it, so you need n't think about yourself again. In fact,



"'LET ME SIT ON YOUR SHOULDER, AND I 'LL GO WITH YOU,' SAID ROBIN GOODFELLOW."

we 'll talk about the party. Just blow your whistle, and the swine will go ahead."

Fairyfoot did so, and the swine rushed through the forest before them, and Robin Goodfellow perched himself on the prince's shoulder and chatted as they went.

It had taken Fairyfoot hours to reach the place where he had found Robin, but somehow it seemed to him only a very short time before they came to the open place near the swineherd's hut; and the path they had walked in had been so pleasant and flowery that it had been delightful all the way.

"Now," said Robin when they stopped, "if you will come here to-night at twelve o'clock, when the moon shines under this tree, you will find me waiting for you. Now I 'm going. Good-bye!" And he was gone before the last word was quite finished.

Fairyfoot went toward the hut, driving the swine before him, and suddenly he saw the swineherd come out of his house and stand staring stupidly at the pigs. He was a very coarse, hideous man with bristling yellow hair, and little eyes, and a face rather like a pig's, and he always looked stupid, but just now he looked more stupid than ever. He seemed dumb with surprise.

"What 's the matter with the swine?" he asked in his hoarse voice, which was rather piglike too.

"I don't know," answered Fairyfoot, feeling a little alarmed. "What *is* the matter with them?"

"They are four times fatter and five times bigger and six times cleaner and seven times heavier and eight times handsomer than they were when you took them out," the swineherd said.

"I 've done nothing to them," said Fairyfoot. "They ran away, but they came back again."

The swineherd went lumbering back into the hut and called his wife. "Come, and look at the swine," he said.

And then the woman came out, and stared first at the swine and then at Fairyfoot.

"He has been with the fairies," she said at last to her husband; "or it is because he is a king's son. We must treat him better if he can do wonders like that."

(To be continued.)

INTERNATIONAL.

SHE came from a round black dot on the map,—
This dear little girl, and she 's called a Jap.
Maybe my sister will show it to you: —
The very place where this little girl grew.

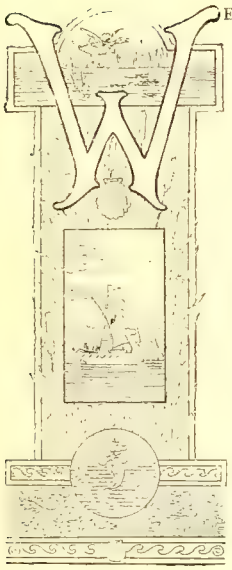
I wish she knew some American words,
Such as "How do you do?" and "trees," and "birds."
I 'd like to talk with her ever so much —
But she can 't tell a thing that I say from Dutch.

Well, our dollies will get us acquainted to-day
If she 'll only come out in the Park to play!
If it were not for nodding, and taking their hands,
We could never know people from foreign lands.



A FORTUNATE OPENING.

By Frank R. Stockton.



"Well, boys," said Mr. Bartlett to a party of his young friends who gathered around him after supper, "I am going to tell you a story, since you are so anxious to hear one, and it will be a story of adventure; but it will have no boy hero. Its heroes are two persons whom you know very well, but I do not think the story will be less interesting on that account."

One of the young people here remarked that he liked stories of adventure about grown people better than those about boys, because boys generally were not allowed to have such good adventures as grown people could have.

"That may or may not be," said Mr. Bartlett. "But to go on with my story:

"When I was about thirty-five years old, and that was a number of years ago, I failed in business, and became quite poor. To add to my trouble, my health failed also; and it was considered advisable that I should take a trip to one of the West Indian islands in order to gain strength before beginning business again. My wife went with me, but our little boy was left behind with his grandmother.

"Our affairs were soon arranged. We collected money enough for a trip of a few months, and, soon after, we set sail for an isle of the sea. This island was a beautiful one, in a charming climate, and here we lived for three happy months, but when at last the time came for us to go, we were perfectly satisfied to do so; and we felt that the object of the trip had been attained.

"We left the island on the steamer Joseph Barker, which touched at our island on a homeward trip from South America; stopping to leave a party of scientific men who had made a special contract to be landed there; and, as the regular steamer would not leave for a week or longer, we were very glad to take passage in the Barker.

"We sailed over delightful summer seas for a day and a night and another day and a part of a night, and then something, very mysterious to me, occurred. We ran into a great ship, or rather, the ship—which was under full sail—ran into us. The reason why this seemed mysterious to me was that there were hundreds of miles of unobstructed ocean on each side of us, in any strip of which, forty yards wide, the two vessels could have passed in safety; why, therefore, unless there is some mysterious attraction between vessels at sea, we should have happened to select the same spot of water for occupation at the same time, I could not imagine.

"The shock of the collision was tremendous; everybody woke up instantly, and many were tumbled out of their berths.

"My wife and I were soon dressed and on deck. There we found a great commotion. The general idea seemed to be that we had sunk the ship. Immediately after the collision, the steamer had backed away, and the two vessels were separated, but where was the ship now? It was very dark, but certainly, if she were above water, she would have hung out lights and made signs of distress or desire to relieve distress. But she was not to be seen.

"When our steamer was examined, however, it was found that the bow of the ship had struck us on the port side, just aft the foremast, and had made a hole as big as a front door. No one now thought of assisting the other ship. She was, probably, but slightly injured, and it was to her that we must look for help, for it was certain that our ship could not keep afloat long with such a hole as that in its side. Indeed, reports from below stated that the ship was rapidly filling.

"There were not many passengers, and we gathered together in a knot on the upper deck; some were very much frightened, and all anxious to know what was to be done. A tall gentleman who was traveling alone told us what would probably be done. He said rockets would be sent up to indicate our position to the ship; a gun would be fired; the crew, and perhaps the passengers, would be set to work at the pumps; the donkey-engine would be assigned similar duty, and immediate efforts would be made to stop up the hole. We saw signs, or what we supposed to be signs, of intentions on the part of the crew to do some of these things; but we could not understand what was going on, in the hurry and confusion on the decks.

"The tall gentleman left us to make some

suggestions to the captain, who, however, scolded at him in such a way that he came back to us, and was just in the midst of some very ungracious remarks when so unearthly a yell issued from the escape-pipe behind us that several of us thought the boilers had burst. But the tall man, ceasing his complaints, screamed in our ears that the engineer was merely letting off the steam.

"There is no doubt that the captain and the officers tried to do all that they could, but it was not long before there were evident signs of a panic. It was too dark, even with the lights on deck, for us to see much, but we soon found that there was a general rush for the boats. Then we also rushed.

"The confusion was now so great, and the deafening noise from the steam-pipe made it so impossible to hear any orders, if any were given, while the darkness made everything seem so obscure and uncertain, that I can not describe how we got into the boats. I know I hurried my wife to a large boat not very far from us, which was just about to be lowered, but it was already so full of people that there was no possible chance for us to get into it. I then ran aft, and found a small empty boat at which two men were working. Without a word, I helped my wife into this, and the two men soon got in, and, one at the bow and the other at the stern, they let it down to the water. Each man then took an oar and began to pull away from the steamer as fast as possible.

"I suggested that we might take some one else into the boat, but one of the men asked me if I wanted to stay by a sinking craft until it should sink and carry us down with it; and then they pulled away even harder than before.

"My wife had said little during all these fearful scenes. She had done exactly as I had told her; our action accordingly had been expeditious, and with as little flurry as was possible, under the circumstances. Unrolling a bundle of shawls, which I had thrown into the boat, I now began to make my wife warm and comfortable. This action attracted the attention of the men. We were very close to one another in the boat, and our eyes having become accustomed to the darkness, we could see one another tolerably well.

"'Was that bundle only shawls?' asked the man nearer us. I answered that it was. I had picked up the shawls as we ran out of the stateroom, thinking it might be cool on deck, and had rolled them up, and kept them under my arm until we were about to get into the boat. I knew they would be needed.

"The men now stopped rowing for a minute. One of them took up a little water-keg which was in the bow of the boat, and shook it.

"'Nothin' there,' he said. Then some remarks, which I did not catch, were made about my bundle. I am quite sure that they thought it contained some sort of provision for what might be an extended boat-trip. With their heads together, the two men said a few words, and, after having listened attentively for some minutes, they began again to row with their utmost strength. Before long they stopped again to listen, and then I heard the sound of oars. They pulled on, and we soon could make out a large boat, not far ahead of us.

"'That 's not the one!' said one of the sailors, turning around. 'That 's the fust mate's boat, an' loaded up. It 's the purser's boat we want. That is n't half full.'

"So on they went, stopping every now and then to listen, and it was not long before we heard oars again, at which the men in our boat pulled with renewed vigor. I wondered how they knew in which direction to row, so as to be likely to fall in with the other boats; but I did not ask, for I did not believe the men would stop to answer me. I supposed, however, that boats' crews, on such occasions, might prefer to go with the wind. There was enough wind for us to feel it very plainly. And now we began to near another boat, although it was hard work pulling up to it. I wondered, again, why they all rowed so hard. They could not be trying to make any particular point. As soon as we were close enough, one of our men hailed the other boat. 'Hullo!' he cried, 'Room for anybody else aboard?'

"'How many?' a voice called out.

"I instantly rose in my seat. 'Four,' I shouted.

"'Can't do it,' came back the answer. 'You 'd swamp us.'

"Our men made no answer to this, but, bending to their oars, they pulled like madmen. The other boat seemed trying to get away from us, but if this were so, it was a useless effort, for we rapidly overhauled it. The moment we came near enough, our bow-oarsman reached out and seized the stern of the other boat. Then both men dropped their oars, and, in a second, it seemed to me, they scrambled into it. As they did so, our boat fell behind. I rose to my feet and called out to the other boat to stop, that there were two more in our boat. But no voice answered us, and the boat disappeared in the gloom. For a minute or two, I heard the sound of oars, and then even that was lost. We were left alone.

"For a time, neither of us could speak. And then my wife began to cry. The cruel desertion by our oarsmen broke down her strong spirit. I tried to comfort her, although I was glad she could not see my face, or know what despair I felt. I told her the men could do us no good, and that we were just as well off without them.

"'You can row,' she said, a little re-assured.

"'Oh yes!' I replied, and I sat down in the place of one of the men, and took the oars, which, fortunately, remained in the rowlocks. I began to row, although I had no idea in what direction I should go. I could not catch the other boats, and it would be of no advantage if I could. The nearest land must surely be several hundred miles away, and, besides, for all I knew, I might be rowing toward the Straits of Gibraltar. But the exercise kept me warm, and that was something. I was not thickly clad, and the wind began to feel quite cool. My wife was warmly wrapped up, and that was the only comfort I had. And there we were in the darkness; I gently rowing, and she seated in the stern with her face bent down on her knees, sobbing. Once I heard her say: 'My poor child!'

"The sea was moderately smooth, although there were long swelling waves, on which we rose and fell. The wind was evidently decreasing.

"After a time, my wife raised her head,—I had been talking to her, but she had seldom spoken,—and she said: 'Do you think there is any chance at all for us?'

"'Oh, yes,' I replied; 'as soon as it is daylight we have a great many chances of being picked up. Perhaps that ship will come back and cruise about in search of us. She probably had to take a long tack before she could return, and she could not expect to come back to the same spot in the dark.'

"She made no answer to this, although I think it must have encouraged her a little, and for a long time we sat in silence; at last she went to sleep. I was very glad to find she was sleeping, for, as she lay upon her side, with her head resting on her arm, I knew that, for a time at least, she would forget her despair and our little boy at home.

"But I felt all the more lonely and desolate, now that she slept. No sound could be heard but the plash of the waves, and nothing could be seen but a little water around the boat. The sky was covered with an even mass of motionless clouds. For some time after we had left the steamer, I could hear the sound of the escaping steam. But that was not to be heard now. Perhaps we were too far away, or perhaps she had gone down. And then I thought, with horror, that perhaps she had not yet sunk, and that she might come slowly drifting down upon us, and then, rolling over on our boat, sink us with herself to the dreadful depths below. This idea made me so nervous that I could not help looking behind me, fearing I should see above me the great black hull, with the masts and spars bending down toward us.

"At last I too went to sleep. My head dropped on my breast, and I sat, with the oars still in my hands, and slept, I know not how long. I was awakened by an exclamation from my wife. Starting up, I gazed around. It was daylight, the sky was still cloudy, and, as far as I could see, there stretched an expanse of dull green water, rising and falling in long and gentle swells.

"But my wife was sitting up very straight, gazing past me, with her eyes opened wider than I had ever seen them. She had evidently just awakened.

"'Look there!' she said, pointing over my shoulder.

"I turned quickly, but saw nothing. But then, as we rose upon a swell, I distinctly saw a vessel. It seemed to me to be about half a mile away, but it was probably farther.

"'We 're saved!' I shouted, and I took hold of the oars and began to pull with all the vigor that was in me. I wanted to say something, but remember thinking that every word would waste breath, and I must row, row, row. It would be death to let that vessel get away from us.

"My wife was as much excited as I was.

"'Shall I wave something?' she cried. I nodded, and she drew out her handkerchief, and waved it over her head.

"'If I only had a pole,' she said, 'or something to tie it to!'

"There were two oars behind me, but I could not stop rowing to reach back to get them. She stood up to wave her signal, but I made her sit down again. I felt I must speak then.

"'You must not stand up,' I said; 'you will fall overboard. Is she coming this way?'

"'I think she is,' was the reply. 'She is nearer to us.' And with both hands she continued wildly to wave the handkerchief, while I rowed on.

"Suddenly she stopped waving. For an instant, I ceased rowing and looked at her.

"'Go on!' she said, and on I went. Once, when I rowed a little out of the right direction, she told me of my error. She looked straight ahead, neither waving her handkerchief nor saying anything.

"'Are we near?' I said, for my arms were growing lame with the unaccustomed work.

"'Quite near,' she said. 'Row a little more to the left. Yes, I knew it; it is our steamer! I can see the name.'

"I quickly turned. We were within a couple of hundred yards of the vessel. It *was* our steamer. I too could read the words 'Joseph Barker' on the stern. She had not sunk yet.

"I don't know how my wife bore up under this terrible disappointment. But she did. She even smiled weakly when she said we might have staid on board all night, and have taken the boats by daylight — if we had only known.

"The dread of the ship which had haunted me

during the night had passed away. I did not care very much whether she sunk and carried us down with her, or not. It was a relief to see anything that reminded me of humanity on that desolate, lonely sea. I rowed up quite close to her.

"'Perhaps there is some one left on board,' said my wife, and she and I both shouted as loud as we could; but no answer came from the ship.

"Then I rowed around her, and we saw the frightful hole in her side. While we were looking at it my wife said:

"'Do you know that I should just as soon be on board that ship as to be in this little boat! I don't believe she will sink a bit sooner than we shall.'

"'I was thinking of that,' I replied. 'The lower edge of the hole in her side is four feet from the water-level when she rolls this way, and nine or ten when she rolls the other way. It must have been because the waves were high last night that the water came in. As long as the sea is quiet, I don't believe she will sink at all.'

"I then rowed up close to the vessel and examined her injuries as well as I could. The side of the vessel, which was a wooden one, did not seem to be damaged below the tremendous gap which the bow of the other ship had made. The sheathing, as I believe the outside boards of a ship's hull are called, seemed tight enough between the water-line and the hole.

"I agreed with my wife that it would be much better to be on board the steamer than to remain in our little boat, especially as we began to be hungry. Even if a storm should come on, we should feel safer in the larger craft. So I set about trying to get on board. There were some ropes, with blocks and hooks, hanging from the davits from which the boats had been lowered, and, having managed to get hold of one of these, I thought I might climb up it to the deck. But my wife was strongly opposed to this, for, when she saw how the ropes swung as the ship rolled, she declared that I should never go up one of them. And when I came to try the ropes and found that there were four of them together, passing through a pulley above, and that, if I should not pull on them equally, I might come down with a run, I gave up this plan.

"Suddenly I had a happy thought. I rowed to one of the forward davits, and fastened the hook that hung from it to the bow of our boat. I then paddled the boat around until we were under, and very near to, the fractured aperture, which was not far from the forward davits.

"'What are you going to do?' asked my wife. 'We ought not to go so near the ship. She will push us under as she rolls.'

"'I wish to go still nearer,' said I. 'I don't believe there is any danger, with that easy rolling. I wish to get in through that hole. Then I 'll make my way on deck.'

"'But what shall *I* do?' asked my wife, anxiously. 'I can never climb in there!'

"'No, indeed!' said I. 'I don't intend to let you try. When I get on deck I 'll haul you up.'

"'But can you do it?' she asked, a little doubtfully.

"'Certainly I can,' I answered; and I immediately began to prepare for boarding the ship.

"First, I tied two of the shawls around my wife, just under her arms, making the knots as secure as I could. Then I showed her how to fasten the hook that held the boat, into these shawls, when the time came. I insisted that she should be sure to hook it into both shawls, so that if one gave way there might be another to depend upon. I did not like to leave my wife alone in the boat, but there seemed to be no help for it; and, as it could not float away, there was no danger if she was careful.

"When I had given her all the necessary directions, I paddled the boat as near to the hole as I could with safety, and then, standing up, I waited until the rolling of the ship brought the lower edge of the aperture within my reach, when I seized it, and in a moment was raised high out of the little boat as the ship rolled back again. I heard my wife scream, but I knew it was only on account of my apparently dangerous rise in the air, and I lost no time in drawing myself up and scrambling into the hole. It was only by the exercise of my utmost strength and activity that I did this. It would have been better if I had made a spring from the boat as soon as I had taken hold, but I did not think of that. Fortunately, the planking on which I was hanging was firm, and I quickly made my way in between the splintered boards and timbers. As soon as I was safely inside, standing on something,—I knew not what,—I put my head out of the hole and called down to my wife. She was in the boat, all right, a short distance from me, with her face as white as her handkerchief.

"'I was sure you would never get in!' she cried. 'I knew you would drown!'

"'But you see I did n't,' said I. 'It 's all right now. I 'll hurry on deck, and have you up in no time.'

"For a moment I thought of trying to help her in through the hole, but such an attempt would have been very hazardous, and I did not propose it. She could not have brought the boat up properly, and would probably have fallen overboard in attempting to reach me. So I told her to sit perfectly still until I saw her again, and I withdrew into the interior of the vessel. I found myself in the upper part of the hold, among freight

and timber and splinters, and many obstructions of various kinds, but it was not dark. Light came through the hole in the ship's side and also from above. Making my way further into the interior, I saw that the light from above came from the open hatchway in the forward deck. This had probably been opened after the accident, with the idea of lightening the vessel by throwing out part of the cargo. Or it may have been that the men came down that way to investigate the damage done by the collision. It matters not. The hatchway was open, and through it I could probably make my way on deck.

"I was surprised to find no water in the part of the vessel where I entered. I expected to have to wade or swim after I was inside. But the water which had come in was probably far beneath me. The lower part of the hold might be full for all I knew. I had no difficulty in climbing out of the hold. In one of the great upright beams which supported the corner of the hatchway, there was a series of pegs, by the aid of which I easily mounted to the deck. There I stopped for a moment, and looked about me. Everything appeared so desolate and lonely that my heart sank. But there was no time for the indulgence of melancholy. I hurried to the upper deck, where the davits were, and looked over.

"'Hurrah!' I cried, 'I 'm all right!'

"'I wish I were,' came back the plaintive answer from the figure in the little boat.

"'You shall be, directly,' I said. 'Wait one moment, and I 'll haul you up.'

"I now directed my wife to unhook the block from the boat, and to fasten the hook securely in her shawls — in the way I had shown her. She immediately rose, stepped from seat to seat, and, unfastening the hook, coolly stood up in the boat to attach it to her shawls.

"I was horror-stricken! 'Sit down!' I cried; 'if you lose your balance, you will be overboard in an instant. You can't stand up in a boat, especially when it 's rolling about like that.'

"She sat down immediately, but the thought of her dangerous position made me feel sick for a moment. Would she ever be safe on deck beside me?

"She now called up that she was ready, and that the hook was all right. I then took hold of the upper end of the rope which ran through the pulleys in the blocks, and began to haul it in. This soon produced a pressure on the shawls, and my wife declared that if I pulled much harder she would have to stand up.

"'Very well!' I called down, 'you may stand up as soon as you please, now. I have you, tight. You may hold on to the block or the hook, if you like, but don't touch the ropes. Now I am going to haul you up.'

"I said this very confidently, but I did not feel confident. I was terribly afraid that I could not do it. I put the rope over my shoulder and began to walk across the deck. As the vessel gave a roll, I felt that I had my wife hanging at the other end of that rope! Now I must do it! If the deck had been stationary, I might have pressed on and slowly pulled her up; but the first time the vessel rolled over toward me I should have fallen backward had I not grasped the railing which ran across the deck in front of the pilot-house. This railing was my salvation. With the rope over my right shoulder and wrapped around my right hand, I clutched the railing with my left hand, and step by step, and clutch by clutch, I forced myself along. Once I thought of my wife, dangling and swinging above the water, but I banished the idea — my business was to pull, and keep pulling.

"When the vessel rolled toward me so that I was walking up a steep hill, the strain was terrible, but I had advantages when it rolled the other way, and I could throw much of my weight against the rope.

"Now the rope had run out a long way. I was nearly to the other side of the deck. She ought to be up. I glanced back, but there was no sign of her. But I knew she had not fallen off. I could feel her weight. Indeed, it seemed greater than before. Could I, by some accidental attachment, be hauling up the boat? If so, there was no help for it. I must keep on hauling.

"Again I looked back, and, oh, happy sight! I saw the top of my wife's back-hair just showing above the side. I gave one powerful pull; I made the line fast to the railing, and then I ran back. There she hung, with her whole head above the side! I ought to have pulled her up higher, but I could not go back to do it now. So I reached over and lifted her in. This effort exhausted what was left of my strength. I managed to take the hook from the shawls, and then we sank down beside each other on the deck.

"In about half an hour I went below to get my wife some water. I found water in the cooler in the dining-room, and glasses by it. As I filled one of these, I thought of the curious convenience of all this. Here we were, alone on the ocean, and yet I could go downstairs and get my wife a glass of water as easily as if I were in my own house.

"'Were you frightened when I was drawing you up?' I asked my wife.

"'Frightened!' she answered, 'I almost died! The boat went from under me as soon as the steamer rolled and lifted me up, and then when she rolled back, I was sure I would be dipped into

the water. But I was n't. And then, when I looked down, and saw nothing but that black water moving and yawning there beneath me, and thought of falling into it if any accident should happen, I could not bear to see it, and shut my eyes. I bumped against the vessel every time it rolled, but I did n't mind that. They were gentle bumps.'

"At this moment I happened to think of the little boat. Without attracting my wife's attention, I looked over the side. It had floated away and was entirely out of our reach. I ought to have secured it. But it was of no use to regret the accident now; and, as we began to feel that we ought to have some food, I proposed we should go below to look for some. We easily found the kitchen and a pantry, where there were bread and butter and a variety of cold meats and vegetables, apparently left from the previous day's dinner. We did not stop to make much of a choice of these eatables, but stood up and ate bread and butter and cold meat until we were satisfied.

"'It is astonishing how hungry we are,' said my wife, 'considering that it is now but very little after our usual breakfast-time.'

"But I did not think it astonishing after all we had gone through. The strange thing was that we should have so much to eat. When we had finished our meal and had satisfied our thirst at the water-cooler, we made a tour of the ship — that is, of the more accessible parts of it. We looked into every stateroom. All were empty. We made sure that there was not a soul on board but ourselves.

"When we went into our stateroom, we found everything as we left it; and the sight of the berths was so tempting to our tired bodies that we agreed to turn in and take a nap. It was late in the afternoon when we awoke; and when I looked at my watch and jumped to the floor, I felt conscience-stricken at having lost so much time in sleep. What vessels might not have sailed near enough to us to have seen a signal of distress, if I had but put one out? And yet, I think that if any vessel had seen the Joseph Barker, it would have known that something was the matter with her.

"I determined not to run the risk of another collision when night should come on. I found the lamps in the dining-room empty, and supposed that all the lamps on board had probably burned out, and therefore set about looking for oil to fill some of them. I found a can after a deal of searching, and filled a couple of the dining-room lamps. I would have lighted the red and green lights that were burned on deck at night, but they were difficult to get at, and I thought I might not know how to manage them. So I contented myself with hanging a large lantern in the rigging near the bow, and another one at the stern. These were not placed very high, but I thought they would be sufficiently visible. The larger lantern I found in the engine-room, and, to my astonishment, it was burning when I took it down. It seemed the only sign of life on board.

"By the time I had hung out my lights, I found that my wife had prepared supper, which she had spread on the captain's end of the long table in the dining-saloon. She had no tea or coffee, for there was no fire in the kitchen, but she had arranged everything very nicely, and we really had a pleasant meal, considering the circumstances.

"We did not sit up very long, for the steamer looked extremely lonely by lamplight — and it was so very little lamplight, too.

"The next day, when we went on deck, and looked out on the lonely ocean, not a sign could we see of sail or vessel. We spent a great part of the morning in putting up a signal of distress. This consisted of a sheet from one of the berths, which I fastened to the halyards on the mainmast and ran up as high as it would go. There was not much wind, but it fluttered out quite well.

"We now began to consider our chances of safety in case we were not soon rescued. I thought, and my wife agreed with me, that if the sea remained smooth, the vessel would continue to float; but what would happen if the waves rose, and dashed into the great hole in her side, we scarcely dared to think. We both believed we ought to do something, but what to do we could not determine. The small boat was gone, and our fate was joined to that of the ship. I had heard of fastening a large sail over a leak or break in a vessel, so as to keep out the water to some extent; but a sail big enough to cover that hole would be far too heavy for my wife and me to manage.

"We thought and talked the matter over all day, and the next morning we considered it even more seriously, for the wind had risen considerably. It blew from the south, and, as our vessel lay with her bow to the west,— I knew this from the compass on deck,— the waves frequently broke against her injured side, and sometimes, when she rolled over that way, the spray did come into the aperture.

"'If we could steer her around,' said my wife, 'so that the other side would be toward the wind, it would be better, would n't it? Can't we go into the pilot's house, and turn the wheel, and steer her around?'

"'No,' said I, 'we could n't do that. You can't steer a vessel unless she is under way — is going, that is.'

"'And there 's no way, I suppose, that we could make her go,' she continued.

"I laughed. The idea of our making this great

vessel move was rather ridiculous. But my wife did not laugh. Walking about the ship, we went into the engine-room. We looked at the bright steel cranks and bars and all the complicated machinery, now motionless and quiet, and down through the grating on which we stood, to the great furnaces far beneath us, where the coals were all dead and cold.

"'This looks as if it were all in order,' she said, 'and yet I suppose you could n't set it going.'

"I assured her that I certainly could not. I did not know anything about an engine, and even if the fires were burning and the boilers full of steam, I could never hope to turn handles and work levers so that the great wheels would go around and move the vessel.

"'You would probably blow us up,' she remarked, 'and so it is just as well as it is.'

"But later in the day she said, 'Why don't we put up a sail? I have an idea about a sail. If we put one up that ran lengthways with the vessel, like the sail on a sailboat, and the wind kept blowing on this side of us, it would blow the ship over a little sideways, as sailboats are when they are sailing, and that would raise the hole up so that the water would n't get in.'

"'It might act that way,' I said. 'But we could n't put up a sail.'

"'Why not?' she asked.

"'We 're not strong enough, for one reason,' said I. 'And don't know how, for another.'

"'Well, let 's go and look at them,' said she.



"THE GULF STREAM GOES TO ENGLAND, DOES N'T IT? DO YOU SUPPOSE IT WILL DRIFT US AS FAR AS THAT?"

"As it was certainly better to move about and occupy our minds and bodies, instead of sitting still and thinking of all sorts of dangers, we went to look at the sails. There were two masts to the steamer. On the mainmast was a large sail, like a schooner's mainsail, which, I was sure, we could not raise a foot. On the foremast was a square sail, much smaller, and this, my wife thought, we certainly ought to be able to set. I was not so sure about it. The difficulty in our case would be to get the sail loose from the yard to which it was furled. I had seen the sail set, and knew there was no lower yard, the bottom of the sail being fastened by ropes at the corners to the vessel. I suppose it is easy enough for sailors to go out along the yards and untie — or whatever they call it — the sails, but I could not do it. Nor did my wife wish me to try, when she saw what was necessary.

"'If we had the yard on deck,' she said, 'we could untie the sail and then haul it up again.'

"I knew this would not do, for even if we could have let the yard down, we could never have hoisted it up again, and so, after a good deal of examination and cogitation, I told my wife that we should have to be content to give it up.

"For the rest of that day we said no more about setting sails, but the desire to do the thing had so grown upon me that I got up very early the next morning without waking my wife and went on deck. To my delight I found that the wind had gone down almost entirely. Then, in great fear lest my wife and the wind should rise, I mounted the shrouds, carefully and slowly made my way out on each side of the yard as I had often seen sailors make their way, and, with a large knife which I found on deck, I cut all the ropes which confined the sail, so that it gradually fell down to its full length. I could not unfasten the knots nor comprehend the turnings of the ropes that held the sail, and even to cut them was a work of time and danger to me. But at last it hung down, slowly waving and curling with the motion of the ship; for the swell on the sea still continued. I descended, trembling with the exertion and excitement. By ropes attached to the lower corners of the sail, I loosely fastened it to the deck, so that it should be under control in case the wind arose, and then I went aft. I met my wife coming up the companion-way. To her inquiries as to what I had been doing, I told her I had been setting the foresail, at which she went forward to see how I had done it. When she came back she found me lying down on a sofa in the dining-saloon.

"'And so you went out on that yard and undid those ropes?' she said.

"I answered that I was obliged to do so, or I could not have set the sail. It is not necessary to report the lecture that ensued, but it was a long and a serious one. When all was over, I promised never to do anything of the kind again, and then we had breakfast.

"From the time when we boarded the steamer we had not failed, at every convenient moment during the daytime, to look for sails. But we had seen but two, and those were very far off, and had soon disappeared. Our signal of distress was kept flying; but, after a time, we began to wonder whether or not it *was* a signal of distress.



"I CUT ALL THE ROPES THAT CONFINED THE SAIL."

"'Perhaps a white flag on the highest mast means that everything 's all right,' remarked my wife.

"I did not know how such a flag would be regarded, but thought that if any vessel could catch sight of our steamer rolling about without any smoke or sails, we would need no signal of distress. I wondered that we did not meet other vessels. I had thought there were so many ships on the ocean that, in the course of a day or two, we could not help meeting at least one. But I worked out a theory on the subject.

"'We are probably,' I said to my wife, 'in the Gulf Stream, which flows northward. Vessels going south avoid this stream, and therefore we do not meet them.'

"'But shall we never meet a vessel?' asked my wife. 'The Gulf Stream goes to England, does n't it? Do you suppose it will drift us as far as that?'

"'Oh,' I said, 'I have no doubt there will be vessels crossing the stream before long. Or one may overtake us.'"

(To be concluded.)



HOW A GREAT BATTLE PANORAMA IS MADE.

By Theodore R. Davis.

A certain brave and prominent general in the late war always insisted that the best and safest place from which to view a battle was just behind the central line of one of the engaging armies — if the spectator did not mind the shells and minie-balls.

The general died without seeing one of the battle panoramas — or "cycloramas," as they are sometimes called — now so frequently exhibited in our larger cities. In one of these, he could have stood in the best possible place, without considering the question of safety or of minding shells and minie-balls, however hotly the battle might be raging all around him. For so skillfully is the foreground blended into the painted scene upon the canvas, that, but for the silence, the spectator seems actually to stand in the midst of the real battle.

It is always interesting to visit an old battle-ground. The veteran who, years before, was engaged in the actual conflict, and the tourist who has read and re-read the story of the desperate fight, alike find much pleasure in standing upon the actual field and endeavoring to locate the contending forces or trying to trace out the lines of advance, attack, or retreat.

The visitor to those old battle-fields, however, finds to-day only slight signs of conflict. Few of the old roads can be traced; towns have grown into cities; pleasant farms have overgrown the earth-works; and forests stand in the fields which, years ago, were marked with the smoke and strife of battle. The aim of the battle panorama is to reproduce not only the field of the conflict, as it was at the time, but also the most striking events of the battle as they would have appeared to a spectator from the same standpoint.

Material.

The first step, after selecting the subject of a battle panorama, is to collect all obtainable sketches, records, and photographs relating to it. These are studied with great care by the leading artists engaged for the work, who then go to the real field of battle, where, for a month at least, they make

sketches of the ground from some commanding point. The spot thus chosen for studying the field may have been overgrown with trees since the days of battle, but the lookout is usually so well selected that it is possible to construct a plan of the landscape as it formerly appeared, and so to make a sketch of the battle-ground precisely as it was at the time of the fight. I have found, too, in my own experience, that in reproducing the scene of a battle in which I had been engaged, my note-books and memory enabled me to correctly locate all the old roads, houses, earthworks, camps, fields, forests, and troops, as they were on the day of the battle.

The sketches made by the artists on the battle-ground, and all the material previously obtained, are next taken to the panorama-studio where the great picture is to be painted.

THE ARTISTS.

BEFORE describing the studio and its work, it will be interesting to look at the corps of artists employed upon the great picture. Every man has some special talent. One artist excels in painting skies and distance, another in foreground and near-by trees. A third loves to paint animals, and is noted for his pictures of horses. To still another is given the study of uniforms and military equipments; while even the artists who paint the human figures have peculiar ability in special lines, and so are assigned to different portions of the figure-work. And in the same way, the landscape part of the picture is parceled out among the landscape artists.

THE COMPOSITION, OR FIRST PLAN.

THE preparation of the "composition" or first plan of the panorama is the next important feature of the work.

A strip of prepared canvas forty feet long by five feet high is first stretched upon a circular framework of wood. This framework is exactly one-tenth the size, in its various dimensions, of the building in which the panorama is to be exhibited. Over the canvas, sheets of heavy white drawing-paper are tacked. An outline of the landscape is roughly sketched in charcoal on this paper. Important masses and groups of figures are next located, and the work thus progresses until the interior wall of the circular room is covered with an interesting sketch of what a spectator would have seen during the battle, if he had stood at the exact point of view selected by the artists as the center of the landscape.

The leading figure-painter always controls this part of the work. He carefully plans the design so as to secure graceful and effective lines in the landscape and interesting grouping for the figures. This is no small task, as it is necessary carefully to arrange the proportions of these figures so that they will appear life-sized in the finished painting. Changes, alterations, and improvements are made with charcoal, and at last the sketch becomes a drawing. The artists who are to paint special features or parts of the panorama are now made acquainted with the outlines of the composition, and, working under the direction of the chief painter, they aid him in making a clear pen-and-ink drawing over the charcoal outline. When this pen-and-ink outline has been completed, the charcoal marks are dusted off, and, later, are entirely removed by rubbing bread-crumbs over the paper.

In the preparation of this first drawing, the artists become familiar with the general plan of the big painting, and can work more intelligently when called to execute it upon the panorama-canvas.

In the composition, every command is located and the prominent officers are noted, while portraits of soldiers known to have been in the foreground are also indicated.

The landscape, roads, and other natural objects are drawn so as to present the scene of battle as it actually appeared at the time of the conflict. In doing this, the sketches and note-books are constantly referred to. When finished, the composition is a pen-and-ink drawing on a scale one-tenth that of the proposed panorama. This drawing, embraced on a strip of paper forty feet long and five feet wide, is divided into ten sections, every section being indicated by a letter of the alphabet. Every one of these sections is then covered with an equal number of squares, every square being designated by the letter of the section as well as a number: thus, Square A 1, Square A 2, and so on. This is to aid the artists in enlarging the pen-and-ink drawing, and transferring it to the panorama-canvas, which is likewise covered with an equal number of squares, each square being ten times the width and and height of the corresponding one on the pen-and-ink drawing.

A tracing of the pen-and-ink drawing is next made, and by means of it the outlines of the drawing are transferred to the small canvas, which is of exactly the same size as the paper that contains the drawing. On this canvas, the chief artist rapidly paints and indicates the different degrees of color, light, and shade that he wishes to have given to the panorama. This canvas when thus treated, is known as "the dummy." It is very useful as a color guide to the artists when they are at work upon the panorama itself.

The Out-Door Studio.

Although the greater part of the work is done in the panorama-studio, much of the preliminary sketching is often done out-of-doors. The artists who painted one well-known American panorama occupied for a time the terraced garden attached to the residence of the principal artist, where they set up a real garden-studio. The garden was a corner-lot separated from the street by a picket-fence, above and through which the passer-by had a full view of what was going on within. Scattered about the garden were guns and uniforms, harness, haversacks, and military equipments,— relics of the war-days,— so scorched and camp-stained that a tramp would have condemned them. But they were highly prized by the artists, as the best clothes for the models who, in various attitudes, representing either Union or Confederate soldiers, were disposed about the garden-studio. Some would be reclining on the ground as wounded men; one would be leaning on an Enfield rifle, while another would be aiming his directly at the big easel of one of the chief figure-painters. Still another model, posturing for the time as a dead soldier, would be lying prone on the grass, where he would have to keep quite still,— perfectly still,— no matter how constantly the busy flies might annoy him.

The models who "pose" for the figures in the panorama are carefully selected. They must be men strong enough to endure the strain of standing or lying in the same position for some time, and without any change or rest. They must also be intelligent enough to understand the action of such figures in the composition as they are required to personate. The models assume positions, and wear uniforms, arms, and accouterments, precisely similar to those of the figures in the original sketch — whether of private soldiers or general officers — which they for the moment represent.



A SECTION (GREATLY REDUCED) OF THE PEN-AND-INK DRAWING, OR FIRST PLAN, OF A PANORAMA.

The collection of uniforms and equipments — such as that in the garden-studio — is one of the curiosities of a panorama-studio. Every branch

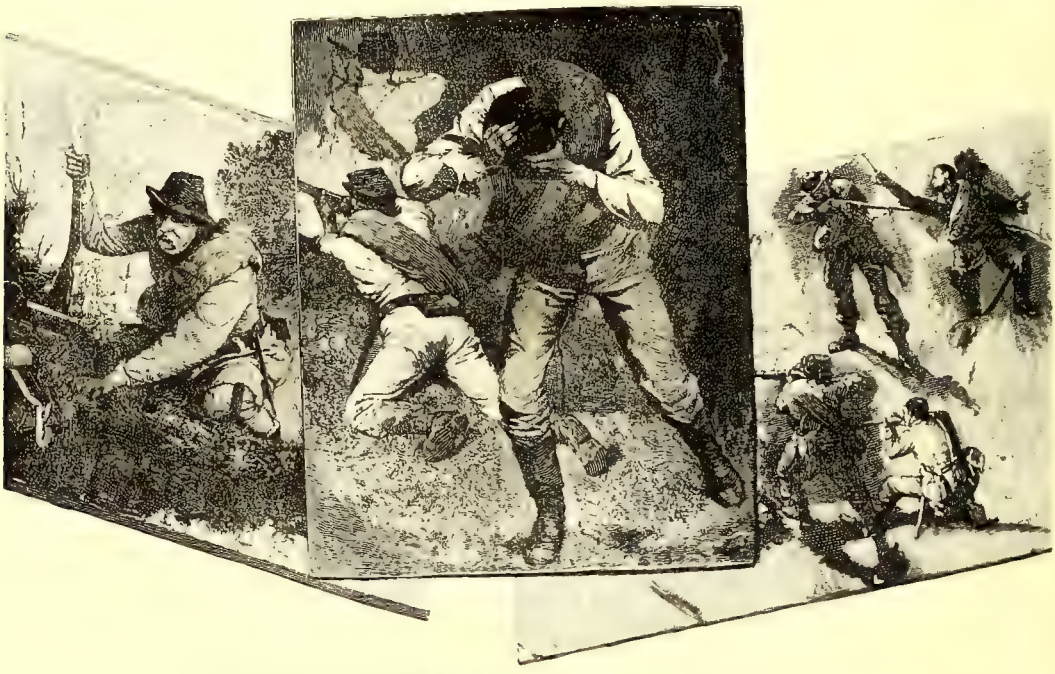
of the military service is represented in the clothing of the "blue and the gray," here brought together. The various styles of saddle and bridle, of guns, sabers, pistols, carbines, blankets, rough army shoes, heavy woolen socks, haversacks, canteens, shelter-tents, and harness for artillery horses and mules, may here be seen.

THE STUDIO.

THE work can now be transferred to the studio proper. This is a large circular building, strongly built of wood, but completely covered with corrugated iron, which serves the double purpose of protection from fire and cold. One-third of the circular roof is made of glass, thus admirably lighting the interior of the studio. The wall of the building is nearly sixty feet high, and is braced and strengthened with heavy timbers, necessary to support the weight and strain of the canvas. In the center of the studio is a circular platform, the height of which is determined by the horizon, or eye line, of the panorama to be painted. Above the platform, a canvas canopy, called the "umbrella," is suspended. This prevents the artist or spectator from seeing the upper edge of the canvas, and causes the scene to appear as if viewed from under a piazza-roof which shuts out the sky directly overhead.

An iron track, built within a few feet of the walls and twice as broad as an ordinary railroad, runs around the interior of the building. The cars for this track vary in height from ten to fifty feet. They are in reality wooden towers on wheels—every tower composed of a number of platforms, reached by flights of stairs, and so arranged as to leave the sides of the platforms nearest to the canvas unobstructed. Six of these cars are provided for the painting of a single panorama.

Fifty feet above the railroad track, a massive ring or circle of timber is held in place by brackets fastened to the wall of the studio. This ring must be of exactly the same size as the corresponding ring from which the immense painted canvas is to hang, in the building in which the cyclorama is to be exhibited when completed. And it is measured and leveled by a surveyor who places his transit, or measuring instrument, on the central platform.



SPECIMENS OF SKETCHES MADE BY THE ARTISTS IN THE OUT-DOOR STUDIO.

THE CANVAS.

THE linen or canvas for the panorama is of the best quality, and heavier than that used for smaller paintings. It is specially woven at Brussels, Belgium, in great breadths, thirty feet wide by fifty feet long. These are neatly stitched to-

gether, and compactly folded in a strong wooden box in which the canvas is sent to this country.



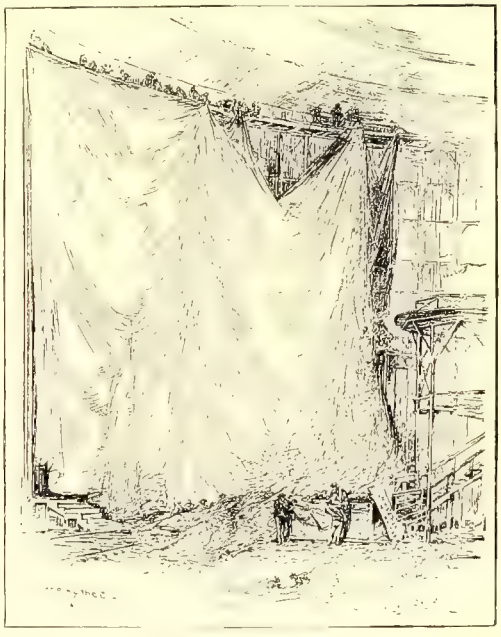
THE ARTISTS AND THEIR MODELS AT WORK IN THE OUT-DOOR STUDIO.

On arrival at the studio, it is hung and nailed fast to the ring by "riggers," who sing as they haul up and shake out the great folds, which drape down in grand masses that delight the artists' eyes. The canvas is a little longer than the circumference of the big wooden ring from which it is hung; but a sailor, suspended from a boatswain's chair, stitches the lap together so tidily that the seam is not visible from the platform. A wide hem is next stitched around the lower edge of the canvas, spaces being left open for the introduction of sections of a hollow iron ring, of the same circumference as the wooden ring above. The sections of the ring, after all have been slipped inside the hem, are fastened together by couplings, and the lower part of the canvas is thus stretched into circular form to match the top. Still more weight, however, is required to stretch the canvas perpendicularly; and so a thousand or more bricks, weighing in all from two to three tons, are fastened at intervals around the iron ring in groups — three or four bricks to each group.

The canvas is now ready to be "primed"; that is, to have its first coat of color laid on. In preparation for this, the back is thoroughly sponged with water, and the face of the canvas is given a coat of weak glue, known as "size."

The Painting.

House-painters now spread over the canvas a ton or more of "whiting" (white lead and oil), which when dry forms the surface upon which the artists paint the panorama. The original drawing has meanwhile been photographed by sections on glass plates. By an arrangement of lenses and a strong light, like a magic lantern, an enlarged image of every section



HANGING THE CANVAS.

is thrown upon the great canvas, which has been similarly lined off into sections and squares, every section of the original drawing being magnified to the exact size of the corresponding section on the canvas.

For this work, night is the most favorable time, as the lines are then more sharply outlined, and, being distinctly visible, can be rapidly traced

on the canvas with umber. The illustration showing this scene fully explains the work. But as the great canvas is so much larger than the paper on which the first drawing was made, the enlarged copy of that drawing always seems to contain too few figures. When all of the lines, therefore, are traced upon the canvas, many more figures have to be introduced into the scene, otherwise old soldiers and their friends would ask: "Where are your troops?" In the pen-and-ink drawing, this lack of numbers is not evident; it is the result of the enlargement, which also shows other defects, such as would naturally be expected when one foot on a drawing is increased to ten feet on a panorama-canvas. All this has to be anticipated, and is provided for. Additional groups of figures are rapidly sketched in, and lines of battle are reënforced by the addition of other soldierly figures. The scene represented on page 107, for example, when first enlarged on the great canvas, contained far too few figures, and the number had to be greatly increased before it appeared as in the engraving.

The landscape outline is correspondingly worked up, and the artists are busy putting in broad masses of color to give a tone to the canvas and remove the glare of light reflected from its too white surface.

THE GROUND-WORK.

THE "dummy," already referred to, is now frequently consulted, and affords the key and suggestion of the colors to be used. Presently, from the topmost platform of the highest car, certain of the artists are busily painting away at the sky and putting in the clouds, which will be perfected when the sky has its second painting. These artists, up aloft, take their colors from a table, the top of which is arranged as a palette. The other artists are busy upon some special work to which they have been assigned, and for which they have already painted the studies that are now distributed about the platforms, every one of which is a veritable studio.



TRACING THE OUTLINE OF THE SMALL DRAWING, AS ENLARGED UPON THE CANVAS.

All this is rapid work, and is, indeed, but the



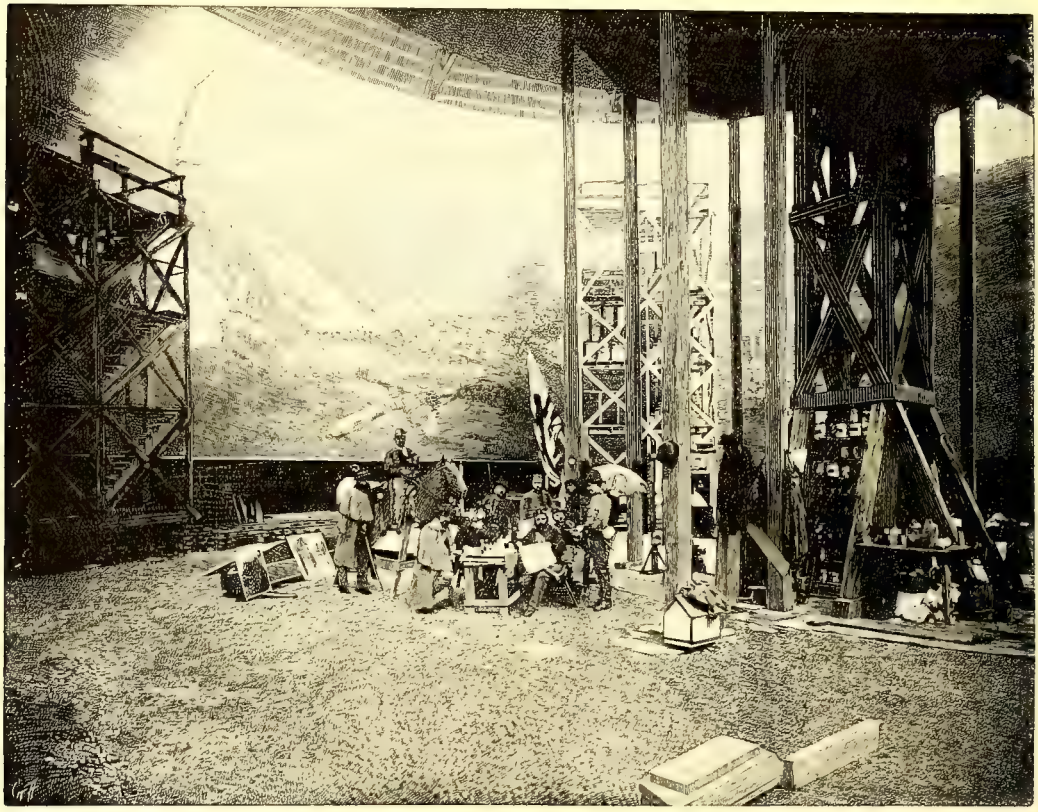
ONE OF THE MOVABLE PLATFORMS USED IN PAINTING A PANORAMA

groundwork of the panorama, into which the "details" or special features of the picture will be worked later on. These details require time and patience, and can be painted to better advantage when the broad masses of color are dry.

Paints.

THE question is frequently asked, "What paints do the artists use?" In the better class of battle panoramas, only colors of the best quality are used,

such as are used by an artist in his work upon a fine oil-painting. This color is, of course, purchased in very large quantities; as an instance, for the panorama in which I was interested, the was left thus blank and bare, and was most disturbing to the German professor who was the chief artist. His eye was so distracted and troubled by it that he one day directed some of the loitering



THE INTERIOR OF THE PANORAMA-STUDIO.

rich yellowish paint, known as cadmium, cost two hundred dollars, and was contained in four tin cans, each the size of an ordinary peach-can. This is an expensive color, and while artists have no desire to scrimp in its use, they do object to a reckless waste of it. An amusing incident occurred in this connection during the painting of the panorama to which I have referred.

When the composition is drawn, the general plan for that part of the cyclorama known as the foreground, which is composed of natural objects, is also thought out. It is then settled what portions of the great canvas will be hidden by the foreground of natural objects, such as real earthworks, mounds of sod-covered earth, and log breastworks. Usually that part of the canvas is left without color, except such fanciful sketches as the artists may paint for studio view only. A portion of our picture, "The Battle of Missionary Ridge," models to take some color, "any color," he said, "and scumble over the surface to tone it down."

The models, dressed as Union and Confederate soldiers and officers, worked industriously for twenty minutes, when it was suddenly discovered that they had emptied three fifty-dollar cans of cadmium and were opening the fourth! A half-dollar's worth of cheap house-paint would have been better, for no preparation had been used to make the cadmium dry, and it was still soft when the panorama was sent for exhibition to Chicago. What the artists said when they discovered the models' mistake was not plain to me, as it was spoken in German; but I know that they all talked at the same time and very vigorously.

THE CENTRAL PLATFORM.

THE central platform is, of course, the standpoint from which visitors will view the panorama,—

and therefore the artists are obliged to go to it frequently, as the painting nears completion, in order to observe the effect and progress of their work.

This, too, is the place of conference, and despite the signs of "No Admittance," within and without, visitors are frequent and usually welcome. These visitors are often veteran soldiers who took part in the action represented, and who often make helpful suggestions where the artists' notes are imperfect. These visitors study every detail and discuss the panorama point by point. They are acquainted with the scene and delight to study out the meaning of every line and dash of color.

The army stories that are told on the central platform, when old soldiers meet and discuss the old days, would, if collected, make a prodigious volume. The floor of the platform is chalked and rechalked with diagrams, some referring to which are memoranda of incidents and a variety of data, as well as names and addresses, are pinned to the convenient timber with thumb-tacks. Upon tables will be found sections of the composition, spread out opposite to their location upon the great canvas; field-glasses keep the drawings in place; and the inevitable piece of chalk is there also, ready for instant use.

The artists paint steadily, every individual being mainly occupied in perfecting his own work, though never hesitating to ask or extend aid in some special direction. One artist, for instance, has an excellent figure of a mounted officer, all complete excepting the portrait, a photograph for which is pinned to the canvas. While this artist goes to strengthen a line of battle, another one will rapidly paint in an admirable portrait for the incomplete figure. Soon, another brush is busy with the horse, while still another artist calls for



SCENE FROM A BATTLE PANORAMA.

the panorama itself, but more to illustrate occurrences upon other fields. The strong pine rail surrounding the platform is penciled all over with kindred decorations, while scraps of paper, upon some special saddle and bridle to be brought to the platform that he may paint the trappings.

Now, look at the back of the photograph which is pinned to the canvas—a faded *carte de visite*

of a young officer; upon a slip of paper we read the following: "Col. K., now on General Sheridan's staff; then captain, General Thomas's staff, H 47" (meaning the section H, square 47 of the panorama); "French cap, blouse, captain's straps —staff—dark-blue trousers, gold cord, cavalry boots, staff sword, McClellan saddle; shabrack—black horse; see sketch."



SCENE FROM THE PANORAMA OF "THE BATTLE OF ATLANTA."

In the above copy of a scene from the cyclorama called "The Battle of Atlanta," several of the figures are portraits, the one on the foremost horse being that of General John A. Logan. Every officer represented is pictured in the uniform which he wore on the day of the fight, while even the horses and their accouterments are as faithfully depicted.

These instances will give an idea of the way in which facts are preserved when a panorama is painted by artists who conscientiously strive to make of the work a great historical painting.

Upon the platform of one of the high cars an artist may be seen carefully finishing a Confederate hospital scene; around him is scattered a complete field outfit for an army surgeon—cases of instruments, bandages, bottles, and a model uniformed as a hospital steward, who has stood so long in one position that he shakes as if he had the ague, until the interested painter, noting his suffering condition, releases him with an apology for this unintentional cruelty. But perhaps, of all the models, the rough contrivance known as "the wooden horse" is both used and abused the most. Boards are nailed on or knocked off it to make it fit the size of the saddle, bridle, or harness in use for the moment, and the unfortunate human model who has to mount the framework designated as a horse, puts both his skin and his garments in danger of damage from nails and splinters.

COMPLETING THE PICTURE.

IN most panoramas, the sky covers two-thirds and the landscape one-third of the canvas. In

the painting of Missionary Ridge, to which I have before referred, and which represents a battle upon hill-tops, this proportion was necessarily reversed, and so a longer time than usual was required to paint the scene.

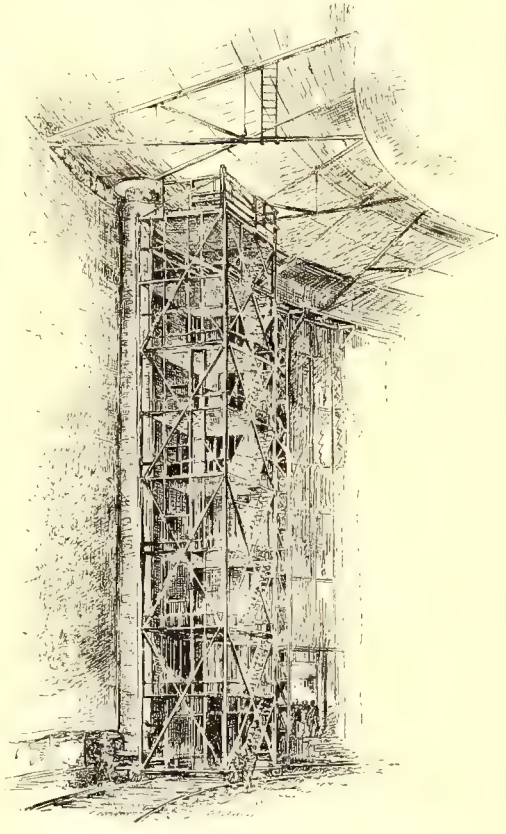
But now the artists are busy with the last touches. A car is seldom in one place for more than an hour. The models are chiefly employed in responding to the calls of the artists from their platforms: "Push this car!" "Push this car!" The small cars can be moved without difficulty, but the tall cars are very heavy, and are provided with a mechanical contrivance for their propulsion.

The "Spool."

And now the studio begins to resound with the hammering of carpenters, building a huge "spool" upon which to roll the canvas, and the box to contain and transport it. A small cottage could be built for the cost of these two appliances; for they must be strong and true. The barrel of the big spool is two feet in diameter, and is made of strips of pine three inches thick, grooved together. Sections of oak plank bolted together and fashioned into wheels, six inches thick and four feet in diameter, form the ends; and through these, three-inch holes are bored to pass the cable used in handling the spool when the canvas is rolled upon it. The cable or heavy rope must be strong enough to bear the whole weight of the rolled panorama, and thus avoid a pressure upon the canvas that would surely injure the painting.

Packing the Panorama.

All the painting paraphernalia are now removed from the highest car, which is now to be used in rolling the canvas on the spool. At the top and bottom of the car are fastened projecting braces, or "bearings," in which the ends of the spool are secured in such a way that it will revolve readily, and will stand upright and close to the ring. A sailor perched on his boatswain's chair rips out the seam and helps the men on the platforms to nail one side of the canvas firmly to the spool. Other men loosen the canvas from the ring and remove the weights and iron ring at the bottom, and while the car is moved slowly along, the spool is revolved by men stationed above and below. An occasional nail is driven to fasten the canvas to the top of the spool. In two hours, if all goes well, the panorama is safely rolled face in upon the spool. By means of ropes and a windlass, the great roll is then lifted clear of the strong pins that held it in place, and is blocked up to permit the passage of the cable through the spool. The ends of the cable are securely fastened, and the roll, a dead weight of six or seven tons, is steadily lowered into the box in which it is to be despatched to the place of exhibition. This great box and its precious load are removed from the studio through a large doorway made expressly for the purpose, and are shipped, on platform cars, to the building where the panorama is to be shown to the public.



ROLLING THE PAINTED PANORAMA UPON THE BIG SPOOL.

The Exhibition Building.

The Exhibition Building, now so familiar to all who live in our larger cities, is a great circular edifice of brick, wood, and iron. It is provided with an iron track and a high car built in sections so as to be quickly put together when required for use. Upon its arrival at the Exhibition Building, the panorama is carefully unrolled and is hung by the method employed for hanging the canvas in the studio, which has already been described.

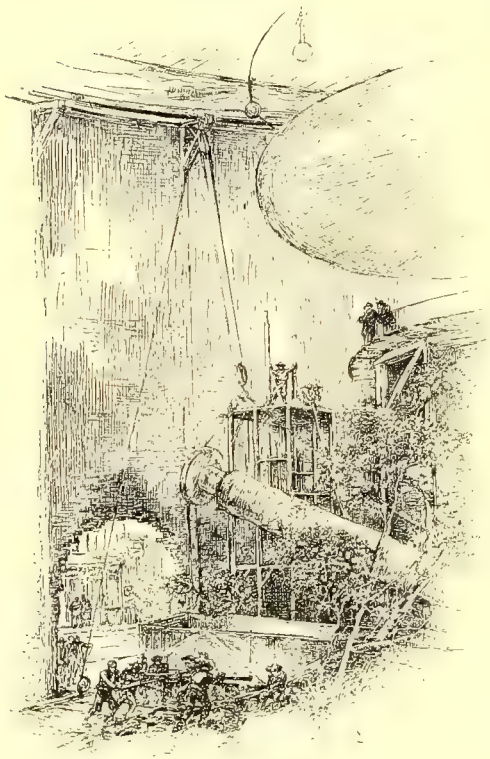
The Foreground.

The material for the foreground has been prepared before the receipt of the picture. The chief



PANORAMA EXHIBITION BUILDINGS, WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO.

artist and the mechanical constructor have superintended the construction of the platforms, following the irregular line indicated both on the first drawing and the panorama. All the lumber that is used is treated with a composition of silicate to keep out moisture, and to make it fire-proof. Hundreds of loads of earth have been carted into the building; quantities of lumber, trees both living and dead, together with a collection of fence rails, bushes, sods, logs, sand, and a variety of camp equipage, are piled about, ready for use. The platforms are the groundwork for the earth and sod, which are very skillfully joined to their painted semblances on the canvas; bushes and trees are planted; earthworks and log camps are built;—everything is done with careful intent to make the foreground and painting appear as one whole landscape, and so to join the two in meaning and color as to make it nearly impossible for a spectator to determine at any point which is the real and which the painted scene. This work calls for very careful judgment, as it is necessary to settle the exact relation in size which real objects shall bear to those in the painting. An ordinary cap or hat placed upon the foreground near the canvas would seem prodigious, though the same hat, thrown on the ground near the platform occupied by the spectator, would not attract notice. The entire foreground must, therefore, be arranged to aid the perspective of the painting, so that when the panorama is ready for exhibition, even the artist, who has constantly labored to attain that very result, finds difficulty in realizing that the scene spread before him is painted upon canvas which hangs vertically but forty feet distant from his eye.



MAKING READY TO HANG THE PANORAMA IN THE EXHIBITION BUILDING.

VISITORS.

THE curiosity of visitors has no end. They refuse to believe facts, and frequently resort to novel methods to confirm their own ideas. Many suspect that an immense plate of glass is placed between the spectator and the canvas; and some persons have even thrown objects with sufficient force to go thrice the distance from the platform

to the canvas, for the purpose, as they said, of testing this glass. Of course, there is no glass nor any other means of deception than the simple arrangements here described. The largest figures on the canvas are between three and four feet high, though they seem to be full life size.

A certain inquisitive old lady, visiting one of the earliest of these panoramas,— "The Battle of Sedan,"—helped herself over the platform-rail by means of convenient chairs, and trotted down an earth road leading from the platform to the canvas, where — alongside the painted figures — she looked like Gulliver's wife among the Liliputians.

"Why! Oh, my!" she exclaimed, "look at these dear little men! They are only so big!" holding up her parasol near a painted group of German soldiers which looked like dwarfs beside her. Great laughter greeted her return to the platform, where she remarked: "Oh, my! how they do grow when you get back, away from them!" And this is the whole secret of the effect produced upon the spectator.

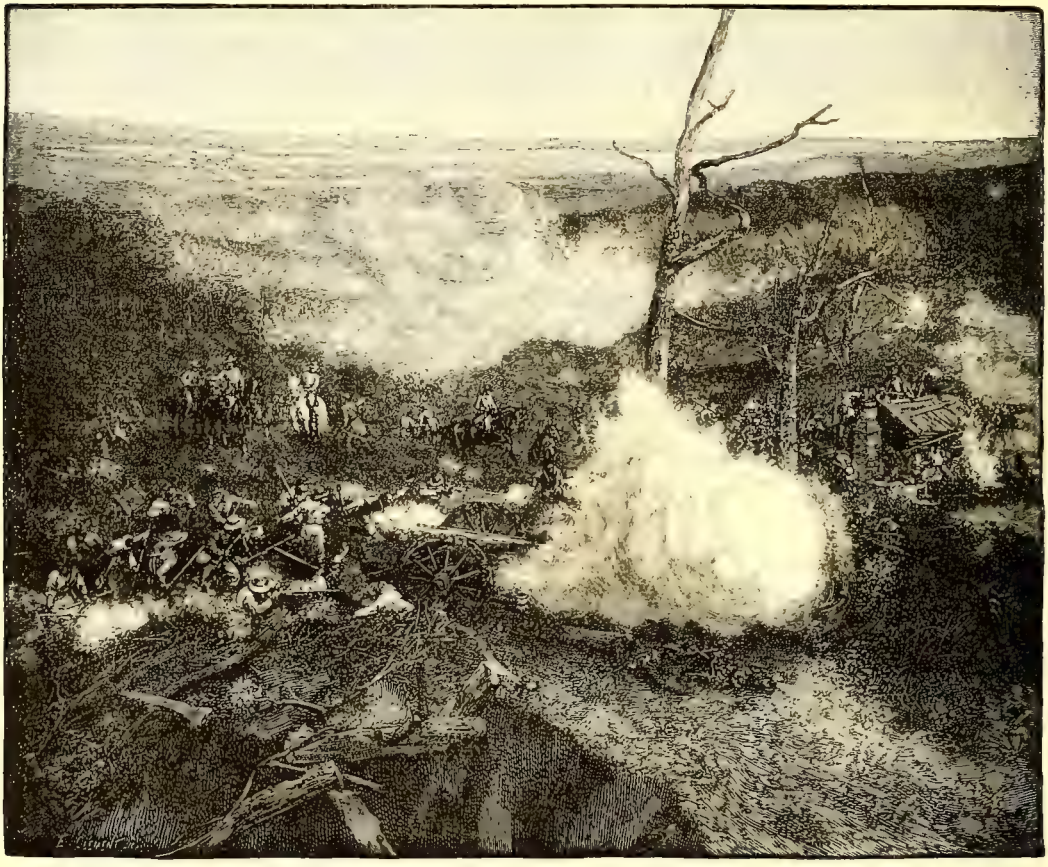
Some very interesting "optical facts" are found in these panoramas. In the "Battle of Missionary Ridge" there is, near the Craven House, on the side of Lookout Mountain, what appears to the eye to be a steep, open field. Looked at with a suitable field-glass, however, this precipitous appearance disappears, as it does also in the real scene when looked at in the same way. This truth to nature results from the painstaking work of the artists, who have painted the distance as conscientiously as the foreground.



BUILDING THE FOREGROUND, UPON PLATFORMS, IN THE EXHIBITION BUILDING.

Battle panoramas have been known for years in Europe. During the reign of Napoleon I., one was exhibited in Paris, and at present nearly all the principal cities of Europe have buildings for the exhibition of this kind of panorama. As all these buildings and panoramas are of exactly the same size, an interchange of canvases is possible, and this is said to be the intention of the panorama companies of the United States. It must, however, be said that some of the panoramas on exhibition have absolutely no value as historical paintings. They are fictitious productions, and have in them nothing that a veteran can recognize and explain to those whom he has accompanied to the exhibition for the purpose of showing the facts that came under his observation as a soldier in the actual battle.

A tell-tale silence pervades the platform of such a panorama, in direct contrast with the enthusiasm aroused by a panorama in which now one and now another veteran can recognize the places where he camped, picketed, marched, and fought. If the soldiers who are so earnest to have only the truth of history correctly printed in books, would but insist upon equal truth in the paintings of the same stirring conflicts, we should have many grand historical pictures instead of what may be interesting, but are often badly painted and almost wholly imaginary scenes.



SCENE FROM THE PANORAMA OF THE "BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE."

CRICKET SONGS.

By E. Whitney.

What 's the song the crickets sing—
Summer, autumn, winter, spring?

When I take my little broom
And go dusting through the room:
"Sweep! sweep! sweep! sweep!"

When I go to bed at night,
Then I hear them out of sight:
"Sleep! sleep! sleep! sleep!"

When I waken, every day,
If it 's sunny, then they say:
"Peep! peep! peep! peep!"

But they feel as bad as I
When it rains, for then they cry:
"Weep! weep! weep! weep!"

THE BAMBERRY BOYS
AND THEIR FLOCK OF SHEEP.

By J. T. Trowbridge.

There were five of the Bamberry boys, and when the oldest of them (Burton) was seventeen, and the youngest (Johnny) was seven, their Uncle Todd, a successful wool-grower in an adjoining county, made every one of them a present of a sheep.

Mr. Bamberry, the boys' father, had tried the experiment of sheep-raising a few years before, but had abandoned it, after having nearly all his flock killed by dogs.

"You never can find out whose dogs do the mischief," he said; "and it 's too much trouble to keep constant watch and ward against them. No!" he would add, emphatically, when his boys teased him to begin again with a few lambs, "I never want to see another sheep come upon my farm!"

But he was a good-natured man, and when Uncle Todd made his offer of five yearling lambs, provided the boys would go over after shearing-time and make him a visit and drive them home, Mr. Bamberry, reluctantly assenting, said:

"Well, well! try it, if you will; but remember, it 's your experiment, not mine."

Then the question arose, who should go for the sheep? and as not one of the boys was willing to remain at home,—not even seven-year-old Johnny, nor Henry, the third one, who was lame,—it was decided that they all should go. They could take Dolly and the one-horse wagon, drive over on one day, and return with the sheep the next.

It was a delightful adventure, and never were five boys happier than the Bamberry brothers when, on the second morning, while the air was yet cool and the dew on the grass, they set out with their bleating flock for home. They proceeded leisurely, letting the young sheep nibble occasionally by the wayside; and when one appeared tired and lagged too much, they picked it up and tumbled it into the wagon. At eleven o'clock they stopped to feed the horse and eat their own luncheon at a roadside spring, and by the middle of the afternoon they arrived home triumphantly with their little flock.

Nothing interests boys on a farm so much as something of their own to take care of and hope for profit from; and Uncle Todd's gift proved in many ways a benefit, not only to the brothers, but to the whole Bamberry household. It served to cure Burton of his restlessness; and from that time Todd, the second son (named after his uncle), began to show an interest in farm matters, which had never had the least attraction for him before. And the flock was a bond of union between the five boys, making them not only better brothers, but better sons.

Mr. Bamberry was to have the wool in return for pasturage and fodder; but the sheep and their increase were to belong to the boys. The flock prospered, numbering eleven the second year (including two pairs of twins), and eighteen the third, not counting two or three lambs which the boys had fattened for the table and sold to their father for a good price.

As a protection against dogs, the boys had built a high pen of unplaned boards, on the edge of

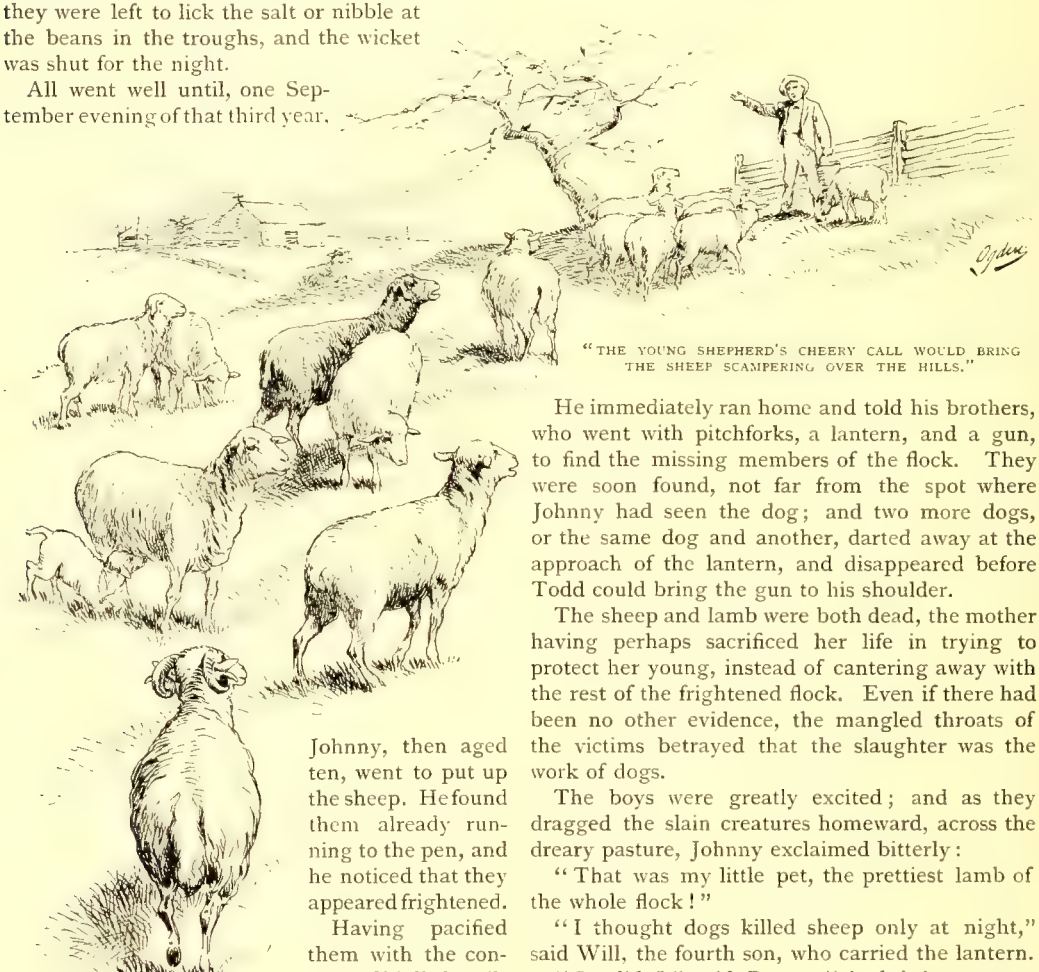
the pasture where the flock ranged in summer. Into this fold the sheep were enticed every evening by a little salt or a few handfuls of beans, which they learned to expect, and came for so regularly, that it was very little trouble to shut them up for the night. If not already at the wicket, when one of the young shepherds appeared at dusk, his cheery call, "Ca-day! Ca-day!" or "Nan! Nan! Nan!" would bring the sheep scampering over the hills and crowding into the inclosure. Then they were left to lick the salt or nibble at the beans in the troughs, and the wicket was shut for the night.

All went well until, one September evening of that third year, Johnny, then aged ten, went to put up the sheep. He found them already running to the pen, and he noticed that they appeared frightened.

Having pacified them with the contents of his little pail, he passed by the troughs, to see if they were all there. A count, carefully repeated, showed him that a sheep and a lamb were missing.

Then he went out and called, but heard no answering bleat, and saw no sheep or lamb coming over the shadowy slopes in the twilight. Fearing some danger to them, he ran to the summit of the hill, and looked off into the dim hollows beyond, calling "Ca-day! Ca-day! Nan! Nan! Come, Nan!" as loud as he could.

Getting no response, he hurried on, looking behind stone-heaps and old stumps, and in the corners of fences, until suddenly he saw flit away before him something which he mistook for a sheep. But no! it was a dog. It disappeared almost immediately in the darkness, and Johnny stood trembling with fear.



"THE YOUNG SHEPHERD'S CHEERY CALL WOULD BRING THE SHEEP SCAMPERING OVER THE HILLS."

He immediately ran home and told his brothers, who went with pitchforks, a lantern, and a gun, to find the missing members of the flock. They were soon found, not far from the spot where Johnny had seen the dog; and two more dogs, or the same dog and another, darted away at the approach of the lantern, and disappeared before Todd could bring the gun to his shoulder.

The sheep and lamb were both dead, the mother having perhaps sacrificed her life in trying to protect her young, instead of cantering away with the rest of the frightened flock. Even if there had been no other evidence, the mangled throats of the victims betrayed that the slaughter was the work of dogs.

The boys were greatly excited; and as they dragged the slain creatures homeward, across the dreary pasture, Johnny exclaimed bitterly:

"That was my little pet, the prettiest lamb of the whole flock!"

"I thought dogs killed sheep only at night," said Will, the fourth son, who carried the lantern.

"So did I," said Burt. "And it 's a pretty pass we 've come to, if penning our sheep at night wont answer, and they can be dogged and killed before it is fairly dark, and almost under our eyes! I believe one of those curs was Judge Mason's."

"I thought one was Haniman's miserable mongrel," said Todd.

Mr. Bamberry was hardly less exasperated than the boys when they reached home with the bad news. But he said:

"It 's about what I expected. There 's no way to keep sheep safe from dogs in this neighborhood, unless you watch 'em or pen 'em day and night. And now the trouble 's begun, I 'm afraid you 'll have enough of it."

"We 'll see about some of those dogs!" said Burton angrily.

"That will be of no use," said his father. "You can't trace 'em; and there 'll be worse trouble if you touch any man's dog without positive proof of his guilt."

Burt whispered to Todd, and taking the lantern, they went over to call on the Haniman boys, to tell them of their loss. The Hanimans listened with interest and sympathy, but when Todd said, "I think your dog was one of them," they cried out indignantly against so absurd a suspicion.

"Our Prince?" said Joe Haniman. "Why, he 's the gentlest, kindest, truest dog in the world! Here, Prince!" And he began to whistle.

"He goes with our sheep, and protects 'em," said Joe's brother Bob. "You could n't get him to hurt one; if you should set him on a sheep, he would only just catch and hold it."

"You could n't have seen him," Joe stopped whistling to say. "He 's always at home; I saw him not half an hour ago. Here, Prince! —here he is, now," as the gentlest, kindest, truest dog in the world came bounding to his side. "There! does he look like a dog that would kill sheep?"

He certainly did not; and Todd was easily convinced that he had been mistaken. Prince was a long-legged, tawny mongrel, and there were perhaps fifty dogs in the county that might be taken for him in the dusk.

The Bamberry boys next went to call on Judge Mason, Burt saying that he himself had not been half so sure of the Haniman dog as he was of the judge's.

They found the judge kind and candid, but inclined to scoff at the notion that his Roland could be guilty of so grave an offense.

"Where is he now?" Burt inquired.

"I don't know," said the judge. "He 's about the place, somewhere; I saw him not ten minutes since. He may have slipped off, to avoid being shut up for the night in the woodshed; he does sometimes. But he 's the most harmless dog—you know him."

"I know him only too well," replied Burt. "And I 'm confident I saw him to-night."

"Pooh! pooh! don't be too hasty," said the judge, putting his hand on Burt's shoulder. "Could you swear that as a fact you really saw him?"

"No," Burt admitted; "but ——"

"You are not certain; and even if you did see him, that fact never would convince me that Roland had killed your sheep. Why, boys, I 've such confidence in that noble dog that I 'm not afraid to offer fifty dollars for every sheep killed in this county, if he can be proved to have been in any way concerned in killing or mangling one."

"It may be hard to prove. But I should like to see your dog now," said Todd.

"Well, you can see him; he can't be far away." And the judge called, but called in vain; no Roland appeared. "He 's afraid of the woodshed," said his master with an indulgent laugh. "Can't blame him. That dog 's very cunning!"

The boys went to the houses of two or three other neighbors who kept dogs, but got no satisfaction anywhere.

"I knew just how it would turn out," said their father, on their return home. "No man will admit that his dog kills sheep, though you should canvass the country. The only way is for one of you to keep in sight of the flock during the day, and then pen them early."

The boys resolved to act by this advice, and make the best of their misfortune. But worse was yet to come.

On the second morning after this, on going to let out the flock, Henry was astonished by what he saw. Five sheep had been killed in the night, and lay dead in the pen with their throats mangled. The others started and huddled into corners at the slightest sound or motion, showing that they had been subjected to a recent great fright and disturbance.

Henry did not open the wicket, but limped homeward as fast as he could; and it was not long before his brothers were with him on the spot. For a while, not much was to be heard but muttered vengeance. Todd and Will were for going off at once and seeking for evidence of sheep-killing among all the dogs in town—traces of their recent feast must be discovered on some of them; but Burt said:

"I 've tried that once; and, as father says, it 's of no use. The best way is to keep still, and think of some plan to get even with them."

"We must do something soon," said Todd, "or we shall lose all our sheep, now that the brutes have had a taste of them. I thought this pen was high enough, and close enough, to protect them against all dogs, big or little."

"It must be a very small dog that could crawl between these boards," said Henry; "and a very long-legged one that could jump over. I would n't have believed any dog in the world could clear such a fence!"

"The dogs that killed those sheep certainly got over, and I 'm sure there was more than one," said Burt. "None that could crawl through would

be apt to have strength or courage to attack a flock. Boys, look here!"

"Scratches, as sure as fate!" said Henry. "See here!—and here!"

Marks on the boards were found, indicating that attempts to get over had been made by dogs that had left the prints of their claws on the fence, either in leaping up or in falling back. Places, too, were discovered, where the lower ones had been clawed and gnawed, as if in efforts to get through.

"I 'll tell you, boys!" cried Todd, "there 's been a whole pack of dogs here! Some have got over, and the rest could n't. Some have tried to work through."

"Sheep-killing dogs go in packs, like wolves," said Burt. "When one discovers a flock open to attack, it seems as if he went and told the others. Constant watching, after that, is the only thing that can save a single one of that flock. It is just as father has told us all along; and all the comfort we shall get out of him will be, 'It 's what I expected; now, maybe you 'll believe what I say.' What are we going to do?"

"I believe," said Henry, "we can trap the dogs, just as I have heard of farmers trapping wolves in old times."

"I 've thought of that," said Todd. "It will be better than trying to kill them off by poisoning some of the meat and leaving it for them to eat."

"Say nothing to anybody, boys," said Burt; "but let us set quietly to work, and rebuild this pen in such a way that any dog that wants to get *in* can do so without much trouble. We 'll have it harder for him to get *out*, I tell you!"

They found some comfort in talking over the plan and anticipating the results. The living sheep were let out, and the dead ones left in the pen, which before night was made considerably higher. And on the side toward the pasture, at which the dogs had evidently got over, one section of the fence was made to slant inward toward the top, so that dogs could easily run up and leap over, while it would be impossible for the "longest-shanked cur in creation," as Todd said, "to jump back again."

That evening, after having been watched by one of the boys all day, the living sheep and lambs were driven to the shed and shut in; but the dead sheep were left in the pen, and the wicket was made fast. Then the boys withdrew, to await anxiously what might happen over night.

They feared that, dogs being probably more knowing than wolves, it might not be easy to catch them in such a trap; and then, when it was too late to go back to the pen, they began to think over and discuss all the possibilities of the marauders getting out again, even if caught. But there was nothing to be done before morning except to sleep, if they could.

They had youth and health, and they slept, notwithstanding their excitement. But at the first streak of day, Burt and Todd were up; and their whispers, as they hurriedly dressed, in the great farm-house garret, awoke their brothers. Ten-year-old Johnny was the last to get his sleepy eyes unsealed and tumble out of bed; and with some of his clothes on and the rest in his hands, he followed the others down the dim stairs, and out into the cool, gray September morning.

The boys looked first to see that the sheep in the shed had not been molested; then they hastened on to the fold which they had converted into a trap. Lame Henry, whom even little Johnny outstripped in that eager race, hobbled behind; while Todd, the best runner, was the first to reach the pen. He looked through the fence. There was a pause, and silence of a few seconds, broken only by the sounds of feet hurrying behind him. Then he turned and flung up his hands, excitedly, shouting back at his brothers:

"We 've got 'em! we 've got 'em! Come, quick!" He beckoned frantically, and, turning again to look into the pen, almost went into convulsions of gleeful triumph as Burt and Will and Johnny came clattering to the spot.

Then Henry, still in the rear, but watching sharply what was taking place at the pen, saw the others go into similar convulsions, as one by one they peeped between the rails; and finally he himself followed the prevailing custom, as he came up and took a look.

And well might the young owners of those slain sheep exult! Never before, I am sure, did a sheep-fold in a region rid of wild beasts present so amazing a spectacle.

Dogs! At first sight, it seemed almost full of them. There were twenty-three by actual count (and this is no fiction); dogs of nearly all colors, shapes, and sizes, known the country round: surly bull-dogs, restless fox-hounds, and meeching mongrels, with cringing tails.

There were several neighbors' dogs that the boys knew; among them, "the kindest, gentlest, truest dog that ever was,"—Haniman's Prince,—and Judge Mason's "noble" Roland! There were also dogs that none of the Bamberries remembered ever to have seen before. There were even three or four half-breed shepherd dogs, that had left unhurt their own masters' flocks to prey upon the flocks of their neighbors.

"Roland was a little too cunning for his own good!" chuckled Will. "The woodshed he hates so would have been better for his health last night."

The dead sheep had been partly devoured, observing which, Todd remarked:

"I thought dogs were more knowing than wolves; but they say wolves, caught in such a trap, never will touch a sheep until they find a safe way out again."

There was an animated discussion as to what should be done with so many dangerous members of the community. Todd thought they ought to shoot them all, and then call upon the owners to pay damages.

"We 'll have the damages," said Burt, "and I 've no doubt most of the dogs deserve to be killed; but I prefer to let the owners do the killing. Some are valuable dogs; and it 's more their masters' fault than their own that they have been allowed to run loose, and get into temptation, along with bad company. They have been simply acting out their original dog-nature."

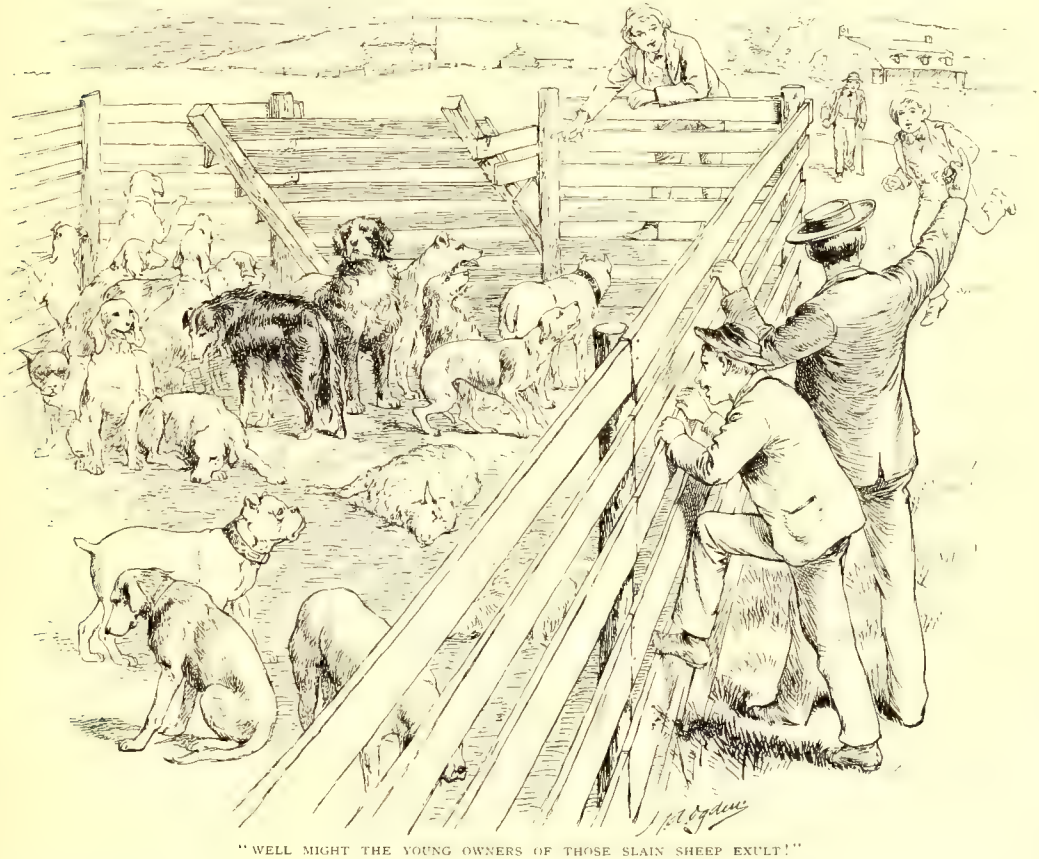
"Yes; but the way they act," said Todd, "shows they have some conscience about such things, and know that they have been doing wrong."

"They know they are caught, and will probably get punished; that 's all their conscience amounts to," said Will, who strongly advocated the shooting policy.

"It looks like a dog-show!" exclaimed Johnny, walking around to get a good view of all the slinking and cowering curs.

From that Burt took a hint.

"A dog-show it is, and a dog-show it shall be! We 'll have some fun out of this thing, boys, and maybe some money to pay us for all our trouble and loss."



"WELL MIGHT THE YOUNG OWNERS OF THOSE SLAIN SHEEP EXULT!"

The idea became immediately popular.

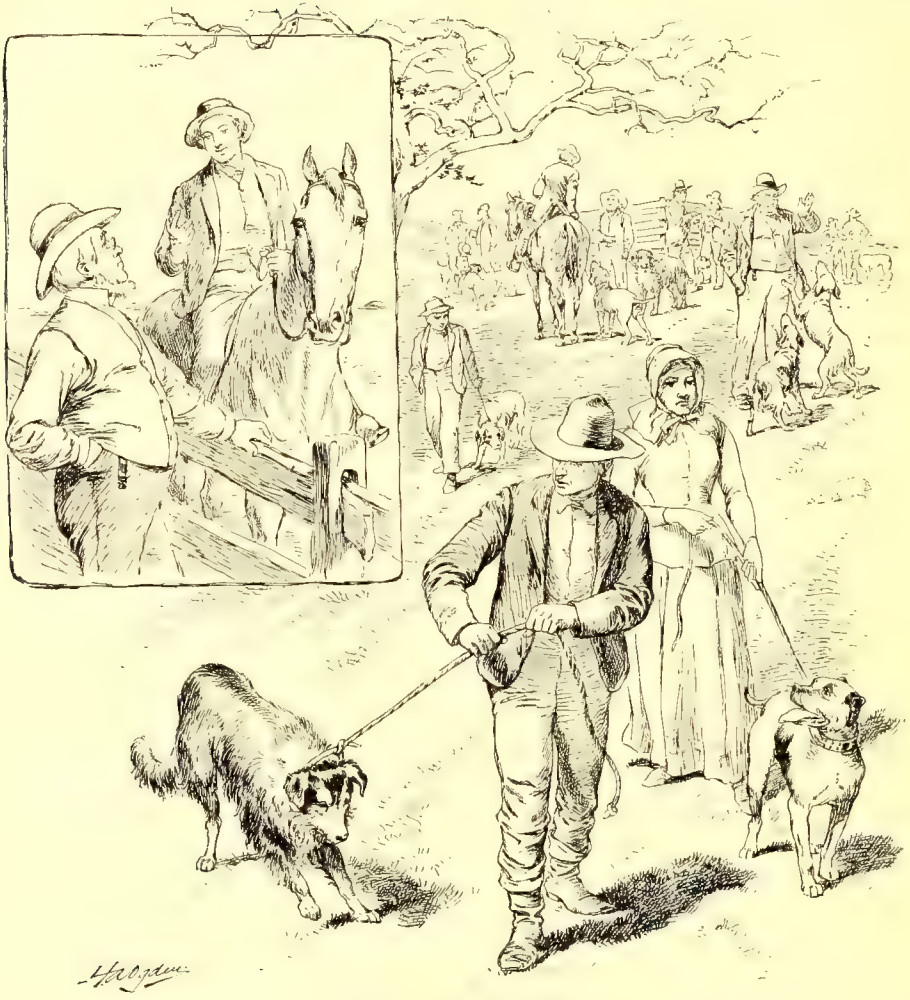
"Admission, ten cents; children under twelve years old, half price," laughed Henry.

"Owners of dogs contributed, to be put on the free list," said Todd.

"'Contributed' is good!" cried Burt, with grim humor.

"So is 'free list,'" added Will. "Perhaps we 'd better offer prizes!"

"That might be going a little too far; we must



TAKING THE CULPRITS HOME.

draw the line somewhere," observed Todd, dryly. "Any owner who will come forward like a man, pay damages, and take his animal away, may see the show for nothing. How 's that, boys?"

"All right," replied Burt. "But now, about the damages?"

"I say, make every man that has a dog in this show pay a round ten dollars," said Will; "or else kill his dog."

"And prosecute him, under the law," added Todd. "Boys, we have control of the whole affair now."

"That 's true," assented Burt. "And for that very reason we should be careful."

"Temper justice with mercy," observed Henry.

The matter was talked over with their father, who said, as he came and looked into the pen, "Well done! well done, boys! a good catch, a wonderful catch, I declare!" But he objected to a part of their plan.

"It 's fair and right," he said, "to make every man whose dog is found here pay a round sum for him, say, five dollars. But I 'm afraid it will look a little too much like a money-making job on our part if you charge anything for admission to the show."

The boys thought he was right; and though they were reluctant to give up that advantage, they concluded to have the fun without the profit, and make the show free to the public.

After breakfast, while Henry and Johnny remained to watch the captives, with a loaded gun and plenty of ammunition, Burt and Todd and Will set off on horseback, riding in different direc-

tions, to notify all owners of dogs within a radius of six or eight miles to come and claim their property, and, incidentally, they invited everybody to the show.

One of the first persons Todd called upon was Judge Mason, whom he found in his peach-orchard.

"Good-morning, Judge Mason," he said, cheerfully, from his horse. "Is your dog about the place this morning?"

"Well! — hm!" coughed the judge, "I suppose so. I think I saw him." He was not a man who would tell an untruth; and he must have imagined that he had seen Roland very recently.

"Was he shut in the woodshed last night?" Todd asked.

"I 've no doubt of it; I gave orders that he should be," said the judge. "Any more trouble with your sheep?"

Instead of answering this question, Todd asked another:

"Do you remember your offer of fifty dollars for every sheep killed in the county, if your dog was proved to have been concerned in killing or mangling one?"

"I believe I did say that, I know Roland so well!" exclaimed the judge. "Why?"

"Because," said Todd, with a gleaming smile, "according to that, you owe us three hundred and fifty dollars."

"What! what! what!" said the judge.

"It is no mere suspicion this time," said Todd. "If you have seen your noble and harmless dog this morning, you 've seen him in the trap we set for him, where I just left him, shut up with the carcasses of five more sheep, killed night before last. That makes seven in all — three hundred and fifty dollars!" he repeated, with a very grim sort of laugh.

"Todd Bamberry!" said the judge, explosively, "it 's impossible!"

"Seeing is believing," rejoined Todd. "Wont you come over, please, and see for yourself?"

"Then you boys caught him and put him there!" declared the judge, looking very red and angry.

"There are twenty-two other dogs with him," said Todd. "Could we have caught them all and shut them up together? We must have had a lively night's work if we did!"

"Well! well!" said the judge, "I 'm astounded. I 'll go over and see about it."

"Do, if you please. Father is waiting to talk with the owners who come to take their dogs away. We 'll let the noble Roland off for a trifle less than three hundred and fifty!" And Todd galloped away.

Burt, meantime, had seen the Haniman boys, and notified them of Prince's capture. So the three went the rounds of the neighborhood, and far beyond, spreading the news, which created an extraordinary sensation, rememembered to this day in all that part of the country.

The show was well patronized that afternoon, men and boys flocking from all parts to see the catch of twenty-three sheep-killers, secured by the Bamberry boys in one night. Visitors were coming and going all the afternoon; and fifteen of them led away dejected-looking curs, with tails between their legs and ropes around their necks.

At night, eight of the dogs remained unclaimed; and for five of them no owners ever appeared. They were accordingly shot. How many of the others shared the same fate, at the hands of masters who despaired of their reform, the boys never knew.

For most of the eighteen that were redeemed they received five dollars each; but for a few they got only a part, in cash, of the penalty demanded, and were never able to collect the whole. The total sum which they realized was a little over sixty-seven dollars; and that they considered sufficient to cover past damages and some future risks.

They kept their sheep-pen built in the same way, but never again caught any dogs, nor lost any more sheep from canine depredations. Their flock prospered, and their father was obliged at length to acknowledge that the experiment was a success.



THE STORY OF A SQUASH

There once was a great big squash vine.
It went spreading o'er the ground;
It covered all the little plants
And things, that grew around.
Just like this!

And it bore such great big squashes
That the children came one day
And dug a cave in one of them,
And there they used to play
Just like this!



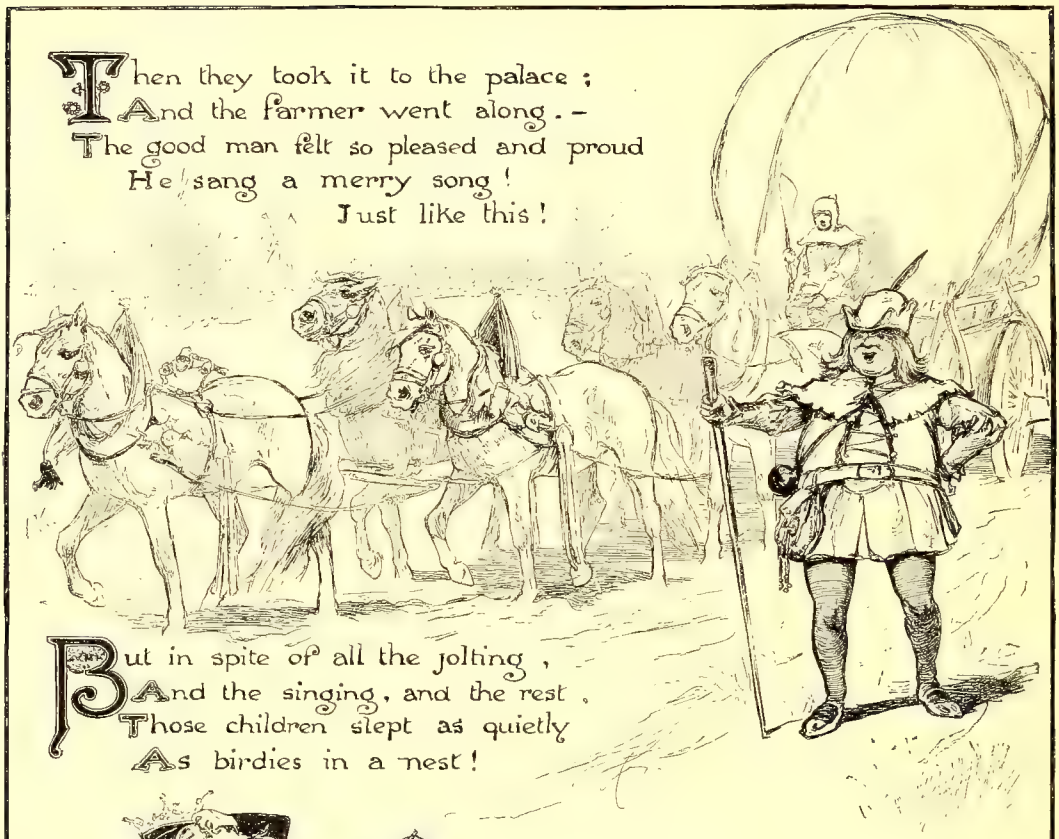
So that squash just kept on growing
Till at last the children cried;—
"Let's bring our beds out here to-night,
And we can sleep inside"

But quite early in the morning,
While the children's sleep was sound,
The farmer, he came out to see
His squashes big and round,—
Just like this!

"I've been thinking," said the farmer
"'Twould be quite a generous thing
If I should send this great big squash
As a present to the King!"

So they brought the large farm wagon,
But they had to tug and haul
To get that big squash safely in,
And not to let it fall.

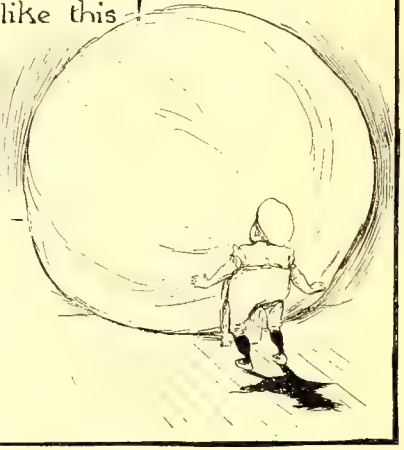
Then they took it to the palace;
And the farmer went along.—
The good man felt so pleased and proud
He sang a merry song!
Just like this!



But in spite of all the jolting,
And the singing, and the rest,
Those children slept as quietly
As birdies in a nest!



When they drove up to the palace,
There was wonder and surprise;—
The King threw down his golden crown,
And stared, and rubbed his eyes!
Just like this!



Then they bore it to the Kitchen,
But the cook exclaimed with tears;—
"If I should make it into pies
'Twould take me twenty years!"



Now the King was in the parlor,
Waiting pleasantly for pie.
But when they brought that message back
Fire flashed from out his eye.



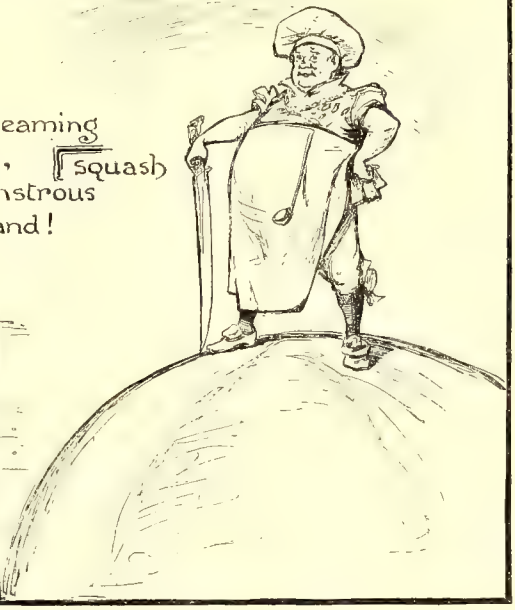
Up he rose, and sought the kitchen
And he spake in thunder-tone;
"Quick! make those pies, thou miscreant,
Or in a dungeon groan!"



Then the frightened cook ran trembling
To put on his largest pot
"Pile up the wood" he cried aloud;
"And make the oven hot!"

With his knife so brightly gleaming
Ready lifted in his hand, [squash
He climbed upon that monstrous
And there he took his stand!
Just like this!





But it happened just that moment,
That those sleepy girls and boys
Awaked at last, and out they came,
Astonished at the noise.



Oh! the cook flung off his apron,
And he tore his cap in two,—
The scullions ran to tell the King!—
What a hullabaloo!



But the children—oh, the children!
They were not at all afraid;—
They ate great bowls of bread and milk
And lots of marmalade!



Came the King and Queeen to view them,
All the court was there beside.
"Oh, children, dear, how came you here?"
The Queeen delighted cried!
Just like this!

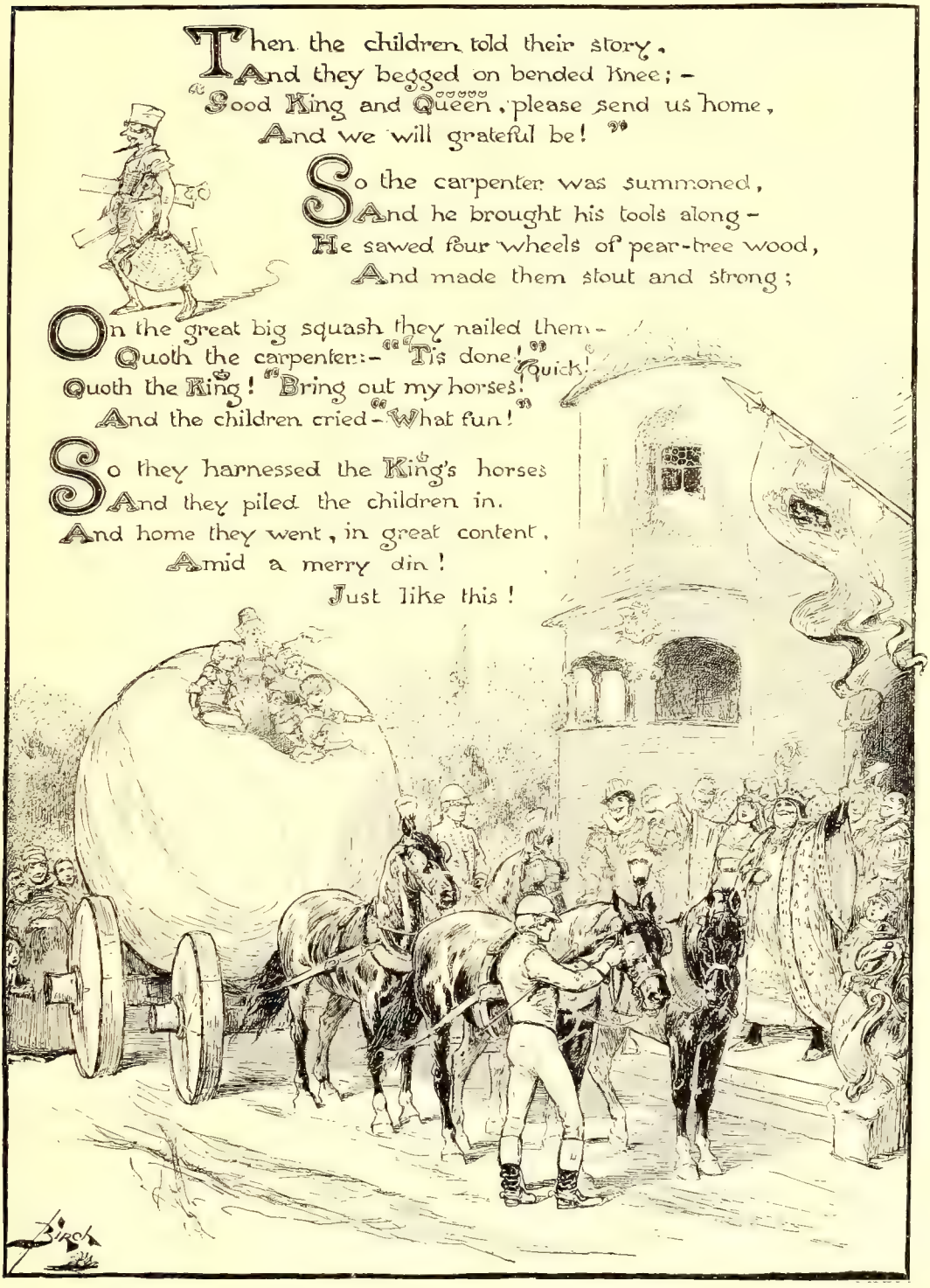


Then the children told their story,
And they begged on bended knee;—
"Good King and Queen, please send us home,
And we will grateful be!"

So the carpenter was summoned,
And he brought his tools along—
He sawed four wheels of pear-tree wood,
And made them stout and strong;

On the great big squash they nailed them—
Quoth the carpenter:—"'Tis done!" "Quick!
Quoth the King! "Bring out my horses!
And the children cried—"What fun!"

So they harnessed the King's horses
And they piled the children in.
And home they went, in great content,
Amid a merry din!
Just like this!



A SCHEMING OLD SANTA CLAUS.

By John R. Coryell.

Ned Joyce was always a jolly fellow. He was jolly on the hottest day in summer and on the wettest day in spring; but in winter he was jollier than ever. Particularly jolly was he one tingling cold twentieth of December evening. In fact, you may safely say that he was then the jolliest man to be found either in New York or Brooklyn.

Why, his rosy cheeks glowed, and his blue eyes twinkled with positively hilarious happiness, and he looked so much like an overgrown Christmas cherub, that passers-by glanced back at him with a comfortable sort of smile, and then went on again with a new stock of pleasant thoughts as if, after encountering him, a body could think no other kind of thoughts.

It was just so every winter, as Christmas came around. The nearer Christmas came the jollier Ned grew, until at last he was so full of good-will to everybody that his chuckles and smiles became infectious, and the stoniest-hearted strangers would find themselves smiling back at him.

No one knows for how many gifts he was responsible, for, as everybody knows, it is impossible for the meanest man in the world to resist the Christmas spirit if once it get into his heart. And it will get into his heart the moment a sympathetic smile warms it. You see, the Christmas spirit is always on the watch for such chances, and I believe that it followed jolly Ned Joyce wherever he went, knowing how people's hearts warmed at the very sight of him. And so it happened that often, during Christmas week, careless, worldly-minded men, who had never thought of giving a present, would meet him, smile kindly at him, and then rush away and buy presents for sons and daughters or nieces and nephews.

But of all this Ned Joyce had never a suspicion, for he was the modestest kind of a man. He scattered his smiles right and left, on boot-black or bank president impartially, and went his way unconscious of the good he was doing.

And this is just what he did that particular twentieth day of December, as he stepped along as briskly as ever his fat little legs could carry him. He was in a hurry, partly because he was going home, partly because it was so very cold, and partly because he was *always* in a hurry.

He lived in Brooklyn, and he should have taken the cars across the bridge on so bitter a night — and the snow falling fast, too. But he knew very well he could never stand in the crowd on the cars without talking to somebody; and he was certain that if he did talk, he would surely tell all about what made him so very, very happy, and that, of course, would not do. For who wanted to know his private affairs?

Naturally enough *you* want to know why he was so very, very happy, and you shall know. The firm for which he worked had, that very evening, given him twenty-five dollars for a Christmas present. He had expected twenty dollars, for he had always had that much given him; and he had, days and days before, arranged for the spending of it. But now he had five dollars more, and for the first time in his life he felt the delicious indecision which he knew every millionaire must feel as to how to spend his money.

All the way across the bridge he tried to think of the best way of spending that five dollars. Of course, if he had been a prudent man, he would have put it away in the savings-bank; but it is just as well to confess at once that Ned Joyce never was a very prudent man, and that at Christmas time he was not prudent at all.

He had not decided about the five dollars when he stepped off the bridge on the Brooklyn side. Still that was no reason why he should prolong his walk instead of going straight home. But he did. He gave the vest-pocket that held the precious twenty-five dollars a sounding thump with his pudgy hand, chuckled very gleefully and very loudly, and turned into Fulton street and walked up it, with all its merry lights winking back quiet Christmas jokes at him.

What do you suppose the silly fellow was going to do? Exactly what he had done every night for the past two weeks — look into the store windows and gloat over the presents he was going to buy for the three little Joyces snug at home in the little brown house.

But first there was the butcher's. He must stop and find out if George Stout had got him that sixteen-pound turkey. Sixteen pounds! Yes, sir; sixteen pounds! Oh, well! perhaps it was a bit extravagant; but what of it? Christmas was Christmas with Ned Joyce, and he not only loved to look at a plump brown turkey himself, but, what was more important, he counted on the joyous demonstrations of Roby and Essie when they saw it kicking up its heels as it came, all sizzling and snapping, out of the oven.

Sixteen pounds! yes, sir. And it would have

been twenty, only the oven would not hold it. Why, it was worth the price only to hear the shouts of surprise from Essie and Roby, while Betty, with all her twelve years and motherly dignity, would try to keep a straight face, all the time twinkling out sparks of fun across the table at her father!

Oh, well! He just had to laugh right out in the street at the very thought of it all. And he rubbed his hands merrily together as he peered through the frosted window of George Stout's butcher-shop to see if there was a specially large turkey hanging up there.

And as he peered and chuckled and slapped his vest-pocket, he noticed a little girl by his side, also peering through the window. Just about his Betty's age she was, but, dear me! not nearly so plump.

"Choosing your Christmas Turkey, eh?" he demanded, beaming pleasantly on her.

She turned a pinched face up at him and then, with a pitiful sort of timidity, drew away, saying in a low voice:

"No, sir."

"No harm in it. Bless my soul! No harm in it. Just what I 'm doing."

Now, Ned Joyce had a pleasant voice. It was full and round, and seemed to have a lurking laugh in it. As he spoke to the little girl, it was pleasanter and heartier than ever, for it had struck him at once that there was misery in the face before him, and he was sympathetic in a moment — not dolefully, but cheerily sympathetic however. Evidently the little girl felt his friendliness, for a smile flitted over her lips.

"Why," went on Ned Joyce, "I begin to think of my turkey weeks before it 's time to eat it. Yes, indeed, I do. I 'm very fond of turkey, I am. Are n't you?"

"Yes, sir, I guess so."

"You guess so! Bless my soul! don't you know for sure?"

"No, sir," answered the little girl, drawing back timidly at his vehemence.

"Tum-tum, hm-hm," hummed Ned, staring at the little girl in an uncomfortably fixed way. "You don't mean — hm-hm — You don't — Bless my soul, did you never taste turkey?"

"Not since I was a little girl."

"A little girl! Oh! (Does n't know how it tastes!" murmured Ned, under his breath. "My goodness! What a fine chance! She shall know; she shall know.")

He gave his vest-pocket such a vigorous thump that the little girl started.

"See here!" said he, putting his hand under her chin and holding her face up so that he could look into it. "That 's dreadful. You must never tell that to anybody. I 'm going to give you a turkey, and you must take it home to your mother and have her cook it for Christmas dinner. Oh, it 's all right, I 'm Santa Claus. People don't generally know it, but I am; and it 's my business to see that everybody has turkey for Christmas. Bless my heart! Come in here, and just say to your mother that Santa Claus sent it. Never tasted turkey!"

"Oh, sir, how good you are! But I have n't any mother."

"Have n't you, though? That 's bad. Tell your father, then."

"I have n't any father either; only little Jamie."

"Only little Jamie, eh? That 's bad, that 's very bad. Who takes care of you, then?" asked Ned.

"We take care of ourselves. Jamie is n't well, but he crochets beautifully. I crochet, too; and we get along."

Ned Joyce was, now more than ever, sure that his extra five dollars had come to him by way of a special Providence. Here was just the chance to use it. And he did use it.

He bought a turkey and a bunch of celery and a pint of cranberries.

"That 's for your dinner," he said. "But how will you get it cooked?"

The little girl told him of a kind neighbor that would gladly attend to that; and then he went to a store near by and bought her a warm hood, a pair of mittens, and a pair of rubbers, and still he had a dollar left out of the providential five.

"Now, let 's go get something for Jamie," he said. "But stop! How do we know what he wants. Do you know?"

"It 'll be a book, I 'm sure."

"Oh, ho! a book, eh? But what book? We must n't get the wrong book. That would n't do. See here! Take these bundles. That 's it. Now there 's a dollar for Jamie's book. Find out just what he wants, and get it for him, and say Santa Claus sent it. Good-night! Merry Christmas!"

And giving the spot over his vest-pocket a sounding clap, Ned went off at a trot, laughing and chuckling harder than ever.

Such spirits as he was in after that! Every time he came to a slide on the sidewalk, he would "take it," in "spread-eagle" style, with a jolly laugh, and then invite the boys to have a crack at him as he ran off. And every time a snow-ball struck him, he would laugh louder than ever.

Well, just fancy him getting home to the little brown house. What a romping-time! Roby was six — Essie was four. They climbed up on him at once, and he tumbled them and rolled them about as if they had been made of India rubber,

and motherly little Betty all the while putting on the supper and smiling demurely at them as if they were so many frolicsome kittens.

All through supper and all through the going to bed it was just the same merry time. It is a wonder Roby and Essie did not giggle all night. But they did not. They just said their prayers, put their heads on their pillows, and the house was still.



"THAT 'S FOR YOUR DINNER," NED SAID.

Papa Ned and Betty sat in front of the cozy grate fire smiling lovingly at each other until it was quite certain that the little ones were sound asleep. Then Papa Ned could not keep still any longer, and he told Betty all about his good fortune — how he had received the extra five dollars, and how he had spent it on the poor little girl.

Of course, Betty approved. It seemed to her that he had done the only thing he could do, and it certainly did look as if he had received the extra five dollars on purpose to make the little girl and Jamie know what a Christmas really could be like.

"And to think," said he, slapping his vest-pocket gratefully, "that I could do so much and still have my twenty — my twenty — my ——"

He felt in the vest-pocket he had so often slapped, and repeated "my twenty" several times over. Then a serious look fell on his jolly face, and he felt in the other pocket, saying "my twenty" more slowly. Then a scared look took the place of the serious one, and he felt in both pockets at once.

Then he sprang to his feet and felt in his trousers-pockets; then in his coat-pockets; then in every one of his pockets; then he fell on his knees on the floor and began to search.

Betty asked for no explanation. She put the lamp on the floor and searched too. After a while Ned Joyce looked up and groaned:

"I must have given it to the little girl."

"And you don't know where she lives?" asked Betty.

"No," said her father.

"Oh, dear! But, Papa, maybe she 'll be waiting for you on the corner where you left her."

"Maybe she will. She looked like a good girl," said Ned, more cheerfully.

He put on his hat and coat and hurried out. He was gone an hour, and came back looking very dismal. You would not have believed jolly Ned Joyce could look so.

II.

THE little brown house Ned Joyce lived in had been a country cottage once; but that was long ago. The city of Brooklyn had grown up all around it, and there it stood, now, nestling so snugly in among the big brick houses, that tired

city people always felt like turning in at the gate as if they were sure of finding rest there.

The Joyces could have filled every nook and corner of the little house, which was only two stories high, but as they could not afford to do that, they occupied only the lower floor and rented the upper story to a Mr. Job Skeens.

Now Job Skeens was as unlike Ned Joyce as you can imagine. There was, indeed, just such a difference between them as there was between the parts of the house they lived in. The lower story was broad and low and cheery-looking; so was Ned Joyce. The upper story, having a gable roof, was narrow and peaked and gave you an uncomfortable feeling of being full of sharp corners to bump against,—for all the world like Job Skeens.

He was very tall and very lean. His neck was so long that it kept his head lifted high up above his coat collar; his wrists were long, and his hands were bony, and his laugh was thin, dry, and sarcastic—very different from jolly Ned's.

The Joyces had very little to do with Mr. Skeens. They had once asked him to take supper with them and afterward spend the evening, but his queer looks and awkward ways so puzzled and disturbed them that the experiment was never tried again.



"I MUST HAVE GIVEN IT TO THE LITTLE GIRL!"

Of course, then, you can believe he was not the man Ned Joyce would choose for a comforter in his trouble. And, in fact, he would not even have spoken to him about it, had it not so happened that he met him at the gate next morning as both were going to business.

"Well! You don't look happy this morning, Mr. Joyce," said Mr. Skeens, in his vinegary voice, seeming positively pleased to see his usually jolly neighbor looking dismal.

"I don't feel happy, either, Mr. Skeens," answered Ned, dolefully.

"Sickness in the family? eh?"

It seemed to Ned that Mr. Skeens asked this question with an air of pleased expectation, and, really, he felt like striking him for it. However, he restrained himself, and answered shortly:

"No, sir, thank you! we all are well."

With that he would have left Mr. Skeens; but that disagreeable fellow would not be left, and he so pestered Ned with his questions, that at last the poor fellow told him the whole story. Mr. Skeens listened with many a grimace, and, when Ned was through, he exclaimed in his chuckling way:

"Why don't you draw some money out of the bank? You 'll never see your twenty dollars again."

"I have no money in the bank," said Ned, sadly.

"Then you can't have any Christmas presents, eh?" suggested Mr. Skeens.

"Not unless I find my money," Ned replied.

"Oh, you 'll never find it!" said Mr. Skeens, adding with his most unpleasant laugh: "And your presents were all selected, too, eh?"

"They were, sir," said Ned, indignantly; "but I don't see anything in that to laugh at."

"Of course not—he-he—of course not. And you 'll have to countermand the turkey, too." And Mr. Skeens seemed positively to glow with pleasure.

"Good-morning, sir," said Ned, warmly; "I could n't laugh at any man's misfortunes."

But Mr. Skeens laughed many times more that day, in his sarcastic style, as he sat in the dingy cellar, not far from Fulton street, where he kept a second-hand book-store. But finally something happened which made him chuckle with even greater delight.

Late in the afternoon a little girl came in and asked him if he had a copy of the "Arabian Nights."

"Yes," he replied; but he did not move to get it for her.

"May I see it?" she asked timidly.

"Third shelf, fifth book," he said, pointing to the place.

She reached up, took the book down, and opened it.

"It has n't any pictures," she said.

"I did n't say it had," said Mr. Skeens.

"I want one with pictures," she said.

"Fourth book further on, same shelf. Price, seventy-five cents," said the bookseller grimly, glancing at her over his spectacles.

"Oh, yes!" said the girl, opening the book. "I know Jamie would like this better."

These words were said to herself, but Mr. Skeens heard them; and in an instant he was out of his chair, staring hard at his little customer. For her appearance and her mention of "Jamie" recalled Ned Joyce's story of that morning; and now, as she turned the leaves of the book, Mr. Skeens, looking closely at her, saw that she held in one hand a twenty-dollar bill.

"The very same girl, I 'll wager!" he exclaimed under his breath; and, stepping forward, he peered down into her face and demanded:

"Did n't you get that twenty dollars last night from a little fat man?"

"Why — ye — yes, sir," she faltered in a terrible fright. "I — I was going to watch for him to-night."

"Oh, to be sure! very likely — quite probable. What 's your name?" he asked.

"Molly Findley, sir. I was going to — indeed, I was. Here is the dollar bill; he gave me this one and told me to buy the book. He dropped the other, and I did n't see it at first. Do you know him?"

"Know him? Indeed I do. Here, give me that money," he demanded. "Or no," he added, as Molly held back hesitating, yet alarmed, "tell me where you live. I 'll see him and let him know where he can find his money." Mr. Skeens laid his long fingers on Molly's shoulder. "You seem like an honest child," he said, "but I think, after all, I 'd better shut up shop and go along with you to see if your story is true."

It was after he had been home with Mollie and had returned to his cellar, that he gave way to his glee.

"What luck!" he piped, in his thin voice, "for me to find his twenty dollars. I 'll see that he does n't get 'em before Christmas. He would n't laugh at another man's misfortunes. O no! But I would. I must have a look at him to-night. How nice and dismal he did look!"

And, true enough, when he went home that night with Ned Joyce's twenty-dollar bill in his pocket, he knocked at the door, and then poked his head in to say, with a smile:

"Countermanded that turkey, yet?"

III.

YES, Ned Joyce had countermanded the turkey. He had very bravely gone into the butcher-shop, and said:

"George, I can't take that turkey — that sixteen-pounder, you ——"

There he broke down, and, with a pathetic wave of his hand, rushed out into the street. He turned out of the bright avenue, with a groan, and plunged despairingly up the first dark street. He was afraid he would see the presents he had so long before selected.

When he reached the little brown house, he did not hurry boisterously in, as was his custom. He stopped and looked as if he would like to run away. Three times he put his hand on the gate before he could summon the courage to open it.

Oh, but it was dreadful when he got inside, and was seized by the expectant Roby and Essie for the usual frolic! Of course he could not spoil their fun, so he tumbled them and rolled them, and laughed laughs that passed current with the babies, but sounded almost hideous to him. And when a hollow, dismal sigh would slip out in spite of him, he would pass it off for a joke, and try to do it again in a sportive way.

These sighs, being an entirely new feature of their fun, pleased Roby and Essie mightily, and they took to sighing with great gusto.

All this was hard enough to bear, but it was as nothing compared to what followed when they were all seated at the table and the conversation turned upon Santa Claus, and what he was going to give them. This very topic was the one in which poor Ned had always before had a great deal of joy. That night every mention of Santa Claus fell like a lump of lead on his heart.

It was a marvel how he lived through the days that came before Christmas without betraying himself to the babies. Betty would have had him stop pretending to be jolly with them, but he would not listen to such a thing.

Mr. Skeens was waiting at the gate the morn-

ing before Christmas when Ned came out of the house. If there had been any other way of getting out, Ned would have turned back; but as that was the only way, he kept on and tried to pass Mr. Skeens.

"No news of the money yet, eh?" said the latter, barring the gate-way by leaning upon it with his long body.

"Not any," said Ned.

"Then, I suppose, you wont have much use for your kitchen to-morrow, eh?"

"No, sir," said Ned, mournfully.

"Of course not! Well, I thought I'd have a dinner-party to-morrow. Think of me having a dinner-party! And I thought that, seeing you had no turkey nor anything like a Christmas, you might let me have the use of your stove, eh?"

Almost anybody else would have refused, but Ned did not. He said, "Yes." Whereat Mr. Skeens grinned and went on:

"I'm going to have quite a party, and my rooms are a little small, you know. I s'pose you wont mind letting me use your back room as a dining-room, eh?"

"You may have it."

"And I don't know much about cooking turkey," Mr. Skeens went on. "Do you suppose I could get your Betty, now, to cook mine for me, eh?"

There was a sudden flash in Ned's mild eye, and he hesitated a moment. Then he said very gently:

"Yes, Betty will cook it for you."

Mr. Skeens's delight at this assent was so great as to be inexpressible for more than a minute. He went through so many of his awkward grins and gestures that the three children watching at the window began to feel very uncomfortable.

"My turkey's a big one," he said; "I'll agree to match that sixteen-pounder that you had to give up. I'll send the things home to-day."

Ned stared at him a moment, and then turned away.

"He's just trying to make us feel as badly as he can," he thought.

But there was no need for such an attempt, for nothing Job Skeens might do could make poor Ned feel any worse. It was simply impossible to be more unhappy than was he that Christmas Eve and night. He dreaded the coming of morning, when he should see the disappointment of the babies upon learning that Santa Claus—the Santa Claus from whom he himself had taught them to expect Christmas gifts—had passed them by.

But it made no difference how much he dreaded it, that morning would come just as morning always comes. And when it did come, it found him fast asleep. He had felt so unhappy that he had not supposed he could sleep at all, but he did.

To be sure, his sleep did not do him much good, for he had the most harrowing dreams of Roby and Essie refusing to kiss him because he had deceived them about Santa Claus; and when, in his sorrow, he groaned dismally, it seemed as if those precious babies mocked him in a series of the most awful groans he had ever heard, in the midst of which sounded Job Skeens's jeering chuckle, pitched appallingly high, and prolonged into a sort of shriek.

But just then he heard Betty's cheery voice. "Oh, Popsy," she said, "do get up quick. The most wonderful thing has happened! Don't you hear Roby and Essie?"

"Why, to be sure. That's what I took for groans, I suppose."

Now you can imagine the horror of the sounds he had heard in his dream; for Roby and Essie were performing with all their might and main, the one on a drum and the other on a tin horn.

"Very likely," said Betty; "but do come quick, Popsy."

"What is it?" asked Ned, staring as if he were not yet sure that he was awake.

"Oh, I can't tell you! You must come."

It would be useless—simply useless to try to describe what Ned Joyce felt or thought when he looked into the dining-room. And this you will not doubt when you know what he saw.

The room was literally piled with Christmas presents. Piled is the only word for it. It was just as if Santa Claus had emptied his bundles right into the room. And there were Roby and Essie, exactly as they had tumbled out of bed, prancing about from one thing to another, shrieking and squealing with delight, and all the time keeping up the drumming and horn-blowing as if they could not stop.

After Ned had vigorously rubbed his eyes, to make sure that he was awake, he turned to Betty and stared at her. She stared back.

"Well!" gasped he, "where did they come from?"

"I don't know. I heard the children shouting and screaming, and came in here, and there they were with all these things. They say Santa Claus brought them; but they are truly meant for us, for here are our names on the bundles."

Ned looked solemn for a moment, then a bright smile broke over his face, and he beamed on Betty like his old jolly self, and said with a grateful quaver in his voice:

"I don't know who sent them, or how they came here, Betty; but let 's enjoy them and be thankful."

Whoever put the things there, or how they could

be put there, was a mystery which only grew greater as they tried to solve it. But it was evident that the affair had been carefully planned, for every one received just the most fitting gifts.

If any one had been specially favored, perhaps it was Betty; and it seemed to her that she had everything she could possibly wish for.

"Why," said Ned in amazement, as he examined all the presents, "I never saw such a Christmas in my life!"

He even decided that the turkey, now, was not worth a regret, and he declared that he must help get Mr. Skeens's dinner. Never was there such fun in the jolly Joyce household as when Ned put on a big apron — big for Betty, but small for him — and installed himself as assistant cook. It is a wonder Betty did anything right with those three children under her feet all the time.

But she did; dear me, yes, she did. Ask any of Mr. Skeens's guests of that day, if ever they ate a better dinner than that little twelve-year-old cook prepared for them. But about those guests of Mr. Skeens. They ought to be mentioned. Yes, indeed, they ought to be mentioned, at least. Not that they have anything to do with the story — oh, no! But they ought to be mentioned.

They began to arrive at half-past twelve. The bell rang, and the Joyces waited to let Mr. Skeens admit his guests. But the bell rang, and rang, and he did not come down; so Betty ran to the door, while Ned hurried off his apron and went into the dining-room to welcome the inhospitable Mr. Skeens's guests. And how do you suppose he did it? The moment he saw them he cried out:

"Why! why! Bless my soul!"

And a prolonged and joyous "oh-h-h!" was the reception he had. The next moment there was such a talking as you will never hear outside of the Joyce house.

The guests were Molly Findley and her little brother Jamie.

"How did you find me?" cried Ned.

'I did n't find you. I was invited here to dinner, and I was to give you this."

"This" was an envelope, which Ned tore open at once. Of course, a twenty-dollar bill was inside of it.

"He told me to give it to you," said Molly.

"He? Who 's he?" demanded Ned.

"Why, the gentleman who invited us here. Where is he?" said Molly.

"A gentleman? — who invited you? — Who can it be? — What does he look like?" asked Ned.

"He 's a tall man. He keeps a second-hand book-store on ——"

"Mr. Skeens!" interrupted Betty, with a shout of astonishment.

For just one moment, Ned held his head in his hands as if he were afraid of losing it. Then he tore out of the door and bounded upstairs and thumped like mad on Mr. Skeens's door.

"Stop that noise. What d' ye want?" snapped Mr. Skeens.

"I want you. Open the door!" and Ned twisted and turned the knob and pushed the door as if he would stop at nothing to get in.

"I wont open the door. Go 'way!" snarled Mr. Skeens.

"I wont go away. I 'll break the door down if you don't let me in. Indeed I will," shouted Ned.

There was so little doubt that Ned was in earnest, that Mr. Skeens said:

"Don't be silly, then. Don't be silly."

"I wont be silly," cried Ned.

Mr. Skeens had evidently been afraid that Ned would come after him, and had barricaded the door; for Ned could hear him moving chairs and heavy objects away from it.

All the while, Ned was dancing excitedly up and down on the landing; and all the children, with wide-open eyes and mouths, were staring up at him.

When the door finally opened, Ned gave one jump and caught the long Mr. Skeens in his arms, and, somehow or other, got him downstairs and into the dining-room.

"Now, now — don't be silly. Don't be silly," said Mr. Skeens, looking both happy and uncomfortable.

"I wont, oh, I wont!" said Ned, catching one of Mr. Skeens's ungainly hands and shaking it vigorously; "but I 've found you out. Betty, we 've found him out — eh, Betty? Roby! Essie! Here 's Santa Claus. Here he is! Just think of it! Roby, Essie, here he is — here 's the Santa Claus that gave you all those fine things."

Betty slipped up to the awkward-looking man and took his other hand gently in her little hands and smiled gratefully up into his face.

Roby and Essie, having too little penetration to discover the meaning of all the fuss, retreated together to the other side of the room and stared silently. "A scheming old Santa Claus, is n't he, now?" cried Ned, again shaking the bony hand.

The sound rather than the sense of the words seemed to strike Roby's fancy, for he nodded his head violently, and cried out with an odd look on his face, "Yes, Popsy, that 's just what he is,— a skinny old Santa Claus!" he said.

Whereupon everybody but Mr. Skeens was horror-struck. He seemed not to mind it at all, but spoke up at once:

"Of course," he said, "the chimneys are so small nowadays it has pulled me all out of shape getting down them."

Then he chuckled in his peculiar way, which somehow did not seem forbidding now; and he smiled at jolly Ned, and they both laughed — each in his own way — at Roby's innocent little joke.

After which they had dinner as quickly as ever Betty could serve it, for, come to find out, the guests were only Molly and Jamie and the Joyces. Of course, a plate was put on for Mr. Skeens, though he had not thought before of eating with them.

But, in the midst of the dinner, Ned suddenly abandoned his knife and fork, leaned back in his chair, and exclaimed:

"I 've a bone to pick with you, Mr. Skeens. How did those Christmas presents get into our rooms?"

At this question Mr. Skeens chuckled in his drollest way, and, looking across the table at Ned, he drew a key from his pocket and said:

"Here 's the key to your back room, sir."

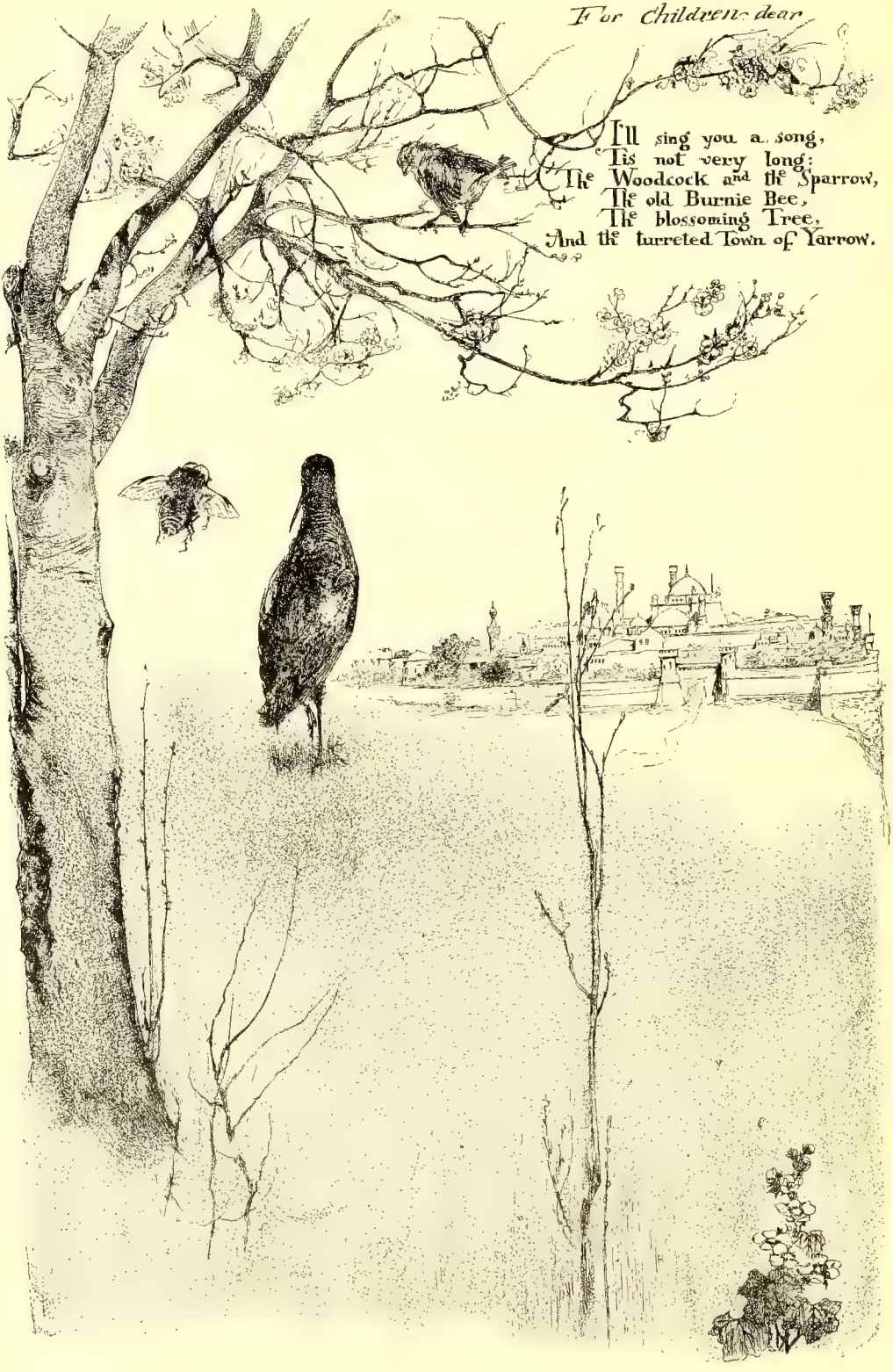
Ned laughed knowingly, and reached out to take it. But, suddenly checking himself, he withdrew his hand and said in his most hearty manner:



"'WE 'VE FOUND HIM OUT!' EXCLAIMED NED."

"No, thank you. Keep it, my good friend. Nobody's door is ever closed to Santa Claus!"

Do you know what the Joyces discovered? That Job Skeens, in spite of his queer looks and eccentric ways, was as tender-hearted and good — that is almost, not quite as good — as Popsy Joyce himself.


For Children dear
I'll sing you a song,
'Tis not very long:
The Woodcock and the Sparrow,
The old Burnie Bee,
The blossoming Tree,
And the turreted Town of Yarrow.

These words and pictures by Brennan: *the same being from that rare old book:* Ye Kronikle of Tibicen.

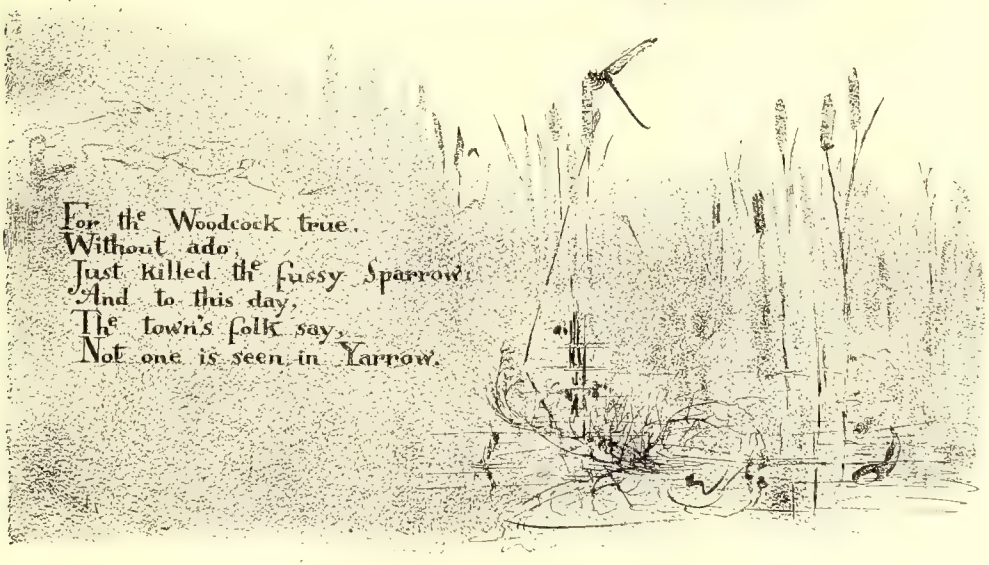
The Woodcock, he
And the Old Burnie Bee,
Set out for distant Yarrow
And close by the Tree,
The blossoming Tree.
The Woodcock fought the Sparrow.




Now the Old Burnie Bee,
And Sir Woodcock, see
Well on the road to Yarrow:
And another tree,
A blossoming tree,
But never another Sparrow.






For the Woodcock true,
Without ado,
Just killed the fussy Sparrow;
And to this day,
The town's folk say,
Not one is seen in Yarrow.



JUAN AND JUANITA.

By Frances C. Baylor.

Chapter II.

How is it possible to paint the grief of the poor Señora, the gentle, affectionate mother on whom had fallen so heavy a calamity?

First one neighbor and then another rushed in, ashy pale, terrified, incoherent, bringing ever more and more dreadful news, as the night came on, of her losses and of theirs. Upon hearing that her husband had been killed, and that her children were missing, the poor soul gave one heartrending scream, and, fainting, lay as one dead for so long that she was supposed at one time to have gone beyond the reach of sorrow. But at last the dark eyes opened again, and with memory came anguish unutterable.

"Oh, tell me! where are they? Oh, my children! My little ones!" she cried out to the circle of sympathizers gathered at the *hacienda*, as she paced to and fro weeping and wringing her hands, or cast herself down on the floor in despair.

When daylight came, she, with old Santiago and one of the herders, went out into the country and looked everywhere for some trace of the children. But hours and hours of search revealed nothing except Juan's hat, which had fallen off in his encounter with the squaw. Early as it was, Don José's body had been already taken up by the neighbors. And that afternoon it was borne away by a small cavalcade of horsemen into Santa Rosa, where it was buried in the little plot of ground attached to the Church of the Conception.

Slowly and sadly the days went by for the Señora, days of weeping, of endurance, of patient toil. For some things she had no heart. The *serapa*, on which she had expended such loving care, remained unfinished. The flowers, uncared for, bloomed and spread, or withered and died, as the case might be. There were no songs now in the *hacienda*, but every moment of waking thought with the Señora was an inarticulate prayer for Juan and Juanita. Of the boy, it comforted her to remember that he was strong, active, courageous. If he were in captivity with the Indians, he would not suffer as a delicate child would have done. He might even shield and protect his little sister. But poor little Juanita — at thought of her, so young, timid, helpless, the Señora's eyes always overflowed.

As for the *rancheros* who had followed the Indians, they soon returned. The pursuit of Comanches by Mexicans at any time, is much like that of a hawk by a canary, and when the Indians have the advantage of twelve hours' start in flight, the pursuers might as well expect to overtake a thunder-bolt.

So when the *rancheros* went clattering over the stony streets of Santa Rosa in the early morning, the Indians felt themselves already out of danger, and were leisurely taking their way toward the Rio Grande, with the intention of crossing that river and going up to the head-waters of the Colorado, in northern Texas. This was their abiding-place,— one can scarcely say *home*, for that word, so full of sacred and civilized associations, has little in common with the mountain lair in which those savages spent the intervals between their murderous forays. But, like Issachar, these wandering tribes know where to couch as well as when to spring, and there is no more beautiful country than that lying between the two great rivers, the Brazos and the Colorado, where they enter the *Llanos Estacados*.* It is a country of bold cañons and lovely valleys abounding in game,— bears, deer, turkeys, antelopes,— with wild bees swarming in every rocky cliff and feeding upon the wild plum, which blooms there in great variety of color and size, and upon the wild grape, which perfumes the air for miles with its delicious odor.

Near one of the many clear lakes that industrious beavers have created throughout that region (a tranquil sheet of water, overshadowed by tall cotton-wood trees and graceful willows, with silvery, many-tinted fish leaping, gliding, winding in its cool depths) the Comanches came at last to a full halt, after a journey that had sorely tried their little captives. The horses, cattle, and sheep that had been stolen were turned out to pasture, as were the

* The Staked Plain

jaded animals the savages had ridden. There was nothing to do now but to eat, sleep, rest, and get ready for another raid on the frontier settlements. The encampment was reached at night, and the children, half dead with fatigue, were taken to the lodge of their protector, the old Chief Shaneco, where they at once dropped off into a sleep of profound exhaustion that lasted ten hours.

When Juanita opened her eyes next morning, she was quite dazed, and could not at first make out where she was. The first object that she saw was a familiar one. It was Amigo, who had spent the night curled up at her feet; now advancing, he poked his nose into her face and began to lick her right cheek. Juanita pushed him away and sat up, rubbing her eyes. She then began to look about her, and her glance wandered from the sleeping Juan to the skins stretched over poles that formed the walls of the lodge, and to Shaneco snoring loudly opposite, apparently a mere heap of buckskin and blanket. In a flash, the past came back to her, and she was throbbing with tumultuous emotions,—love, grief, fear, despair. So bitter were the memories of her mother, home, and past happiness, that the tears could not be kept back, and she cried loud enough to wake Juan, if not the chief, although she made several convulsive efforts at repression. Juan put his arms about her and called her his "*querida hermanita*,"* kissed and embraced her, and did all he could to soothe her. Even Amigo understood that something was wrong, and, thrusting his rough head against her shoulder, looked up into her face and whined uneasily.

The truth was that Amigo had his misgivings from the first about the Comanche journey. When the children were put upon the horses, he perfectly comprehended that it was not the proper place for them, and barked furiously for a while. But having thus made public his disapproval of the proceedings, and finding that no one paid the slightest attention to his remonstrance, he very sensibly held his peace; and during the journey that followed, he trotted patiently in the wake of the company, determined, no doubt, to be the guardian and protector of Juan and Juanita, come what might.

The three friends were still comforting one another by love, expressed as plainly in Amigo's honest eyes as by Juan's lips, and were still caressing one another, when the squaw glanced in and saw them. She beckoned to the children to come outside. They obeyed, and, picking up a piece of mezquite wood, she pointed toward a thicket at a little distance and made them understand that they were to go there and get the fuel she needed.

The children came back with their arms full of mezquite, and were then given their first lesson in Comanche housekeeping, and with many blows from the squaw were taught how to build a fire in the Indian fashion. Old Shaneco was never cruel to the little captives, and was sometimes even kind, but his young wife was a shrew, and a hard taskmistress to two children who had been accustomed to do very much as they pleased, and had never known what it was to be harshly treated.

They suffered very much, indeed, from the hardships of their new life, and from homesickness and the utter want of anything like kindness or sympathy; but when to these hardships were added slavery, endless tasks, and constant beatings, it is no wonder that they were utterly wretched and felt that they could not bear it.

The poor, foolish little rebels could think of but one way out of their troubles, and that was to run away. They ran away accordingly, and were, of course, almost immediately recaptured, and so dreadfully punished that they were in no hurry to repeat the experiment. The desire for freedom, the passionate longing to return home, remained indeed, and strengthened as time went on; but they had been taught by their recent experience how completely they were in the power of their enemies, and dimly realized that they would have to be a great deal older, wiser, and stronger, before they could cope successfully with them.

The image of their mother, alone and ever-sorrowful, never left the children; and they were constantly picturing to themselves a joyful reunion. They talked of it when they were alone, and together made their simple plans for bringing it about.

"I will learn all that I can from the Indians, and when we get big we will give them the slip; and if they overtake us, I will kill four or five chiefs, and the others will get frightened and run away, and then I will take you to our mother and say, 'Here is Juanita brought back to you, dear Mother!'" In this way Juan would often declaim to his sister with simple boastfulness.

"And I will look everywhere for blackberries, and save them up to eat on the way. But you must wait until some time when Casteel is on the war-path. I am so afraid of Casteel," Juanita would reply.

"I am not afraid of Casteel. If he ever troubles me, I will run a spear into him, and shoot him, and cut off his head," said Juan, with more spirit than truth; for he *was* afraid of Casteel, but, like many older and wiser folk, he naturally wished to make a good figure in an encounter which was purely imaginary.

It has been seen, though, that Juan was a bold, courageous lad, and happily he was not long enough under the cruel rule of Shaneco's wife to

* Dear little sister

lose this fine natural temper and develop into a timid, cowed creature, afraid of everything; for in the second year of his captivity she died.

After that, things went more smoothly at the lodge. Instead of being treated as captives, Juan and his sister were now made as much a part of the tribe as though they had been born in it, and Shaneco may be said to have directed their education, which, if different from that of civilized children, was far more valuable to our little Mexicans than any that Paris or London could have afforded, as will appear later. And it was founded on sounder principles than those of many civilized parents and guardians, since it was admirably suited to their needs, and fitted these young savages perfectly for the life they were to lead. Truth to tell, Shaneco had gradually come to feel a certain interest in the white-faced little girl, whose gentle, pretty ways, obedience, and youth disarmed hostility, and for the intelligent boy, who was so eager to learn all that his savage guardian could teach that it is a wonder no suspicion of what was in Juan's mind ever entered the brain of his crafty teacher.



"JUAN DID ALL HE COULD TO COMFORT HIS SISTER."

The children were now much happier, and showed it, which doubtless gave Shaneco the idea that they were quite reconciled to the prospect of becoming Comanches and had forgotten, or soon would forget, all about their old home. He knew too, although the children did not, all the difficulties that would attend any attempt to escape to the settlements — perils great enough to daunt the bravest man — a wilderness of three hundred miles to traverse; hunger, thirst, exposure, ending in almost certain death, either by starvation, or by violence from savage tribes, or from wild beasts scarcely more savage. That two children, without horses, arms, or older companions, should dream of taking such a journey never occurred to him; and, indeed, if they had been anything except children, and, as such, ignorant of its dangers and risks, they never would have entertained the plan for a moment. But, having come to them, the idea struck its roots ever deeper, and it became at last a fixed resolve; and even when, as they grew older, some of the difficulties of the undertaking became known to them,

they refused to recognize them as insurmountable, and would not give up their long-cherished plan.

Even among his Indian playfellows, Juan soon became conspicuous for his activity and endurance, his strength, courage, and skill, whether shown in running, leaping, swimming, wrestling, climbing, or in more serious occupations. Shaneco often felt proud of him, though he never said so, at least to Juan. But the boy understood the grunt of approval, and the gleam of warmth that came into the warrior's cold eyes when Juan ran like a lizard up to the very top of a fine cotton-wood, and then dropped swiftly from branch to branch until he lightly sprang to earth and stood again by Shaneco's side, radiant and breathless; or when he borrowed the chief's bow and arrow for a moment, and made a shot that would not have disgraced any man in the tribe.

Naturally a manly lad, he took very kindly to the hardy, open-air life, and, besides, had set himself in earnest to excel; while Shaneco, seeing only the result, and not the motive, thought that the wisdom of his decision to spare the children was justified. At such times he would turn an "I told you so!" glance upon Casteel, who had been of the capturing party, and had been opposed to taking any prisoners; as he was opposed to the introduction of any foreign element into the tribe. He would have knocked either of the children upon the head as soon as fill his pipe, had they not possessed a powerful protector. Many a kick and cuff did he give them as it was, and there was a restrained brutality in his manner toward them that quite subjugated Juanita and made her tremble when she heard his step. It was chiefly owing to his counsels and distrust that Juan was never allowed to carry any weapon except a toy-bow and its arrows, with which, however, he practiced incessantly and became so expert that the more good-natured of the warriors willingly lent him their bows, now and then, taking good care to keep an eye on him all the while.

At that time not many guns or fixed ammunition were in the hands of the Indians. A bow was still indispensable to a warrior, and a good one was considered equivalent in value to a well-trained war-horse.

The more proficient Juan became with his toy-bow, the more discontented he grew with its limited capacities, and the more he longed for his ideal bow. This should be one like Shaneco's, made of the best wood, without a flaw or knot in it, as light and as strong as steel, yet elastic; with its quiver beautifully ornamented with beads and eagle feathers, and the claws of a mountain lion and a grizzly bear; furnished, moreover, with the best arrows, striped in gaudy colors and prettily feathered with the feathers of the yellow-hammer. It was true that Juan had killed many a quail and rabbits, squirrels, and small game without end, and had even knocked the feathers out of a wild turkey; but what was that compared with what he could do if he only had a proper bow? The very sight of Shaneco's filled Juan with envious irritation. All his sport in the present, and all his hopes for the future, depended on his getting such a bow, and how to get it was a problem he was always trying to solve. He spent hours in thinking about it, and sighed profoundly because he had no war-horse to give in exchange for one. He knew that he had neither the skill nor the chance to make one. He begged for one repeatedly, only invariably to be refused, until he despaired of getting one, and was always pouring his woe and want and grievous disappointment into Juanita's sympathetic ears.

"How am I ever to take you home with *this* thing?" he would say, kicking his bow contemptuously away a yard or two.

"Sh—h! speak Spanish!" she replied, looking anxiously around to see whether they were overheard. Both had rapidly picked up the Comanche tongue, and they only reverted to their own language when they were alone.

"It is not such a bad bow. I shot a rabbit with it this morning. And it is all you have," she added.

"But don't I tell you that we shall be prisoners forever unless I can get a better?" he said impatiently.

"Be patient, Juan; perhaps Shaneco will teach you how to make one, or give you one," she said, to cheer him.

"No, no! he never will," replied Juan disconsolately. "What *shall* I do?"

And the boy was right. Shaneco taught Juan a great many things—how to snare quail and rabbits, how to fish and shoot, how to imitate the cry of wild turkeys, how to follow an enemy's trail, and prevent the latter from returning the compliment, how to travel at night by the stars, and in the daytime by the sun and by the moss growing on the trees, and much other woodcraft; but the chief never let his protégé have a bow such as he coveted, and finally showed displeasure when urged to grant the request. There was nothing for Juan to do but bide his time, and, afraid of arousing suspicion, he at last dropped the subject altogether, but was none the less resolved to get that bow.

(To be continued.)

A CHRISTMAS CONSPIRACY.

By Rose Lattimore Alling.



VERY animated sounds of conversation and a strong smell of turpentine filled the air. The girls were gilding baskets, and every one was trying to see how near she could come to telling a secret without quite doing it.

"Your present, Floy, is just over there in the drawer," said Nellie, at whose house her two friends were spending the afternoon.

"Let me see," reflected Floy. "If it is in so small a place, it *is n't* a house and lot, as I had hoped."

"Nor a phaeton," added Madge.

"No, nor a pony. Nellie, I am disappointed — it must be something quite minute — hum, is it a foot long?" Floy asked.

"No," Nellie laughed.

"Six inches?"

Nell measured with her fingers under the edge of the table, and said she thought not.

"Well, then, it is *nearly* six inches," Floy cried triumphantly; "and as there are n't many things so small, I 'm going to guess! Is it animal, vegetable, or mineral?"

The three brushes were suspended, while Nell answered slowly, "mineral."

"Ah — not quite six inches long — and mineral — "

"Hat-pin," Madge suggested.

Nell laughed, but feeling that the strings of the bag that held her cat were getting rather loose, she begged that the guessing stop.

"All right," assented Floy, "only I *think* I know, but I wont tell; would you gild this handle gold or bronze? But my present for you represents two kingdoms — mineral *and animal*."

"Mineral and animal," Nell repeated. "Oh, I know, a leathern box with a brass key!"

"No, try again."

"A purse with a metal clasp?"

"No, no," exclaimed Floy excitedly, "but let 's stop this, it would be so horrid really to know."

"But it 's fun to *almost* know, and I have n't had a chance to guess yet."

"You 'll get just what you most wish for," said Floy.

"Then I shall be happy indeed!" exclaimed Madge, adding mischievously: "Let me see, I 'll get some new furs, a silver button-hook, a little candlestick to go with my birthday seal, a cut-glass smelling-bottle, a new writing-desk, and, well, several other mere trifles."

"Modest demands, I 'm sure! Perhaps I 'll get them all for you; one so easily pleased should be gratified," said Floy, while she and Nell exchanged significant glances and smiled mysteriously at Madge.

For, of course, Nell knew what Floy had for Madge, and what Madge had for Floy; Floy knew what Nell had for Madge, and what Madge had for Nell; while Madge knew what Nell had for Floy, and what Floy had for Nell; and with this bewildering lot of profound secrets, every girl felt in a delightfully uncertain state as to whether she were confiding the right thing to the right person or not. That very afternoon, had not Nell thought she should "just die of fright"? She was fitting a little candle into the little candlestick which she had bought for Madge, when she heard Floy coming upstairs; she knew it was Floy, she heard her voice; nevertheless she cried out in terror, "Oh, Madge, don't come in! *Did* you see it? Oh, dear, I believe you did!" And, flying wildly toward the bureau, she suddenly stopped and said in a tone of disgust, "*What* a goose I am! Of course *you* can come in; I forgot you were not Madge, and I was looking straight at you, too!"

"And it is the candlestick I helped you to select!" shouted Floy, sinking into a chair weak with laughter.

After every one of the three had almost let the others peep figuratively into the box or closet where her gifts were stowed, yet leaving in the mind of each a more tantalizing and fascinating doubt than before, they settled down to steady work, glorifying splint-baskets, and cones, and old oil bottles, and fingers, till Madge broke out again:

"Oh, Nell, have you anything for Belle Nash?"

"No, I have n't! Why?"

"Because she has something for you; she showed it to me."

"You don't say so! Why, I wonder what put it into her head to give me anything. Dear me! then I shall have to give her something. Sometimes I think Christmas is a nuisance."

Nellie said this, as she finished her last basket, with a sigh, and then, after pouring out more varnish, she continued: "It is give and take, and take and give, and each is so afraid of being outdone by others that she spends more than she ought."

"And," Floy interrupted, "it is like paying off a lot of creditors."

"I suppose it is n't the true spirit of giving," Madge remarked, "for we must admit that we ought to love to give."

"I wonder," said Nell, tipping her head to one side as she critically examined a newly bronzed cone, "I *wonder* how it would be to give one present where you could n't possibly expect a thing in return."

This was agreed upon, and they finally started off, after making Nell promise faithfully to find out if Belle had anything for them.

"And if she has, find out what," Madge called back.

"I 'll do my best," Nell promised, while she thought, "Oh, dear, there is something wrong about all this, and I don't know just what it is, nor whom to blame."



"'SOMETIMES I THINK CHRISTMAS IS A NUISANCE,' SAID NELLIE."

"Very, very disappointing, I assure you," said Madge with a laugh.

"Yes, as it appears to us now," said Nellie; "but I really wonder how it would make one feel."

"But it is so embarrassing to be thanked by a poor but worthy person; you could n't help getting thanks, you know, Nellie dear," said Floy.

"Yes, I could, too; I need n't let the person know who gave the present," said Nell soberly, adding with a smile, "I also wonder if I ever can get this gilt out from under my nail."

The girls laughed, and as they rose to go, Nell remarked that she thought it would be only fair that they should come again to her house the next afternoon to make their sachet bags, for the sake of alternating odors.

With this unhappy little feeling, she walked to the window, where she stood tapping idly on the glass and looking after her friends as they went down the street. When they had disappeared, she found herself watching a small boy zigzagging up the street, making a sudden glow among the snow-flakes in the halo of each lamp as it was lit. Now he was scrambling up the post right in front of the house; she noticed how spider-like he was; the first match broke off, but he struck another in a jiffy, wriggled down again, and was away to the next post. Just then, Nell's brother Alf burst into the room, with:

"I say, Nell, have you seen my mittens anywhere?"

"No, Alf, I have n't, I 'm sorry to say; but very

likely they are hung up on the floor, somewhere. Prowl around awhile and you 'll find them."

"But, I 'm in a tearing hurry; I 'm going coasting — and I must have 'em — it 's nipping cold!" And he banged around, looking in all sorts of impossible places, and getting more impatient every minute.

"Wait a moment, Alf dear," Nell advised, "don't get in such a heat, or you 'll melt the ice. If the gloves are n't in the coal-scuttle *nor* in the lamp-chimney, as you seem to suspect, it is just possible that, by some blunder, they are where they belong, on the hall table. Yes, actually, here they are!"

"Thanks, awfully," said Alf.

"One moment more, Alf, please," said Nell, "do you know the boy who lights the lamps on this street?"

"Know him? No; not if I know myself; that is, not on *purpose*. Bye-bye, tra-la!" and with his good heart, bad manners, and worse language, out he went, with a final bang.

Nellie Hildreth was not particularly good, nor particularly bad; she enjoyed her bright life without bothering about others, and was only more or less selfish, as most young people are apt to be, chiefly because she had not viewed life from anybody else's stand-point, which is the mainspring of generosity. But, already several disagreeable things had occurred to her, making her feel, for the first time in her life, a vague suspicion that there might possibly be higher motives of action than personal enjoyment or passing fancy.

These disturbing and unwelcome thoughts thrust themselves on her attention in quite an impertinent way, and seemed to intimate that, though unasked, they had come to stay. So they reasserted themselves as she sat all the evening at her work, and she repeated to herself that there *was* something inconsistent with the real spirit of Christmas in the way she and her friends were giving gifts. Several little imps of remembrance seemed to jeer at her from the corners of her mind. One reminded her of how she had found, at a counter of bargains in books, a volume which she had long been wishing to give to Amy Kent, and which she had joyfully purchased for sixty-eight cents; and how, when two days later she had discovered Amy mousing over that very collection, she had instantly decided to give the book to Lena Dennison (who cared nothing for the author), *because* Amy must have discovered the *price* of the book!

No sooner had this leering sprite disappeared than another recalled to her mind the fact that she was spending twice as much on Lillie Phelps as on any other one friend. And because she loved her twice as well? No, quite the contrary; only because Lillie was rich and never gave any but handsome things, and as there was an old family friendship between the Phelpses and the Hildreths, one of these expensive articles always came to Nellie. And, because of this, she must always strain her purse and scrimp those she loved in order to make some suitable return!

"Suitable return" was so good a bit of closing sarcasm that Nellie thought she would end her self-arraignment for the night.

"Only two days to work in before Christmas!" was Nellie's first nervous thought as she awoke in the cold darkness of early morning. But *was* it morning, Nellie wondered; it was either half-past five or twenty minutes after six, she could n't tell which. Well, she *must* know. So up she jumped, shivering in the chill air, to peer at the clock, and just as she had discovered it to be after six, the bright square of light on the wall was suddenly blotted out. Stepping to the window, she was in time to see a small, thin figure scrambling up the lamp-post just beyond, and out went that light.



"Oh, I 've caught you at it at last! I 've always wondered when they were turned off," thought Nell, hurrying into her warm bed again for another hour of sleep. "How cold it must be! Think of getting up at five o'clock on such a morning as this! I hope he is warmly dressed.

Why! he must be the same boy who lighted them!" And now, nestling into the thick blankets, she remembered that his hands were bare, his clothes scanty. Yet her brother, with his big coat buttoned about his well-fed body, must have warm mittens also. Why! was it possible that there were suffering people passing her very house? She had thought that her mother performed the necessary charities for the entire family. The servant-girl and the washerwoman were well looked after; but then, this cold little boy, earning a small sum on dark, freezing mornings, when other people were fast asleep in warm beds, did n't seem to be anybody's servant-girl or washerwoman. "Ah," Nell exclaimed to herself, when her thoughts had gone thus far, "now I 've found the unsuspecting object of my bounty!" And she snuggled into the pillow to concoct rapid plans, until the rising-bell rang before she knew how the time had passed.

Alf was, it must be admitted, a torment; but there was nothing he would not undertake for his sister, provided he were first allowed a season of teasing, which preliminary he considered his right. Hence it was that Nell felt sure of help when she determined to gain Alf's alliance in her design, which was to be kept a secret from all but her mother.

After breakfast, she cornered her brother in the pantry, where he was providing against possible starvation while on a skating expedition.

"Oh, Alf!" she began, "I 've another secret!"

"Don't tell it to me! I 'm ready to burst now," he said, warningly but thickly, as he had, with great decision of character, concluded to eat at once all the broken pieces he brought up out of the cookie jar. "Not another secret for me!" he added. "Did n't I go and tell Mother last night that I forgot to stop at King's for her new gold thimble that you left to be marked; and——"

"Oh, Alfred Hildreth! you *did n't* tell Mother that!" Nellie groaned in distress.

"Well, hold on, Miss Highty-Tighty! I just asked you *if* I did; personally, I thought I *did n't;* but then, it 's just as you say."

"You dreadful boy, how you frightened me! But do be careful."

"I would n't like to tell a secret, but I certainly shall, if you give me another. Do I look like a man who would willingly betray a confidence? But there is a point where I should go off like a pop-gun; so beware."

Nellie laughed, but insisted on reposing just one more secret in his adamantine breast.

"Fire away, then!" he said, at last, trying to see if his coat would button over the bulging pockets.

"Now, Alf, don't tell a living soul, except Mother. She must know. I want you to find out who the boy is that lights the gas on this street."

"Whew!" whistled Alf. "Why, you asked yesterday if I had the honor of the gentleman's acquaintance! Is he handsome?"



"'NOT ANOTHER SECRET FOR ME!' SAID ALF."

"Fiddlesticks! Don't be foolish, but just find out about him,—where he lives, whether he has a mother,—and please, Alf dear, see what kind of clothes he has; there 's a good boy, and I 'll tell you later why I want to know."

"All right! I 'll send around my card, and ask for his name and the address of his tailor," he chuckled, as he took up his skate-bag.

"Oh, *I 'll* tell you the name of his *tailor!*" Nellie answered, with a mysterious laugh, following her brother to the hall; "but don't dare darken this door again until you find out what I want to know."

"Oh, well, I wont forget to remember;" and with a merry click of his skates, Alf whistled himself out.

(To be concluded.)



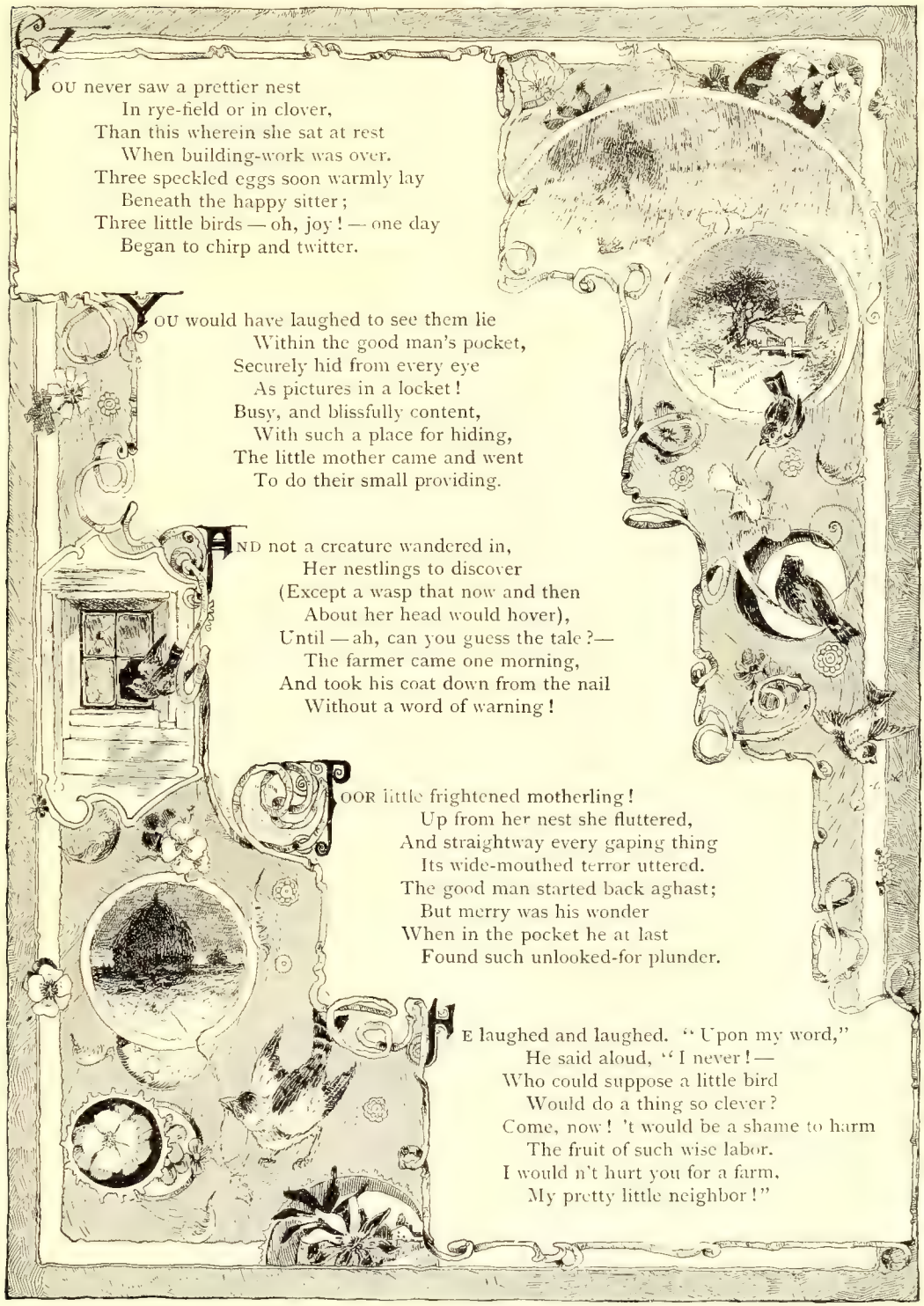
A NEST IN A POCKET.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

A LITTLE bird went to and fro,
Once in the nesting season,
And sought for shelter high and low,
Until, for some queer reason,
She flew into a granary
Where, on a nail suspended,
The farmer's coat she chanced to see,
And there her search was ended.

THE granary was in a loft,
Where not a creature met her;
The coat had hollows deep and soft—
Could anything be better?
And where it hung, how safe it was,
Without a breeze to rock it!
Come, little busy beak and claws,
Build quick inside the pocket!

G.F.B.



YOU never saw a prettier nest
In rye-field or in clover,
Than this wherein she sat at rest
When building-work was over.
Three speckled eggs soon warmly lay
Beneath the happy sitter;
Three little birds — oh, joy! — one day
Began to chirp and twitter.

YOU would have laughed to see them lie
Within the good man's pocket,
Securely hid from every eye
As pictures in a locket!
Busy, and blissfully content,
With such a place for hiding,
The little mother came and went
To do their small providing.

AND not a creature wandered in,
Her nestlings to discover
(Except a wasp that now and then
About her head would hover),
Until — ah, can you guess the tale?—
The farmer came one morning,
And took his coat down from the nail
Without a word of warning!

POOR little frightened motherling!
Up from her nest she fluttered,
And straightway every gaping thing
Its wide-mouthed terror uttered.
The good man started back aghast;
But merry was his wonder
When in the pocket he at last
Found such unlooked-for plunder.

HE laughed and laughed. "Upon my word,"
He said aloud, "I never! —
Who could suppose a little bird
Would do a thing so clever?
Come, now! 't would be a shame to harm
The fruit of such wise labor.
I would n't hurt you for a farm,
My pretty little neighbor!"

HE put the coat back carefully:
"I guess I have another;
So don't you be afraid of *me*,
You bright-eyed little mother.
I know just how you feel, poor thing,
For I have youngsters, bless you!
There—stop your foolish fluttering—
Nobody shall distress you."



THEN merrily he ran away
To tell his wife about it,—
How in his coat the nestling lay,
And he must do without it.
She laughed, and said she thought he could!
And so, all unmolested,
The mother-birdie and her brood
Safe in the pocket rested,

TILL all the little wings were set
In proper flying feather,
And then there was a nest to let—
For off they flocked together.
The farmer keeps it still to show,
And says that he 's the debtor;
His coat is none the worse, you know,
While he 's—a little better.

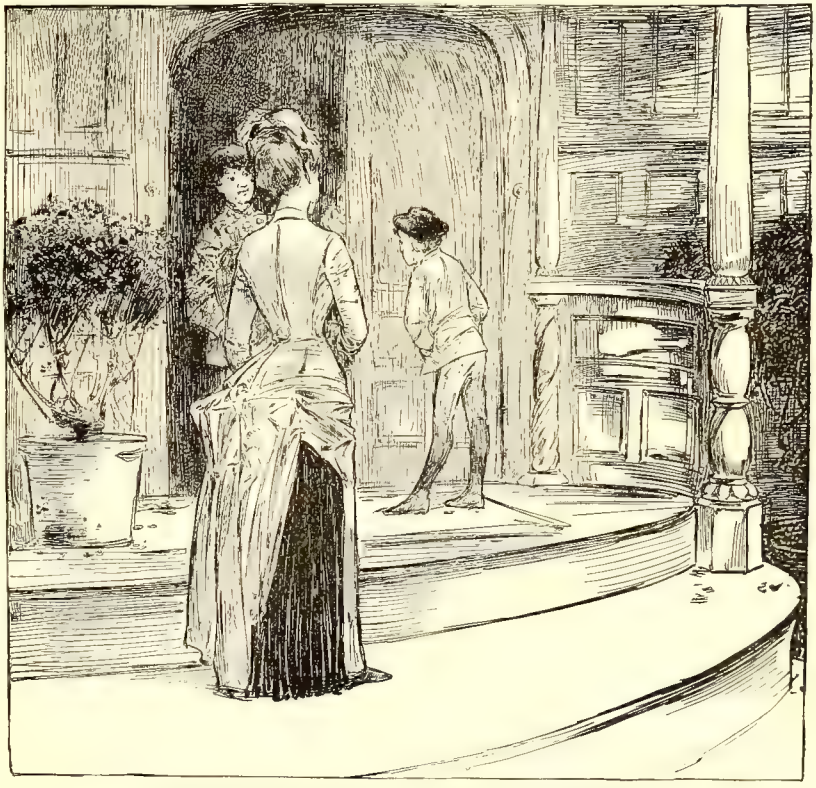


By Meta G. Adams.

Paul liked so much to visit Uncle Jack, because Uncle Jack was very fond of little Paul, and because the house where Uncle Jack lived had magic buttons. Not fine, smooth buttons on his coat, nor little, sparkling buttons on his shirt-front! No; buttons far more wonderful than those.

When Paul's stout little legs had carried him up the stoop, he could just manage to reach on tip-toe a little round white button on the side of the door that looked like half of a very shiny white marble. When the little finger-tip touched the shiny button, it pushed in and made a sound like a runaway clock. Immediately, the wide front door swung open, and Paul scampered in as fast as he could go, over the marble floor, to reach another door-way with another shiny ringing-button. Then that door also glided back, and Paul and his mamma entered a beautiful little bit of a room with a velvet-covered seat at one side of it. Then the whole room — with Mamma and Paul and a young man in a sort of uniform — went gliding swiftly up through the air. It was very delightful, but very strange, for "the elevated man" stood quite still while they went up, as if he had nothing to do with their moving. Whether the fairies pulled above or the elves pushed from below, Paul could not guess, but he felt very sure it was all the work of the magic button.

When they had risen so high that Paul expected to step out on the moon, "the elevated man" touched a steel rope in one corner; the little room stopped with a jerk, and stepping out, Paul and his mamma found themselves in front of Uncle Jack's door, which was guarded by another delightful button.



"THE HOUSE WHERE UNCLE JACK LIVED HAD MAGIC BUTTONS."

It buzzed such a loud answer to his eager touch that Paul was sure it was glad he came.

Paul knew, too, that when Uncle Jack's door should open, he would reach a still more astonishing button. And the next moment he slipped in, and, sliding his hand hurriedly up the wall by the inside of the door, found the little white button, and shouted in a strong voice, as much like Uncle Jack's as possible, "Light!"

Instantly, over his head and across the hall by the parlor door, and away down at the end by the library, the beautiful lights flashed out like the bright sunshine he had left in the street. Could anything be more magical than that? By this time dear, jolly Uncle Jack knew who his visitor was, and was ready to show Paul all his magic buttons. Paul could tell any one who asked him about the buttons, that they were worked by 'lectricity, but he did not know just how the wonderful work was done.

There was the button that lighted all the gas in a second without any matches; the button that called the cook from the kitchen; the little button that summoned the doctor if Uncle Jack was sick in the night; and the button that would bring the engines and firemen in five minutes if fire broke out. And there was even a tiny gold button on the rim of Uncle Jack's watch that would tell him the exact time any moment in the darkness.

It told Paul's mamma it was time to go home, but dear Aunt Sue insisted on pressing another little button in the wall, and in a few minutes a dainty dish of ice cream was set before the delighted boy. And Paul thought that button the finest of all.

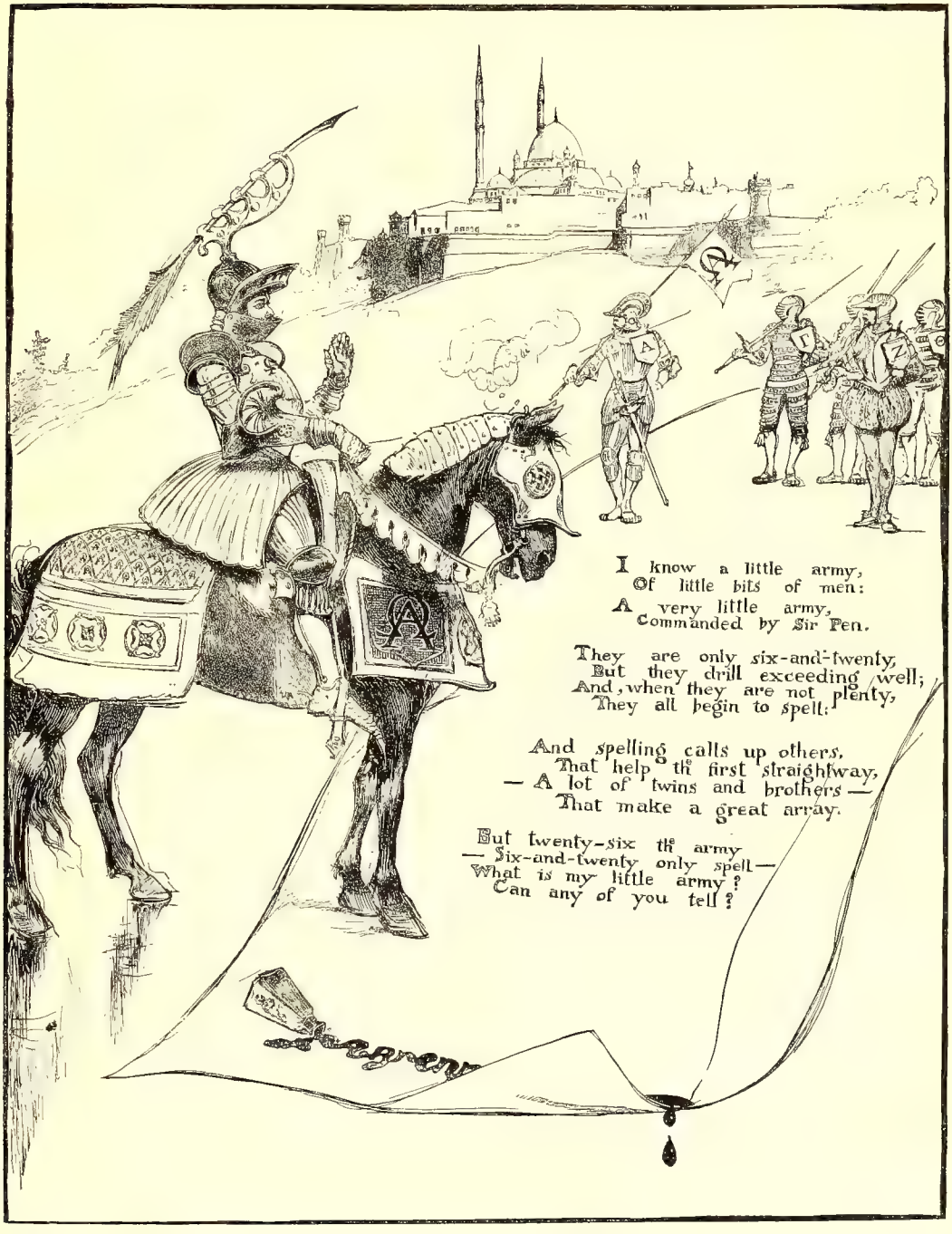
THE GALLEY CAT

a tough little yarn



Will be spun in the January number of St. Nicholas.

SIR PEN'S LITTLE ARMY.



I know a little army,
Of little bits of men:
A very little army,
Commanded by Sir Pen.

They are only six-and-twenty,
But they drill exceeding well;
And, when they are not plenty,
They all begin to spell:

And spelling calls up others,
That help the first straightway,
— A lot of twins and brothers —
That make a great array.

But twenty-six the army
— Six-and-twenty only spell —
What is my little army?
Can any of you tell?

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.



I AM a new Jack, come to take the place of your own dear Jack-in-the-Pulpit for this time only. He has gone to talk with Santa Claus, and I am to read you his lessons and messages as well as I can.

First, I am to give Brother Jack's love to all you ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls, and then I am to wish you a delightful December and a very merry Christmas. All ordinary days, your Jack wishes me to say, come to us out of the gray dawn, ready to be whatever we choose to make them—sour days, sweet days, rough days, gentle days, busy days, lazy days, good days or bad days, as the case may be; but Christmas comes to us ready-made, and with a spirit of its own—the holiest, brightest day of all the year.

Another point I am requested to mention: All summer long, your Jack says, the birds have been sending songs into the spruces, cedars, firs, and other Christmas trees, and the sunlight has been gliding in and out among their branches, and soft breezes have been nudging and whispering to them, until at last there is n't an evergreen tree that is n't ready and anxious to do you good service if called upon; and every tree of them intends to keep itself green and trim for the occasion.

Also and thirdly, I have been requested to address a few words to you, my own self. But, really, I don't know what to say. I am so very young. It 's hard to be a Jack-in-the-Pulpit, unless you grow up to be one, as your own Jack did. So all I can say, as I look about me, is, I 'm glad to see you all here to-day — and is n't it nice to be alive? To be alive is the first thing. After that it is easy to be thankful, and after that, not so very hard to try to be good. Now, my chicks, as Jack says, look into this matter.

As we 've been talking about trees, we may as well begin by reading these verses, sent you by your friend, Emilie Poulsson:

THE PINE-TREE'S SECRET.

SAID the Maple to the Pine,
"Don't you want a dress like mine,
Turning into gorgeous colors in September?"

"Well," replied the little Pine,
"I will own it 's very fine
While it lasts you;—but how is it in December?

"I 'm contented to be seen
In this handsome dress of green;
And to change it I don't see sufficient reason.

"But, dear Maple," said the Pine,
"Don't *you* want a dress like mine,
That will last and look as well in any season?"

"No, I thank you, little Pine,"
Said the Maple; "I decline,
Since for autumn reds and yellows I 've a passion.

"Those green dresses look so strange
When the Oaks and Beeches change.
Why, I could n't bear to be so out of fashion!"

All right, Miss Maple; but if you knew what *we* know, you 'd see why the pine has the best of it for not being in the fashion with you trees. Evergreens are in the height of the fashion with us boys and girls about this time of year.

But, my beloved hearers, I guess we 're trying to know too much. For Deacon Green says that the maple-tree has a secret, too, and that a few months later she may be the belle of the season. Now, what does that mean? And he says, too, that the more sappy we are, the better we 'll be able to guess. Now, what does *that* mean? I wish the Deacon would n't say quite such things as that, when there 's nobody but me here to explain 'em to you.

The next branch of our subject, my hearers, is called

THE WEATHER COCK'S COMPLAINT,

and I should n't be surprised if the Deacon meant that it 's better to be like the maple-tree than to be like this old weather-cock. Yet, the weather-cock does seem to have a hard time, and you can't help feeling rather sorry for the old fellow. Your friend Hugh Gibson sent you these verses about him, and your Jack asked me to be sure to show them to you.

No wonder he creaks as the winds go by,
No wonder he turns with a rusty sigh;
How would you like a living earning
By turning — turning — turning — turning?
Or to stand all your life with a pole for a base
And the winds of all weathers to blow in your face?

"Creak, creak, creak," we hear him say,
"To-morrow will be like yesterday,—
Now to the east, now to the west —
One never has any quiet or rest,
An hour of sunshine, another of rain,
It 's nothing but turning and turning again."

"Creak, creak, creak," the tin bird cries,
"In just a few signs the secret lies;
When the wind 's from the west, there 's nothing to fear;
When the wind 's from the east, a storm is near.
Can't every one tell when the day is clear
Without keeping me turning and twisting here?"

"Creak, creak, creak," the weather-cock growls,
"I think I 'm the most ill-used of fowls;
I never foretold bad weather yet
But you went in while I got wet.
Say what you may, I don't think it 's right
To keep me twisting from morning to night."

QUEER NAMES FOR THINGS.

YOU all know, of course, that rivers have "mouths" and "heads," and you all have heard of the "eye" of a needle, the "teeth" of a saw, and the "nose" of a watering-pot. But the Little Schoolma'am says that these are only the beginning of the list. She says a great many articles of furniture have "feet" and "legs," and some engines have "knees." Earthen jars have "ears" and "shoulders"; jugs and bottles have "necks" and "throats"; rain-spouts and stove-pipes have "elbows"; and grain-reapers have "fingers." Every boat has "ribs," and parks have been called the "lungs" of cities;—who can tell why? Peaches are said to have "cheeks," and every two-horse vehicle has a "tongue."

The Little Schoolma'am says that you can add to this list for yourselves, and that, if you think it out, and inquire of your elders, you will be astonished to find how many things in this world have the same names as parts of our active young bodies. And maybe, too, you 'll find out why this is so.

GOOD-BYE, my hearers. Your own dear old Jack will be in his pulpit again next month.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

THE December and January numbers of ST. NICHOLAS may each be regarded as a Christmas issue; or, since the one precedes Christmas Day but a few weeks, and the other follows it immediately, they may be taken as together forming a double Christmas number. Mr. Frank R. Stockton's story of "A Fortunate Opening," and Mrs. Rose Lattimore Alling's account of "A Christmas Conspiracy," will therefore run through both numbers; and the January issue will contain several other Christmas features, including a short holiday story by Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, and a Christmas poem by Miss Edith Thomas. And as stated on page 150, the "tough little yarn" of "The Galley Cat"—a very amusing tale in verse—will also be "spun" in that number.

THE LETTER-BOX.

ALASKA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother takes you, and my mamma reads the stories to me because I can not read yet. I am five years old, but Mamma says I may learn to read when I am seven. I wish I were seven now. But I know how to row a boat and to steer one, too, only not alone, but when Papa or Mamma is with me. My brother is twelve years old, and he can climb to the top of the mast, or go in a boat by himself. We live on a ship, and my papa is the captain. Sometimes the ship goes back and forth, sounding, to see how many fathoms deep the water is. My brother and I often take a long piece of string and play sound, too, when we are out in the straits. We tie one end of the string to his windmill, then a big nail to the other, and let the nail end go overboard. When it strikes the bottom, we pull it up to see what kind of bottom it is, sticky or sandy. Then we take angles like the officers. We have no little children to play with, because we sail away from the land, and besides, only Indian children live here in Alaska—except in Wrangell.

My mamma writes my letters for me, and I tell her what to say.

We went one day on a little steamboat named "Lively," to see the Patterson Glacier. It is a big mountain of ice, and great pieces break off and float about on the water. We picked up a very large piece and brought it back to the ship and put some of it in the water-coolers. But the "Lively" was so slow we could not get up to the foot of the glacier. Instead of "Lively," the boat had better be named "Slowly," I should think, and we had to come back before we wanted to.

I caught a big halibut one day. The quartermaster pulled it up for me, because it was so large it would have pulled me overboard if I had tried to pull it in alone. It weighed sixty-seven pounds.

Did you ever see hundreds and hundreds of big salmon jumping up out of the water? I see them almost every day, and yesterday we saw one that tried to leap up a big waterfall thirty feet high; but it fell back into the water again.

There were wild deer tracks all along the beach, and one day, in Steamer Bay, we saw a big black bear eating wild cabbage-leaves on the beach. Mamma and I did not stay on shore alone much after that.

It rains most of the time in Alaska, and we do not have many pleasant days at all. We are going back to San Francisco soon.

Your little friend,
MABEL E. SNOW.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy eleven years old living in Charleston, S. C., and I thought your young readers would like to know how some of us fared on the night of the earthquake. I went to bed that night at nine o'clock, and knew nothing of it until Mamma and my elder sister took my little brother and myself by the hand and led us to the head of the steps, and then Mamma sent us down with sister while she ran to the fourth story to get my old aunt and youngest sister. All the time the house was rocking so we could hardly keep our feet. Mamma and sister were thrown down twice before they got to our room. When we got down stairs we found the front door was so jammed that we could not open it; so we ran through the back door into the street, where the houses could not reach us if they had fallen any more. Our neighbors and servants soon came there, too. Papa and one of my sisters were on the way home from an evening call. They were in the street when the shock came. He says he first heard a rumbling noise and saw a light cloud coming rapidly to him, and then the earth began to roll around under his feet so that he had to cling to the fence to keep from being thrown down. If they had gone ten yards further they would have been crushed under a wall twenty feet high. As soon as Papa got my sister where we were, he took a lantern and went to a poor woman who was caught under the piazza which had fallen from a neighbor's house. After working nearly a half hour, they got her out. Papa said she behaved like a soldier.

Of course we were very much scared, but after Mamma said a prayer for us, we felt God would take care of us. None of us made any fuss, not even the colored servants, who were as quiet as possible and did everything Mamma told them. As soon as the first shock was over, we saw a house on fire a short distance from us and another large fire a few squares off, and we thought the whole city would be burnt down; but the engines were soon at work, although they had much trouble to get out of their houses.

Nearly every house took fire from lamps that were upset, but the people, even women and children, stopped to put them out before they left the houses. We staid in the street until two o'clock, and then we went into the basement of our house and lay down on mattresses, but only the little children slept.

Please thank the good people who are sending us money, for we are very poor now, and it is very good of them to send it.

W. PARKER HOLMES.

I write so badly, I got Mamma to copy this for me.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A month or two ago there appeared in a number of your magazine an article entitled, "Keeping the Cream of One's Reading." The process described there seemed so laborious that I thought I would describe my own method of doing the same thing. I think a book should be valued for the use we can make of it, and so I do not hesitate to mark mine. When I notice a paragraph or a sentence that seems to me noteworthy, I draw a pencil-line around it. In this way, when I glance at the book a second time, I know the best portions at once. If there is anything very important, I make a note on the margin to call attention to the fact. This is no trouble whatever: it can be done at any time or place; and now when paper-covered editions are flooding the land with the best publications, it seems to me that since they are within the reach of all, there is no necessity, as there might have been once, for the other toilsome method.

SUBSCRIBER.

DULUTH, MINNESOTA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken your magazine from the first (at least, my father has). I was not very old when he got the first numbers. We have them all bound, and they make a very fine set of books.

In the July number for 1883, I read an article on "How to Build a Catamaran," by W. L. Alden. I showed it to my friend David Ericson. He said it was very good, but thought I was not old enough then to build one, and my folks thought so, too; but I thought different. Well, my father made me wait till this last winter, when he got some tools and let me go at it.

In looking back in my journal for 1886, I find that I began to construct it on New Year's day, that I finished it on the 1st of May, got it ready for sea at the close of June, and have sailed in it all summer; so you can imagine what a fine vacation I have had.

In comparing my sketch with that of Mr. Alden's, you will find they differ somewhat; but you see I live at the head of Lake Superior, so I had to make her more "ready for sea."

This is the first boat I ever built, and I have discovered two things: the first is, that it is anything but an easy job; and the second, that if you "keep at it," and are very "exact in figuring," you will always come out all right.

Mr Alden says: "There is no better boat to cruise in than such a catamaran. At night you anchor her, unship your mast, pitch your tent, and sleep safely and comfortable. If you come to a dam, you take the craft apart, and carry her around it piecemeal. If you once

try to build a catamaran, and succeed,—as you certainly will, if you have patience,—you will have the safest and most comfortable sail-boat in the world."

I have tried it myself, and find it is true.

FRED. W. JOHNSON.

TWIN LAKES, COLORADO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old, and in summer we live in a cottage away up in the clouds, two miles above the sea-shore. There are mountains all around us, and a lake in front of us, and one behind us. There are woods on one side of each lake. High up on the mountains, where the trees stop growing, is called the timber-line; and above that there are little patches of snow all summer long. Now the trees are yellow and red, and the shadows in the lake are very beautiful. Two deer were killed in the lake last week, when they came down to drink.

Dick and I love to get the new ST. NICHOLAS every month. Dick likes the "Brownies" the most.

Your devoted reader, ETHEL V. W.

DELHI, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are so fond of you, that, this summer, when we made two books out of the leaves of an old day-book that were not written upon, we named them in honor of you, New St. Nicholas; and we are writing the best stories we can in them.

We think that "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is the best story we ever read, and are also very much interested in "The Kelp-Gatherers."

We remain, your interested readers,

ANNIE S. AND FLORENCE W.

NEAR PEKING, CHINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am thirteen years old, and I have taken you five years. I have three younger sisters, and we all like you very much. I like "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

Last summer we went to Mongolia for a few days, and we lived in tents; we slept on the ground, and when we got up in the morning it was as cold as if it were winter-time Large herds of cows and oxen would be infected with curiosity, and crowd around the tents, when, suddenly, one of us would run at them with an open umbrella, and scare them away. There were, at that time, innumerable flowers on the hills, and in a marsh near us we found a beautiful little pearly-white flower.

There are some caves two or three miles north of Kalgan that were made by men; for, when we took some dirt off the bottom of the larger caves, we found a lime floor underneath In one of the caves is a spring, which is a great convenience to us when we go up to picnic there. Papa found a stone ax on a mountain west of our house, by a mound like those he used to find in Ohio, when he was a boy. The ax is now at New York at the Metropolitan Art Museum.

Every year we go down to Peking in mule-litters, and we girls think it is great fun. The Chinese here say that a man's hair is round, and that a woman's hair is flat I have tried rolling them between my fingers, and have found them so. Is it true? I hope my letter is not too long, for it would give me great pleasure to see it in the Letter-Box. From your friend,

EMILY WILLIAMS

P. S.—Mamma says I ought to tell you where I live. I live between China proper and Mongolia, north of Peking. E. W.

ST. PETERSBURG, 1886.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for four or five years. We have lived here for more than a year. A few months ago I saw a letter from St. Petersburg, but that is about the only one I can remember having seen. The little girl who wrote it described the droskies. I will describe the sledges. The horse wears the same harness all the year round. The sledges are very short, being only long enough for a moderately comfortable seat for the passenger and a very small seat for the izvoshchik (driver). The place where he puts his feet is so small that he has to put one outside. The sledges are very low compared with English and American sleighs, and so short that the driver almost sits in the passenger's lap.

Now I must conclude my letter, for it will be too long for you to print, and I want you to print it very much, as it is the first letter I have ever written to any magazine.

From your constant reader, WILLIE ROPES.

CHESTNUT HILL, 1886.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I suppose you know what a poor opinion many boys have of what girls can do in the way of outdoor sports Well, last summer, we girls got up a cricket club and practiced every day, and at last we made arrangements to play the boys, and although we were beaten, we had the consolation of having the boys acknowledge that we could do something in the way of outdoor sports

ELEANOR CUYLER PATTERSON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an American boy and I spent the summer in Switzerland. We staid some time at a little villa on the Lake of Lucerne. It is very beautiful there, the mountains are so grand. Southwest of us was the Pilatus, six thousand four hundred feet in height, which was very close to us. I have two sisters and one brother; I am the eldest of the family; I am twelve years old.

One of my cousins, who plays very well, went to Bayreuth with Papa, to hear the great performances of "Tristan and Isolde," and "Parsifal," which are played only every three years, and for which people come across the ocean.

I have taken you four years now and like you very much. Now, good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS, and believe me to be your affectionate little friend and reader, J. H. T.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you nearly a year. I like the "Brownies" best, and I think George Washington was just fine. My papa and I made a kite and flag like the one described in the July number. The flag hung over Main street and created quite a sensation on the morning of July 5th. Please print my letter, as it is my first. I am nine years old. I live in Elk Point, Dakota

WALTER H. H.

BÔLE, CANTON DE NEUCHÂTEL, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As you were so kind as to print the letter I wrote you from Pappenheim, Bavaria, last summer, it has given me courage to tell the readers of ST. NICHOLAS a little about Suchard's great chocolate manufactory, near Neuchâtel, which we have just visited. We were first shown the large water-wheel which works all the machinery. From there we were taken to the room where the raw cocoa beans are kept in great pyramids from eight to ten feet high! We passed through several rooms where the beans were broken and shelled by machinery, while in another room they were sorted by a lot of women sitting at a long table. The cocoa was then passed through several grindings, cookings, and flavorings, after which it was molded into its final shapes. It was very interesting to watch the women wrap the chocolate; their fingers seemed to go like lightning, they went so fast; and it was wonderful to see the big cakes of chocolate piled up in room after room, as high as the ceiling. Each cake was about two feet long, one foot wide, and four inches thick, and it looked so good! The young man who showed us around made it very funny at the end by not only giving us as much chocolate as we could eat ourselves, but by stuffing his own pockets too. The manufactory is like a little village in itself, there are so many great buildings; some of them are connected by bridges on which are laid railroad tracks. These serve to run the cars on that carry the chocolate from one building to another.

I wish all your readers could be traveling, and seeing as much as I am, because I am having lots and lots of fun.

I remain, your loving reader, HARRY LYNDON DESPARD.

SAN RAFAEL, MARION CO., CALIFORNIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old, and I live in California. The other day my sisters and I were playing in a big bay tree, when I saw a little gray thing running about on the roots of a tree near by. I climbed down quickly, and ran over to where it was, and there I saw it was little baby wood-rat. I picked it up in my hands and called "Oh, guess what I 've got," and the other children screamed and shouted, and got down from the tree as fast as they could, to see what I had. Than we ran up to the house with it, and showed it to Mamma, and begged her to let us keep it



for a pet. She said she thought it was a pretty little thing, but she did not like to have a wood-rat in the house, but she let us keep it for one night, and gave us a little wooden box to put it in. We put some cotton in the box for a bed, and gave him some pieces of apple to eat, and he nibbled a little bit, but he could not eat very much, he had such tiny teeth Mamma told me to make a little sketch of him as he sat in the box; so I did, and here it is; I tried to make it just life-size. I can not draw very well yet, but I send it to you because I thought the little children in the East might like to see what a

wood-rat looks like, if it is good enough to be printed. The next day I brought it down to the place where I found it, and we left the box there, too, so if he did not find his mother he could creep into the cotton and get warm. When we went back afterward to look for it, the rat had gone, so we hoped he had found his mother, and we were glad we let him go. Your little friend,

ELLEN G. EMMET.

NED M.— Yes; the name is a real one, and the gentleman lives in New York City.

EAGLE GROVE, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years, and I like you ever so much. I live a quarter of a mile from the town, and as I have no little sisters or brothers to play with, you are a great deal of company for me. I think that "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was a very nice story, and I liked "His One Fault" ever so much, and was sorry when it ended.

The prairies here in the summer are beautiful. They are covered with flowers; there are golden-rod, phlox, violets, buttercups, anemones, pasque-flowers, red lilies, lady-slippers, asters, indigo-plant, and many others. Among the birds are bobolinks, robins, hummingbirds, sparrows, killdeers, bee-birds, meadow-larks, and martins.

I have a horse that is twenty-four years old, a bird and a dog. Hoping that I may see this in print, I remain,

Your interested reader, DAISY CLARE B——.

AUGUSTA, GA.

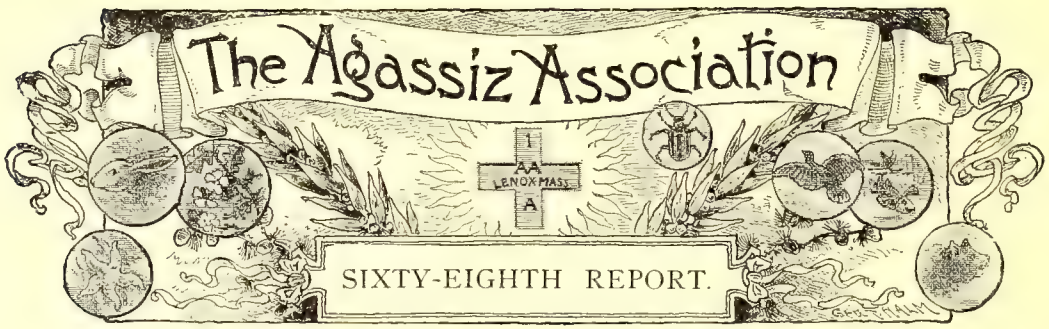
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been taking you a very long time, long before I could read you; but Mamma read you to my sister and myself. We can hardly wait for you to come out every month.

I want to tell you about my darling little pony. He is a Shetland pony. Papa bought him for me at the New Orleans Exposition. He is very small, his name is Peek-a-boo. Peek-a-boo is very gentle now; but when I first got him, he had a way of going fast, and all at once stopping, and I kept on going — over his head, and landed on the ground. He likes figs very much, and he will eat nearly all kinds of fruit. My sister has an Indian pony; it is very pretty, but not so pretty as Peek-a-boo. Every afternoon we go riding, and sometimes we also go in the morning. Peek-a-boo is fond of music; sometimes I go out where he is eating grass and play the banjo to him; he comes up to me and smells my hand and rubs his nose against me, evidently quite pleased. He is so spoiled and petted that he is more like a big dog than a horse. He would even go into the kitchen if cook would let him. I hope you will print my letter, as this is the first I have ever written to you.

Your little friend, MARIE B——.

WE regret that we can only acknowledge the pleasant letters sent to us by the following young friends:

Dot and Lottie, Edna Weil, "Peep-bo," Esther Watson, The Theatrical Trio, Lily W., Ettie Coombs, Harold G., "Bob," Edith, Ethel Cutts, Mabel Cutts, W. M., Lucy Eastman, Laurence C. F., Horace Macknight, A Reader, "Germaine and Muriel," Grace and Carrie L., Lulu, Clara J. Frayne, Eloise McElroy, "Sippie" Liddell, F. A. H., Jennie H. Henry, Clarence H. Robison, Nellie T. Bendon, Buttercup, Primrose and Pansy M., Mattie I. Brown, Florence A. H., Leonora B. Borden, Julie H., Nellie, Eugene Kell, L. D. W., Jennie M. Woodruff, Katherine M., Pearl Wheeler, Genevra Foster, Flora F. S., John Warren, Sadie Lewis, Annie M. Graves, Nellie Spurck, Nellie Montgomery, Nellie F. H., Aimée, A. P., Will J. Dever, Clara Whitmore B., Carrie Byrd, Lily and Violet B., Cheney Robertson, "Damon and Pythias," Edith W., Bessie Snodgrass, Clara Steele, Ransom Brackett, Arthur B. W., Ruth I. Henrici, Algernon, Lizzie A. Prioleau, Helen, Fred. J. Nicholas, "Mayflower," "Sachem," Rachel, Jennie Snodgrass, Sarah Jenkins, Ida Scott, C. B. S., Jr., Alice Ham, Florence Day, Louise A., Bessie C., Nellie M. Ingraham, Eva Campbell, Willie Holt, Lena and Alna, Clarence, Minna and Pansy, Sarah Hunter Mustin, Heebie Q. W., Lilly W., Tommy D. W., Charity L. W., David Tenney, Bertha Lockwood, Nan and Bert, Jessie Walton, Maude Cullen, Ellie A. Newhall, Susie P. Newhall, M. T. M., Jerald and Sue, Harry F., Ida H. Doeg, Edith M. Hadley, M. R. S., I. W. Ward, Edith P., A. R. Porter, M. F. D. and A. M. S., Freddie Adickes, Florence, Lillian and Pearl Sturtevant, Johnnie Culkin, Ella, Jack H., Beryl E. Engel, Mabel J., Polly S. and Alice M., Margaret B. M., Mabel Gilbert, Edna Howard, Gladys Davenport, Lila Langford, A. E. Jack, Three Little Maids, Florence Langton, Dolly Frankenfield, A. A. C., Louie B., May G. M., Bessie C., John H. McClellan, Leo P., Elsie Beth Dunn, Mamie Biddle, Otis S., Marion Knight, Bessie Haight, Alfred Dawson, F. S. K., and Bessie Lewis.



PLEASANT WORDS FROM ENGLAND.

A LETTER announcing the organization of Chapter 975, London, closes as follows: "It may interest you to know that four of the members (those bearing the name Francillon) belong to an English branch of a family which, in Switzerland, has been closely connected with the family of Agassiz, whose sister was Mme. Francillon."

HOW TO OBSERVE SNOW-CRYSTALS.

A. E. WARREN, Sec. of 742, Jefferson, Ohio, says: "The best way to sketch them, according to my experience, is to catch them on a piece of cold looking-glass. Then, with an inch lens, their forms can be made out more easily than when caught on cloth."

MICA FOR THE MICROSCOPE.

[*The following hint from Mr. Chas. E. Brown, of our flourishing Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, Chapter, will be of service to our younger members. For fine work, mica is too soft to be useful, besides possessing undesirable optical properties. It was formerly used to some extent, but has been superseded by glass.*] "I use thin sheets of mica to cover objects to be mounted. It is nearly as flexible as paper, may be readily cut with scissors, and stands wear very well. As I have never seen, in any work on the microscope, a method so simple and yet so practical, give it, if you approve, to the members of the A. A."

WHO CAN TELL?

MR. COGGESHALL MACY, one of our most earnest members in New York City, asks: "Do bumble-bees prey upon spiders? I have

been watching a certain kind of brown spider. In two instances, a bumble-bee flew into the web and struggled for a moment, but as soon as the spider attacked it, the bee flew off, carrying the spider, I thought, in its legs."

The Courses of Study.

The subject of a course of study in Marine Zoölogy has unexpectedly resolved itself into an interesting question regarding the right of a certain institution to furnish alcohol for the preservation of specimens designed for use outside the State. This question will soon be decided. Prof. Crosby is preparing the specimens, etc., for his second course in Mineralogy, and will soon be ready for work.

By the way, I can not resist giving a short extract from a letter from a Georgia boy — to illustrate the want which is supplied by these courses:

"We need a small fund, the interest of which may be used to enable those who need help to avail themselves of the lessons. Even the very slight expense for specimens and books, which now attends our courses of study, is enough to exclude some of those who would be most benefited by them.

"I am very anxious to take up some scientific course of study. I am quite poor and can not afford an expensive course. If it is possible that I might pay for the course by copying, writing, or in any way, I would be very glad to do it."

School Scientific Societies in Switzerland.

Miss Margaret Kendal Grimston, a member of one of our London, England, Chapters, having mentioned seeing a group of Swiss boys off for a scientific excursion, sends the following in response to a request for particulars:

"I should say they were from different schools, as they came in three detachments, and each detachment had one or two teachers. Almost all carried botany-boxes and butterfly-nets. They appeared very enthusiastic. The boys were of all ages, mostly ranging from about twelve to sixteen. I noticed they wore something in their hats, but whether a badge of any sort, I do not know. A gentleman told me they were going to spend the whole day in the woods. He also told me they made many botanizing and scientific excursions about that time of the year."

A Good Excuse.

Here comes a report, due last month, but delayed for cause, as you may see:

687, *Adrian, Mich. (A).* The reason of delay is, that I have been waiting to find out what success we had at the county fair. Our success was complete. We occupied one whole cottage (18x24 feet). Although it was a huge job to fix the whole building up, we did it, and had a very fine exhibit. We had a collection of stuffed birds, a collection of Indian relics, and a collection in geology and mineralogy. We had to compete against the fine collection of the Adrian College. We took first premium on general collection, three other first premiums, and two second premiums. In all, they amounted to $18.00. We have purchased matting for our rooms, and expect to be in shape to receive visitors very soon.

We have a large aquarium in running order. We do not wish to brag, but not long ago one of the most prominent State entomologists said that we had one of the finest collections in entomology in the State. We received the report of General Assembly, and read it with great interest. — Edw. J. Sebbins, Sec.

Reports from the Eighth Century — 701–800.

705, *Philadelphia (Y).* *The right spirit.* — Part of the summer has been devoted to botany. I have a small cabinet, containing thirty-seven minerals, some shells and curiosities, labeled and catalogued, and have become much interested in mineralogy. I am just now sustaining the Chapter alone, but am looking forward to being joined by some interested persons, and am by no means discouraged. — Edith Earpe.

711, *Glens Falls (A).* *A model report.* — Our Chapter enters upon the third year of its existence, sound in organization and earnest and enthusiastic in spirit. Sixteen regular meetings have been held, at which numerous papers were read, and "talks" given upon natural history subjects, selections read, specimens reported upon, etc.

Under the management of a committee, the Chapter room has been gradually made pleasanter and more convenient. A "science reading-table" has been started, and upon it may be found, by Chapter members and their friends, the current numbers of several leading scientific periodicals. A quarterly publication, called the "Owl" has been issued, specimen and exchange copies of which will gladly be sent to other Chapters upon request.

Agassiz's birthday was duly observed by a formal meeting in the afternoon, at which time Dr. Lintner, New York State Entomologist, and several Glens Falls gentlemen made addresses, after which a festival was held. A delightful walk with Dr. Lintner, the next day, May 29th, is looked back upon by the Chapter with pleasant thoughts. We number, at present, nineteen active and six honorary members. — Edwd. R. Wait, Sec.

719, *Philadelphia (A).* *A good one.* — This Chapter, although comparatively new, promises to be a good one. The Chapter was formed early in June, 1886, with four members. The membership increased to seven in one week. We have no initiation fees, nor any fines. Botany was our subject for the summer, and we had two essays read at each meeting, each on a different flower. Two of us are arranging an herbarium for the Chapter. We intend to study geology in the winter and botany in the summer. We have a very nice cabinet of rocks, minerals, and marine curiosities; also some very handsome fossils. — Herbert L. Evans, Sec.

728, *Binghamton, N. Y.* *Perseverance wins.* — For us the past year has been full of discouragements. At the beginning of the year, we had seven active members, and had secured a room in the Y. M. C. A. building, free of charge. Thus equipped, we felt ready for work in earnest. But one evening our president and treasurer both left us, and we found affairs very unsettled. This discouraged us so much that two others nearly left. Then it was vacation, and we separated for the summer. On our opening this fall, we did some hard thinking. At our last meeting, we admitted one new member. We have also decided to send to Philadelphia for a good microscope. One of our number claims to have discovered that on butterflies there are differently shaped scales for each different color. — Chas. F. Hotchkin, Sec.

733, *Detroit (D).* *Bravo, Detroit!* — Our Chapter was organized November 7, 1884, with five active members. We then had a very small room, and a cabinet. Most of us had been collecting minerals before this, and we spent the next two months studying, classifying, and arranging our specimens. We then decided to take a course in ornithology, and under a teacher we studied all that winter and spring, meeting on every Saturday evening, and having lectures every alternate meeting, and at the other meeting we would have discussions on the previous lecture. In June, 1885, we adjourned for the summer. Those who went away collected specimens, and those of us who staid at home worked in another direction, that of widening the circle of people interested in our work; and we succeeded so well that when we reorganized in September, we had on our list of honorary members some of the most prominent men in the city, and a suite of large rooms, nicely furnished and hung with pictures, and about two hundred books in our library. In fact, we had a new stimulus, and things looked very bright. We had been paying ten cents a month during the summer, and with no expenses our fund grew so that we were able to decorate the room. We also received a present of a beautiful microscope. We began the winter with a series of debates on the usefulness of certain birds; and I wish to recommend this to other Chapters, as it stimulates a spirit of friendly rivalry, and a person will read more on a subject to conquer his opponent than he otherwise would in a month. Some of our members asked for something a little livelier about this time, and so we organized a secret society called the Ε· Λ· Λ·, which met once a month after our regular meeting. This did not interfere with our work, and gave us a little fun mixed in with it. It was decided to celebrate Christmas in a becoming manner, which we did, with a banquet and speeches and a reception by the club. In January it was decided to ask some of our honorary members to deliver lectures to the club, and a great number kindly consented. They were very interesting, although not all relating to natural history. This is the list:

Judge Jennison, cuneiforms; Rev. R. W. Clark, geology; Dr. J. F. Noyes, eyes, with dissections; Dr. Chittick, surveying; D. O. Paige, safes and locks; Judge Reilly, the right of property; Mr. Lewis Allen, Pasteur and his work; Dr. G. P. Andrews, whales and whale-fishing; Rev. J. N. Blanchard, books and reading.

We made excursions to a suburban farm, once a month, to study from nature, and enjoyed them very much. We also celebrated Agassiz's birthday. This year the arch-enemy to the A. A. — college — will force us to part, temporarily, but we hope to come together in college next year, so please don't scratch us off; for as long as two members are in one city, the honor of 733, now the oldest and most widely known Chapter in Detroit, will be upheld, and we all look back upon the last two years as containing some of the happiest Saturday evenings of our lives. — Edw. H. Smith.

741, *Meadville, Pa.* *Good!* — We have just come home from a camping and collecting expedition. We have been gone most of the summer. We had a very pleasant and profitable time, collecting several thousand insects for our cabinet. Our Chapter is in a very flourishing condition, having now fifteen members active, two honorary, and three corresponding. We have quite a library, and a very fine collection of insects, minerals, birds' eggs, and flowers. We hold a meeting every other week, when an essay is read and discussed. — Ward M. Sackett, Sec.

743, *Detroit (F).* *A good plan.* — Our membership is seventeen. We have adopted the following plan of study for 1886–7:

I. *Zoölogy.* — a, Mammals; b, Birds; c, Reptiles; d, Fish; e, Insects; f, Worms; g, Mollusks; h, Echinoderms. II. *Botany.* — a, Palm-trees; b, Garden and Fruit trees; c, Shrubbery; d, Herbs; e, Grasses. III. *Minerals.* — a, Earth and Stone; b, Salts; c, Metals; d, Combustible Minerals. — Kate Rand, Sec.

747, *Lexington, Illinois.* *Concise and to the point.* — Our Chapter, though small, is progressing finely, and deriving a great deal of profit from its meetings. We have a cabinet, 546 specimens, and a library of 104 magazines and books. We are especially interested in Mineralogy, and would be pleased to hear from Chapters interested in the same. — W. B. Merrill, Sec.

753, *Springfield, Mass.* "*They are workers!*"—We can muster only four active members, but they are workers. During the past year, we have collected nearly two hundred different geological specimens, some of which are rare. On the west side of our room, above the entrance door, is a mounted deer's head from the Northwest. Above this is a picture surrounded by Spanish moss, and below is a bow and arrow from the South Sea Islands. At the right hangs a mirror, below which is a gun and powder-horn used in the Revolution, and on the floor is a knapsack used in the Civil War. Next to this is a cabinet of miscellaneous specimens, and on top a shelf of books At the right of this is a shelf of iron and quartz specimens. On the east side is a large frame containing Confederate bonds and notes, and below is a shelf of marine specimens. Next to this comes a buffalo-horn, from which is suspended a small cabinet of minerals. On the north side is a shelf containing Professor Crosby's mineral collection, and in the middle of the north side is an alcove in which is the secretary's desk and six shelves of minerals. On the west side is a table of miscellaneous curiosities, and next to this is a closet used for storing duplicates. Between the closet and the entrance is a small black-walnut cabinet of coins, etc.—Harry Wright.

760, *Jamaica Plain, Mass* "*It is not without success.*"—This Chapter was formed in December, 1884. The founder was out of school, on account of sickness, and read the reports of the A. A. in back numbers of the ST. NICHOLAS. He interested three others in the subject, and we held our first meeting, December 22, 1884. In April, 1885, a small house was lent to us by a lady. On the evening of December 21, 1885, we held a meeting in celebration of our first anniversary. Many of our friends were present. On New-Year's Eve we had a club supper.

On May 28, 1886, we held a meeting in commemoration of Agassiz, to which about thirty of our friends came.

A pleasing and instructive feature of our club work has been our field-meetings. We have visited all the suburbs of Boston, and went to Fitchburg with a party from the Institute of Technology. The president and myself went to Mt. Desert, Me., this summer, and got many minerals and rocks.

We meet on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month. The Chapter is divided into two parts: one for the study of Botany, the other of Mineralogy. They meet on the first and third Thursdays and Fridays of each month. Some members are conducting courses of lectures on different subjects. We do our best and hope that it is not without success.—C. S. Greene, Sec

766, *Allegheny, Pa. (A)* is at work bright and early. We all feel happy to get back into harness, after vacation.

We held our first meeting for the year last night, and I am sure if you could have seen the bright, eager faces in our club-room, you would have felt fully repaid for your noble efforts for the A. A.

For the winter we have laid out a great plan of work, which, if carried through, will be of more benefit to us than all our previous three years' study.

One of our most able workers is Prof. John T. Daniels. He is our guide, and when we are in any difficulty, upon application to him all the kinks are sure to be straightened out. His interest in "his boys," as he calls us, is only bounded by our affection for him, and should I write this report without making special mention of his noble and self-sacrificing endeavors, I should feel as if I were doing him an injustice.

The plan of work we have laid out for the coming year consists of essays, original compositions, and lectures by the members. We had a great deal of discussion as to whether it were best to take up but two studies and have all the members study them, or let each one study what suited him best, and at last decided (and I think wisely) on the latter. We are almost all specialists, and I think will all progress well in our own particular lines.

In the past year we have worked hard, and have profited by our work. In the year to come we intend to work harder than ever, and, if possible, profit more. The only thing we have to regret is that in this city our society is not as well known as it should be. For the purpose of spreading our name more, we intend to begin the editing of a department in a paper that is circulated among the school children here.

If I do not close soon, my long report will weary you; so with an earnest invitation to other Chapters to correspond with us, I remain, yours sincerely, Fred L. Long, Sec., 14 Sixth street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

770, *N. Y. (T).* *Very gratifying.*—I am now in the country, and have met two other members of the A. A. We have been collecting crinoid-stems. We find it very difficult to get them out whole. We have been taking Prof. Crosby's course, and found it very interesting. We have eight members and are succeeding very well —Frederick W Douglas.

776, *Oakland, Cal.*—The Chapter has derived much benefit from correspondence with other Chapters. We prepare, for each meeting, a paper called "*Agassiz Notes*," containing a report of the various meetings of the Chapter. Occasionally, we hold outdoor meetings, which always prove interesting and profitable.—S. R. Wood, Sec.

787, *Elizabeth, N. J. (A).* We have collected a great deal and are still collecting. We have a collection of all the rocks and the few minerals that are found around here, besides many that are not. At one time there were twenty-nine robins' nests, with eggs in, just around the house. Blackbirds are also plentiful here, building sometimes three nests in the same tree, at different heights, but generally about five feet apart, and yet seldom fighting.—Roy Hopping.

789, *Kioto, Japan.* *Do they sing in winter?*—Will some of our English members tell us whether the skylark sings in the winter in England or not?

Two of us happened to go through the city park the day after Christmas, some ten or fifteen minutes apart, and both heard and saw a lark. The one I heard went through a variety of changes, but did not continue singing so long as the bird usually does in the mating season.

Mrs. Piatt has a poem in one of the October, 1885, numbers of the *Independent* on "Meeting a Skylark in Autumn," but she does n't seem to have heard it sing; indeed, the burden of her song seems to be that the lark she met was silent, or at most gave only the chirp the bird usually gives when flushed.

The larks here stopped singing in July, for the most part, but an occasional song was heard in the fall.—C. M. Cady.

794, *Flemington, N. J.* *Ask him to resign* — We have made very little progress during the past two months, what with opposition by people who think it a waste of time, and a member who is objected to by the parents of others, on the ground that he swears and smokes a great deal, which, I am sorry to say, is true.

We thought of dissolving and then reorganizing, without including him. What would you advise us to do, under the circumstances?

I have a pair of flying squirrels which, I find, can not change their course of flight. If any obstruction is held before them immediately after their start, they sail into it, unless they drop before reaching it.—H. E. Deats, Sec.

EXCELLENT and gratifying reports are received also from Chapters 706, 708, 710, 714, 716, 718, 725, 727, 737, 739, 742, 746, 749, 756, 761, 762, 764, 769–770, 778, 783, 784, and 788—but as our limits forbid the publication of all the reports, we have printed only those which have conformed to our rules regarding length, etc., and those which have been sent in punctually at the appointed time. Secretaries of Chapters 1–100 will kindly forward their reports at any time before January 6th,—the earlier the better. Do not exceed two pages of commercial note-paper.

EXCHANGES.

DYCTIOPHYTONS, a very rare fossil, and fossil shells, for minerals.—Percy C. Meserve, Bath, Steuben Co., N. Y.

Calcite, crinoid stems, fossil shells, and fossil coral, for minerals or fossils. All specimens are good.—C. E. Boardman, Marshalltown, Iowa, Box 1888.

Fine classified specimens of *Coleoptera* and *Lepidoptera*, for same. Also *Hymenoptera* (undetermined), for *Lepidoptera* and *Coleoptera*. Correspondence solicited.—Ward M. Sackett, Sec. Chapter 741, Meadville, Pa.

Pupæ of Angulifera, Imperialis, Io, Luna, etc., and of foreign moths and butterflies, for those of *Regalis, Maia*, and other rare insects. Correspondence requested with some one who rears *Regalis*.—James L. Mitchell, Jr., Box 58, Bloomington, Ind.

Large specimens of minerals and insects, for same. Indian relics also desired.—Ezra R. Larned, 50 Twenty-fourth street, Chicago, Illinois.

CHAPTERS, NEW AND REORGANIZED.

No.	*Name.*	*No. of Members.*	*Address.*
410	Shelbyville, Illinois.. (A)	4..	Benjamin A. Cottlow, Box 635.
229	Chicago, Illinois (F)	....	has joined Ch. 152, Chicago (E).
6	Mt. Washington, Md. (A)	6..	Miss A. V. Crenshaw, Box 56.
242	Philadelphia, Pa. (I)....	4..	Ph. P. Calvert, Room 7, 520 Walnut Street.

DISSOLVED.

955	Ridgefield, Conn.....	5..	Roger C. Adams.
751	Plymouth, N. H.....	....	W. P. Ladd.

All are invited to join the Association.
Address all communications for this department to

MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Pittsfield, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

RHOMBOIDS. I. Across: 1. Taper. 2. Saber. 3. Tenor. 4. Never. 5. Wedge. II. Across: 1. Clasp 2. Ocean. 3. Tried. 4. Ensue. 5. Stems. — CHARADE. Base-ball.

ANAGRAMS. 1. Oliver Cromwell. 2. James Garfield. 3. Napoleon Bonaparte. 4. Benjamin Franklin. 5. William Pitt. 6. Thomas Jefferson. 7. Abraham Lincoln. 8. Christopher Columbus.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC. Minnesota. Cross-words: 1. Manchester. 2. Indiana. 3. Nevada. 4. Nicaragua. 5. Euphrates. 6. Singapore. 7. Ohio. 8. Texas. 9. Amazon.

PI.

Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crowned,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale.

GOLDSMITH. *Traveler*, line 17.

WORD-BUILDING. 1. As-cent. 2. As-kant. 3. As-lope. 4. As-sail. 5. As-sent. 6. As-sign. 7. As-sets. 8. As-size. 9. As-sort. 10. As-sure. 11. As-tern. 12. As-tray.

DOUBLE DIAMOND. Across: 1. C. 2. Boa. 3 Alack. 4 Aniline. 5. President. 6. Catties. 7. Reits. 8. Roy. 9. N.

CUBE From 1 to 2, frighten; 2 to 4, nautical; 3 to 4, tropical; 1 to 3, fragrant; 5 to 6, gangrene; 6 to 8, educible; 7 to 8, strangle; 5 to 7, glorious; 1 to 5, flag; 2 to 6, nose; 4 to 8, lobe; 3 to 7, tars.

REBUS. There 's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC. First row, Omnibuses; fourth row, steamship; last row, steel pens. Cross-words: 1. Orestes. 2. Martlet. 3. Naperie. 4. Imbathe. 5. Brimful. 6. Use soap. 7. Shuhite. 8. Environ. 9 Surplus.

GREEK CROSS. I. 1. Manna. 2. Avail. 3. Named. 4. Niece. 5. Alder. II. 1. Aroma. 2. Rival. 3. Ovoid. 4. Maize. 5. Alder. III. 1. Alder. 2. Leave. 3. Dares. 4. Event. 5. Rests. IV. 1. Rests. 2. Ethel. 3. Shine. 4. Tense. 5. Sleep. V. 1. Rests. 2. Exert. 3. Senor. 4. Trope. 5. Strew.

WORD-SQUARE. I. 1. Lover. 2. Oxide. 3. Vigil. 4. Edile. 5. Relet. II. 1. Trade. 2. Ripen. 3. Apple. 4. Delhi. 5. Eneid. III. 1. Abase. 2. Baden. 3. Admit. 4. Seize. 5. Enter. IV. 1. Vases. 2. Adore. 3. Solar. 4. Erase. 5. Sered. V. 1. Hovel. 2. Opera. 3. Venus. 4. Erupt. 5. Lasts. VI. 1 Start. 2. Tiber. 3. Above. 4. Revie 5. Trees

TO OUR PUZZLERS: In sending answers to puzzles, sign only your initials or use a short assumed name; but if you send a complete list of answers, you may sign your full name. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 20, from Maud E. Palmer — Paul Reese — Maggie T. Turrill — E. C. T. and N. K. T. — John — Grandpa and Sharley — San Anselmo Valley — Francis W. Islip — Nellie and Reggie — The Spencers — W. R. M. — Two Cousins — "N. O. Tary" — C. and H. Condit — Edith McDonald.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 20, from Tad, 1 — N. L. H., 2 — Westboro Jo, 11 — M. Sherwood, 7 — Aloha, 4 — Watermelon Days, 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 10 — Tell, 1 — Nornie, 1 — F. Jarman, 1 — E. A. R., 7 — Beth, 12 — Primary, 1 — "Waterbury," 11 — J. S. L., 3 — Florence A. F. and Bessie S. P., 12 — Pen Zcene, 3 — "Sallie L. and Johnny C.," 8 — Jo and I, 9 — R. L, 1 — Jet, 6 — Arthur and Bertie K., 8 — Arthur G Lewis, 11 — Agricola, 12 — L. M. B., 10 — Daisy and Mabel, 10 — "Original Puzzle Club," 9 — St. Autyus, 10.

EASY PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



THE above illustration shows an author and nine of his works. What are they? O. N. N.

BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD what is often on the breakfast-table, and leave a bundle of paper. 2. Behead a fruit, and leave active. 3. Behead to frequent, and leave a relative 4. Behead singly, and leave retired. 5. Behead a serf, and leave to wash. 6. Behead a young branch, and leave the cry of an owl. 7. Behead an occurrence, and leave to utter. 8. Behead to draw along the ground, and leave to scoff.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a summer resort.

"HIGHWOOD."

PI.

UARRHH orf fheart misstarch!
Grin lal eth yrmer slelb,
Nda grinb het deargrinss lal daunor
Ot rhea eht alte eh sletl. F. A. W.

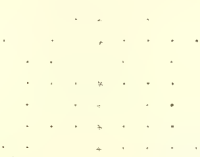
WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. To tinge. 2 A fruit. 3. A kind of cloth. 4. Public. 5. Leases.

II 1. A heathen. 2. Unextinguished. 3. Scoffs. 4 To turn away. 5. Abodes.

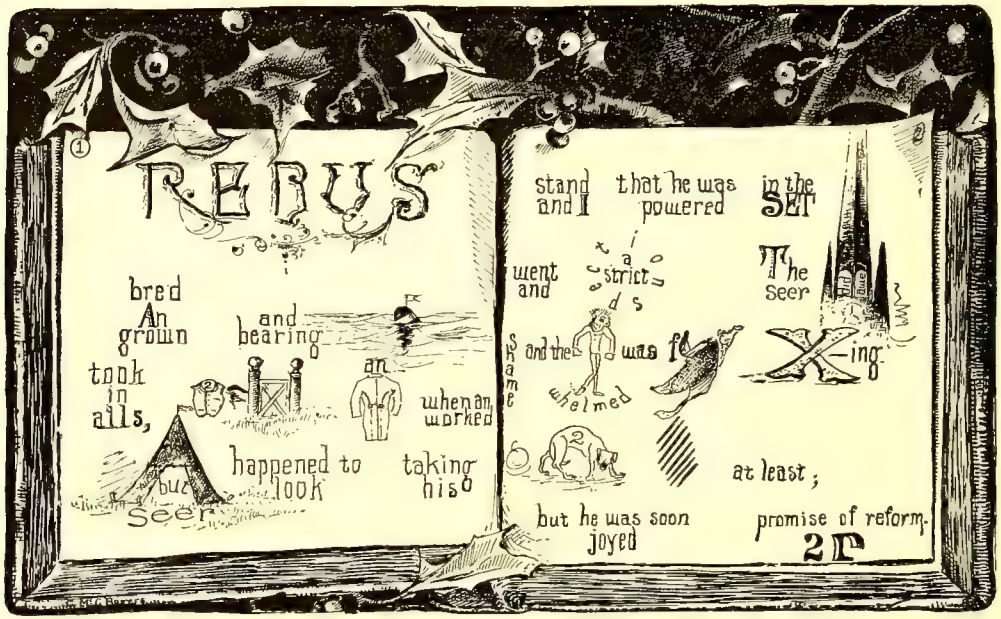
III 1. Informed. 2. A thin cake. 3. Succeeding. 4. A bird. 5. Blundered. "PHIL O. SOPHER."

A BIRD-CAGE.



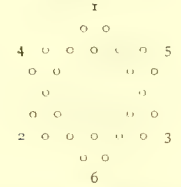
ACROSS: 1. In whip-poor-will. 2. A brilliantly colored bird, with harsh note, common in Europe and America. 3. A wading bird, remarkable for its peculiar flight, found in the United States. 4. A small, slender hawk, of reddish fawn color, spotted with white and black, and common all over the world. 5. A rasorial bird, having feathered feet and a short bill, and highly prized for food. 6. A web-footed water-fowl, remarkable for its enormous bill, found about the Mediterranean. 7. Sea-fowls, commonly called "boobies." 8. A web-footed marine bird, unable to fly, found only in the South temperate and frigid regions. 9. A genus of birds, including the sun-bird, or honey-sucker.

The central letters, reading downward, spell the name of a grouse-like bird, of a gray color, mottled with brown, found in Europe, Siberia, and North Africa. "L. LOS REGNI."



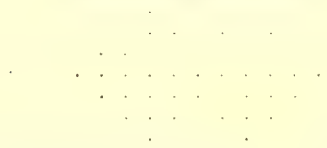
WHEN the above rebus has been rightly deciphered, a very affecting little story will be found as the answer. W. S. R.

STAR PUZZLE.



FROM 1 to 2, loose gravel and pebbles on shores or coasts; from 1 to 3, a small plate or boss of shining metal; from 2 to 3, a mark indicating a question; from 4 to 5, a freebooter; from 4 to 6, a plant used in dyeing and coloring; from 5 to 6, to turn aside from the right path. "MYRTLE GREEN."

CROWDED DIAMONDS.



LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. A numeral. 2. A covering. 3. A mark in printing. 4. A Brazilian parrot. 5. A species of hickory, and its fruit. 6. To convert into leather. 7. In twine.

RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. A numeral. 2. A color. 3. Harmonized. 4. A vessel carried by soldiers. 5. Indigent. 6. The governor of Algiers. 7. In twine. "ROSE MADDER."

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

I. PRIMALS, a keeper; finals, scarcity. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Uncivilized. 2. Part of a wheel. 3. A girl's name. 4. An agent. 5. To issue. 6. Precipitate.

II. Primals, a filament; finals, a sliding box. CROSS-WORDS: 1. To watch. 2 White with age. 3. A cape on the coast of Portugal. 4 An old word meaning plenty. 5. Pain. 6. A graceful quadruped.

III. Primals, recompense; finals, aversion. CROSS-WORDS: 1. A plant that grows in wet ground. 2. A volcano. 3. To wither. 4. To declare. 5. To demolish. 6. Achievement.

The cross-words in all the foregoing acrostics are of equal length. The letters which form the primals and finals may all be found in the word WREATHED. DYCIE.

PYRAMID.

ACROSS: 1. In tongs. 2. A step. 3. Stoppers. 4. A low, oven-shaped mound. 5. Trading. 6. Trees suitable for timber.

DOWNWARD: 1. In tongs. 2. Twice. 3. A kind of meat. 4. An ornament in a building. 5. The government of the Turkish Empire. 6. To gather for preservation. 7. Part of a costume. 8. To agitate. 9. A unit. 10. Two-thirds of an era. 11. In tongs. "NAVAJO."

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.



I. Across: 1. A meeting held by law-pupils, for the purpose of trying imaginary cases. 2. Profitable. 3. A glutton. 4. Design.

Primals, philosophers of the east; centrals, a clique; finals, the sea-swallow. Primals, centrals, and finals combined, an optical instrument and toy, invented by Athanasius Kircher.

II. Across: 1. Richer. 2. A domestic manager. 3. Tending to provoke. 4. Pure.

Primals, the smallest particle imaginable; centrals, a pavilion; finals, small Portuguese coins. Primals, centrals, and finals combined, trees of a certain kind. F. L. F.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of one hundred letters, and form a four-line stanza by W. R. Spencer.

My 93-26-47-76-17 is a Christmas decoration. My 40-56-31-8-80 is found in barns. My 66-53-98-86 is celebrity. My 49-12-75-20 is a loud sound. My 72-68-3 is sometimes on the breakfast table. My 24-84-61-37-29 is being manufactured all summer. My 38-14-43-88-15 is what usually follows a chill. My 21-64-58-32-82 is a circular frame, turning on an axle. My 62-45-60-34-78 is an apparition. My 1-18-90-70-51-5 is to traffic. My 71-94-2-10-28-22-100 is a lattice-work for supporting plants. My 97-36-73-85 is a pronoun. My 41-54-91-96-23 is an appointment to meet. My 6-55-30 is a color. My 4-81-48 is a snake-like fish. My 92-46-19-77 is to summon. My 52-44-11-74-9-39 is a small stone. My 25-79-33-35-95-27-67 is unfriendly. My 87-63-50-89-7 83-57-16-42-69-63-13-99-59 is a greeting to all the readers of ST. NICHOLAS.


Ye Merrie Christmas
Feast
Birch

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XIV JANVARY 1887. No. III

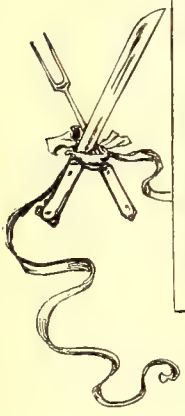
[Copyright 1887, by the Century Co.]

Ye Merrie Christmas Feast

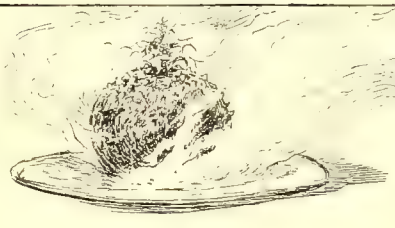
by Edith M. Thomas

Now Grace is said, no longer wait
With eyes downcast on emptie plate,
But see ye Turkey, fat, supine,
On which, good People, ye shall dine!
There lieth he,—a noble bulk,
That soone shall be a shatterred hulk.
Carve, Goodman, carve, with speed and skill—
Ye Guests, spare not, but ete your fill!





But who is this, that this way comes?
Sir Bagge-Pudding, with wealth of plums:
Ha! smell ye not ye savorie fumes?
Ye Orient on this table blooms,
Ye Tropics here their Dainties spill—
Ye Guests, spare not, but ete your fill!



And now come Junkets, Jumbles, Tartes,
And, after these, ye mince-meat Pie,
And monumental Cake, piled high,
Made by ye cunning Queene of Hearts,
Who all surveys with beaming eye.
Quoth she: "Pray tarrie, tarrie still;
Ye Guests, spare not, but ete your fill!"





Ye Feast is done, ye Day is gone,
And Sleepe his curtains dark has drawn;
There through peepes many a fearful thing:
Ye Turkey and ye Bagge-Pudding
On legges goe strutting up and downe;
Ye Mince-Pie weares a deadly frowne;
Ye Cakes and Jumbles lead a dance;
Ye Tartes and Junkets madly prance.
Because, O Guests, ye ate your fill,
These sprites have now their evil will!



MILLET AND THE CHILDREN.

BY RIPLEY HITCHCOCK.

THERE still stands in the little village of Barbizon, near Paris, a low, peasant's cottage, which from 1849 to 1875 was the home of the French artist, Jean François Millet.



PORTRAIT OF MILLET, FROM A CRAYON SKETCH BY HIMSELF

At the end of the garden was his dark studio. Here he painted, day by day, after mornings spent in digging, sowing, or reaping. In the late afternoons he wandered among the gnarled oaks, gray granite bowlders, and heathery hillocks of the Fontainebleau forest, sometimes alone, sometimes with artist friends, but oftener with children, who were always his favorite companions.

Then they returned to the cottage through beautiful forest glades, and after the simple evening meal came the children's hour. There sat Father Millet, his soft, dark eyes shining with merriment, his brave, kindly face all smiles for the grandchildren and the others who, unreproved, pulled his full black beard or climbed upon his knees to rumple his dark hair. Sometimes he sang jovial old French songs praising the life of the laborer among the vines. When other artists, like his friend Rousseau, were present, they made rebuses, filling out a word by a sketch.

But, best of all, the children liked Father Millet's pictures; and so, when the lamp was lit and placed beside the group, on a table in the low cottage room, Millet drew for the children such rude sketches as are shown on pages 170 and 171.

If an old newspaper and a match were at hand, Millet asked for nothing more. He dipped the match in an inkstand, made a few quick strokes on the margin of the newspaper, and there was a peasant or a horse and rider to be recognized at once. They were very hasty sketches, these little outlines dashed off after din-



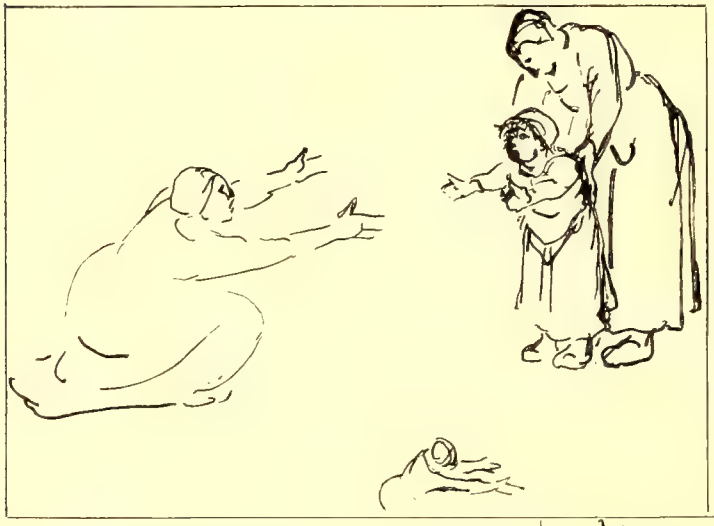
THE SOWER. (FROM A PAINTING BY MILLET.)

ner with ink or pencil upon odd scraps of paper, and yet they show at least one of the qualities which made Millet so great an artist. Every attitude, movement, and gesture is truthful, although expressed by a few rude lines.

These sketches were drawn easily and freely, yet with an exact knowledge of the meaning which every line should convey. Sometimes Millet exaggerated the characteristics of the figures that the children might recognize them more easily, as, for example, in showing the difference between a horse at full gallop and one quietly working, as shown on page 171.

Millet is known in this country chiefly as a painter of peasants, although he painted other figures, and landscapes, marine views, and fruit pieces. And in his paintings of peasants, which are sometimes seen in our exhibitions, there are the same truth of action, the genuineness, and the simplicity which show even in these little drawings.

His figures are really doing just what the artist intended to represent, for Millet sympathized with and understood his subjects. He was a peasant



himself. Of course, to realize his even, subdued, but rich coloring, his knowledge of perspective and light and shade, and to understand how much his designs embraced, one must see his finished paintings, many of which are owned in New York and Boston.

At least one of his paintings is indicated in these drawings. That called "The First Step" was probably in his mind when he drew this charming little sketch, so expressive of the loving anxiety of the mother, who stretches out her arms to receive the child toddling uncertainly toward her. In the painting, the peasant mother brings a laughing, crowing babe to the gate, and the father, who has set down his barrow, kneels, holding out his arms to the child.

As Millet's drawings took form among the laughter and outcries of the group whose heads clustered around the paper, the scenes of his own childhood must often have come back to him; for several of his subjects are taken from Normandy rather than from the neighborhood of Barbizon. In Barbizon the villagers are too near Paris to be counted as true country folk, and the primitive features of their dress have been changed through intercourse with the people of the city. But in and about the hamlet of Gruchy, in Normandy, where Millet was born in 1814, the peasants wear *sabots*, or wooden shoes, with long turned-up points, larger than those worn at Barbizon; and the favorite head-dress of the women is the white cap of peculiar form shown in some of these sketches. In one, Millet has drawn a Normandy peasant-girl returning from market. She has sold the vegetables or eggs with which the donkey's basket was filled, and she rides with her feet in the basket, sitting heavily on the patient donkey, as one can see by the curving lines which show the relaxation of the figure, for she is tired from her day at the market. Another sketch shows a little peasant girl holding a goat as if to show off its form and paces to a possible purchaser. This is one of several scenes of the outdoor farm-life which Millet knew so well. He drew what he had often seen — peasant-girls feeding a heifer from a pail of bran and water, a mother and child beside a pet cow whose tongue lolls



SKETCHES MADE BY MILLET FOR HIS GRANDCHILDREN.

hungrily out, and a woman trying to keep the peace between a fiercely barking dog and a cow charging with head down. The human figures



FEEDING THE CHICKENS. (FROM A PAINTING BY MILLET.)



THE PET COW. (A SKETCH BY MILLET.)

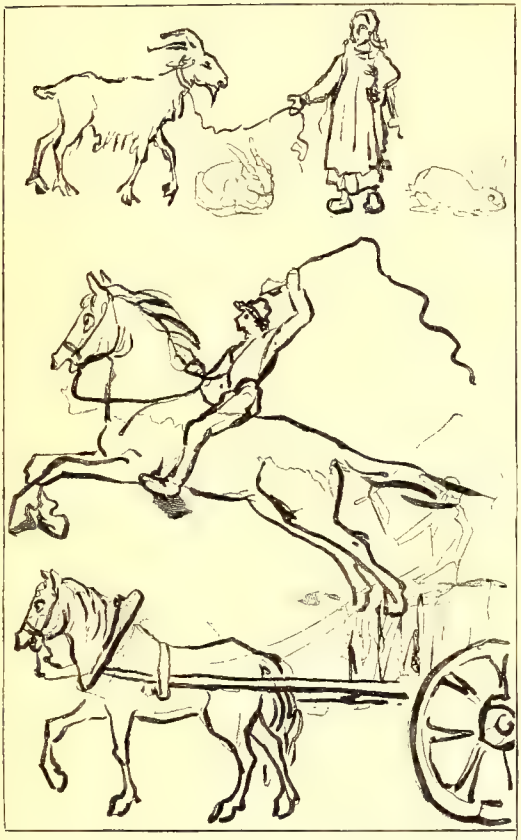
have the characteristics of Normandy peasants; for the people and scenes of Millet's youth made the strongest impression upon his mind.

All his life he cherished the memory of the good grandmother who cared for him during his first years, she who came to his bedside in the morning, saying, "Wake up, my little François; you don't know how long the birds have already been singing the glory of God!" Sometimes his father, a gentle, pure-minded peasant who loved music and the beautiful things in nature, would try to model a little figure in clay for his son, as Millet often did, in after years at Barbizon, for his child-friends. Or the father would take the boy Millet out into the fields, saying of the grass, "See how fine!" or, "Look at that tree, how large and beautiful! It is as beautiful as a flower!" One could imagine that this was Millet himself, walking in the Fontainebleau forest with a child. There was a great-uncle, a good priest, dearly loved by Millet, who taught the children to read or cheerfully labored in the fields. And all around Gruchy were pastures and plowed fields where the peasants drove their cows and sheep, or sowed and reaped. Beyond the village were cliffs, and the seashore where ships were sometimes driven ashore, and where the villagers gathered seaweed after storms. Such were Millet's surroundings when a child, and they must have been fresh in his mind when at Barbizon he drew these figures of Gruchy peasants.

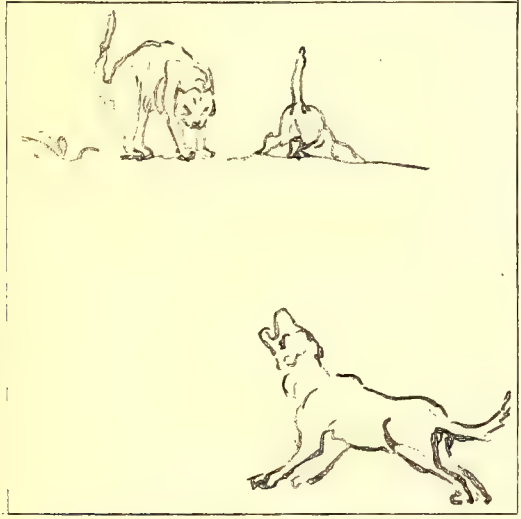
The sketch on page 171, which shows a goat and two horses, one galloping and the other quietly working, has been drawn over something else. Millet had first drawn a pair of rabbits, probably with other figures, and as no fresh scrap of paper was within reach, he used this again. Then one of the grandchildren tried his hand at drawing a whip, and it is easy to fancy Millet, with smiling face, leaning over the little one, encouraging his attempt. Again, Millet drew a stately-stepping horse and important rider with blaring trumpet, the sound of which announces the coming of a circus. When he drew the cats, one spitting angrily at a dog, the other running away, Millet's own cats may have been



BETWEEN TWO FIRES. (A SKETCH BY MILLET.)



lying at his feet. They were not the only pets at the Barbizon cottage. Often the children brought young crows from the forest, and these became



SKETCHES MADE BY MILLET FOR HIS GRANDCHILDREN.

incorrigible thieves, so that it was one of the children's duties to find their hiding-places and bring back stolen articles.

After sketching all these figures and objects, Millet would take a subject near at hand, and would make a drawing of one of the children present in the room, or of his daughter holding a baby in her lap or putting it to bed in its small cradle.

The grandchildren were not ten years old when Millet drew these sketches, not old enough to go with him on long walks in the forest, or to spend hours in Paris picture-galleries. There, his companions were older children. One of them first knew Millet in the city of Cherbourg, a few miles from the artist's birthplace, the city where he received his first lessons in art.

This boy had heard from his father how the



young peasant Millet tried to imitate the engravings in his Bible during the noonday rest, how he drew the figures about him, and covered the fences with sketches, until his father took him to Cherbourg "to see whether he could make a living by this business." When the artist to whom they went saw Millet's drawings, he said to the father:

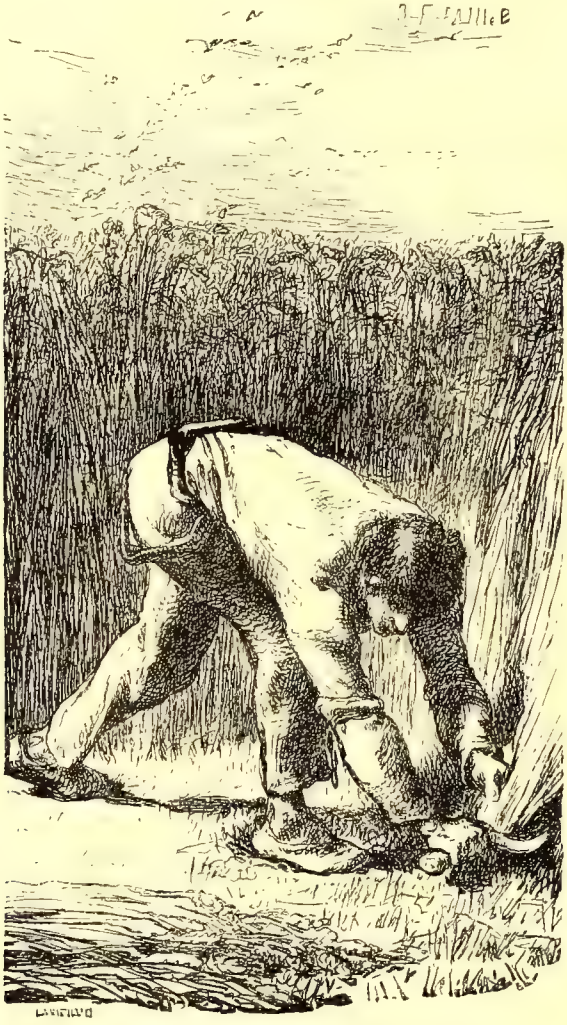
"You must be joking. That young man there did not make these drawings all alone."

And when convinced that they were really the boy's work, he exclaimed:

"Ah, you have done wrong to keep him so long without instruction, for your child has in him the making of a great artist."

Presently the Municipal Council of Cherbourg awarded Millet a meager pension that he might

study art in Paris. But the councilmen expected the artist, in return, to send back large paintings to the city museum, although he could not live upon the pension. They became angry at his delay; and he, finally, bought an immense canvas, and in three days painted a picture of Moses breaking the tables of stone. He varnished it at once and sent it to the museum. But as the picture was varnished before the paint had dried, it soon began to crack. Now the picture looks so old that some of the good people take it for a painting by Michael Angelo. Then the councilmen asked Millet to paint a portrait of the mayor, who had recently died. Millet had never seen him; but from an old miniature likeness he painted a beautiful portrait, the face seen in a three-quarters front view. Wishing models for the hands, Millet found a man in the neighborhood who had finely shaped hands. This man, as it happened, had been imprisoned for some offense. When the portrait was finished and shown to the councilmen, they sent for Millet and told him that they were greatly displeased. The likeness was good, they said, but there were two grave faults: The artist had painted only a three-quarters view of the late mayor, whereas his Honor invariably entered the Council Chamber facing straight forward; and secondly, it was shameful to have used



THE REAPER. (AFTER THE ORIGINAL BY MILLET.)

the hand of a man who had been in prison as the model for the hand of a man so good as the late mayor. Poor Millet! There was nothing for him to say to people so simple and ignorant as these.

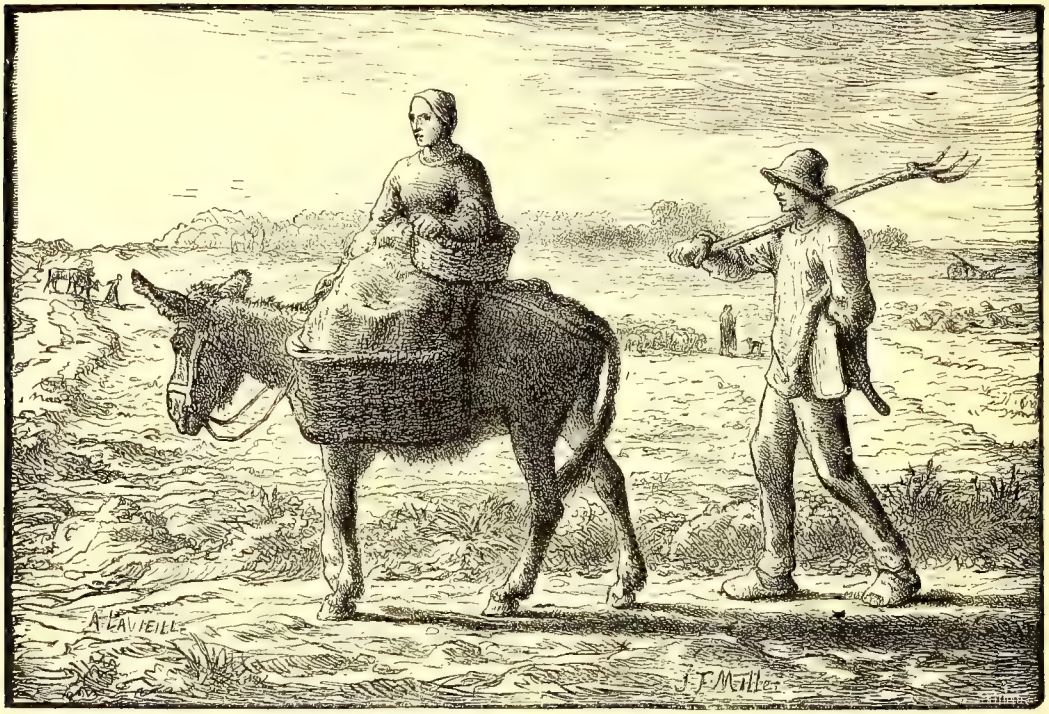


THE CHURNER. (COPY OF AN ETCHING BY MILLET.)

One of his Cherbourg pictures, however, was appreciated, and that was a large canvas sign bearing the figure of a little girl, which his poverty had forced him to paint.

Some of the children often went out of their way to pass the dry-goods store where this sign hung, and among its admirers was the boy who afterward, when his father removed to Paris, became one of Millet's young friends.

In this boy's Paris home there were in all twelve children. When Millet entered the large dining-room every one rushed to meet him, and there he often sat until late at night, talking, laughing, and singing for the children, drawing



MORNING. (AFTER A DRAWING ON THE WOOD-BLOCK BY MILLET. BY PERMISSION OF F. KEPPEL & CO.)

sketches, or modeling in wax figures of birds and animals.

"He looked like a good *bourgeois*" (small tradesman), says one of these children, "but he was tall, well formed, with a strong, very kindly face, beautiful soft eyes, and big black beard."

Often Millet took the boy of whom I have spoken to see the paintings at the Salon or the Louvre. If a landscape satisfied him, he tried to make his young companion understand why it was beautiful; for example, how one could feel that there was air in the scene, how there was such a sense of atmosphere that it seemed as if one could go around behind the trees.

He cared little for simple fullness and richness of color. "A man can see what he pleases," Millet often said, "but there must be atmosphere and texture in a picture. A stone must be harder than a tree trunk, and a tree trunk harder than water." Once he was looking at a painting of a scene in Algeria.

"See, there is no atmosphere," he said. "It 's very cleverly done. There is everything in it except true art."

"But you have not seen that country," a bystander exclaimed. "It is like that."

"In any country," replied Millet, "you must be able to breathe!" Then, turning to his young friend, he added, "Whether the air is hot or cold, you must feel that there is distance between the figures and the sky above. The water may be of any color, but it must be liquid, and you must feel that if you slap it, it will move."

In another talk, as they walked through a picture gallery, Millet spoke of difficulties in art, saying that one thing was as difficult as another. "To paint a glass placed upon a table so that you feel that one can be taken away from the other is just as difficult as anything else," he asserted. "If a painter fails here, he will in other things, because he has not received an impression strong enough to put on canvas."

The yearly exhibition of pictures known as the Salon usually gave Millet little satisfaction. "The whole is done by the same hand," he would say, "except where here and there a master makes a hole in the wall."

But at the Louvre, which contains the works of old masters, Millet found so much to delight him that the little feet beside him were often wearied from standing on the hard floor. He was so sensitive to the beautiful, so ready in explaining it, that his young companion learned to love the antique sculpture, for which Millet had a real passion, and for other of his favorite groups. One of these was Michael Angelo's "Captives."

This is the way that Millet explained to his friend the force of a master's work. He would lead him before the painting of "The Deluge," by Nicolas Poussin, whom he esteemed one of the greatest of painters. "See," he would say, "you can feel that the frightful rain has been pouring down for a long time, and that it will continue. You can feel that man, beast, and nature are fatigued, overcome by the pitiless, unceasing destruction of all things. Everything is still, before unending, terrible calamity." Then, to show the difference between true, great art and mere talent, Millet would take the boy to the painting of "The Deluge," by Girodet, and say, "Here is a rock, the only thing above the water. It is all very dramatic. It is an event, something short, like a thunder-clap or a flash of lightning. Those people on the rock are holding to the branch of a tree which is breaking. They will disappear, and there will be nothing left in your mind. This is a momentary scene, soon to be finished. It leaves nothing to think about. But Poussin's 'Deluge,' in its quiet way, leaves so much gloom and distress in your mind that you are bound to remember it all your life."

But some of the happiest hours spent together by Millet and the children were in the beautiful forest of Fontainebleau. Millet, wearing an old, red, sailor's jacket, weather-beaten straw hat, and wooden shoes, was like a boy himself. One could not go far with him in an afternoon. He found a picture at every step. At every turn of the path he stopped, pointing to the sunlight on the trees, or to the mosses on the rocks, exclaiming, "Look! See how beautiful!" Or he threw himself down upon the ground, saying, "How delicious it is to lie upon the grass and look at the sky!" Perhaps it was at such a time that the idea came to him for a series of charming little panel pictures which he painted, representing the blades of grass like tall trees in a forest, and the little inhabitants of the grass, busy ants and greasy snails, magnified in the same way — a glimpse of a strange, new world.

When Rousseau joined Millet in the forest, the children were sharply watched. Rousseau loved the forest as if it were his dearest friend. He was angry if a branch were broken or a vine torn down; indeed, the children were hardly allowed to touch a leaf or a blade of grass. Often, when coming home in the twilight, Millet was attracted by the fire of the blacksmith's forge at the end of the village street; and he paused with his friends, exclaiming at the play of light upon the figures near the forge and at the flickering shadows beyond. One evening he came upon an old country cart with a loose wheel which made a noise, "poum,



THE DIGGERS. (FROM A PAINTING BY MILLET.)

poum," as the cart rolled on. He stopped and listened, and presently said that he should like to paint a picture which would make those who saw it feel that sound coming through the twilight. It seems a contradiction to speak of a sound in a picture, but in Millet's greatest painting, "The Angelus," we see a slender spire outlined against the sunset light, two reverent figures in the foreground, and we feel at once that at the sound of the distant church bell the peasants have bowed their heads in evening prayer.

One of his pictures, representing an old woodcutter followed by Death, was refused at the Salon, because it was supposed that he meant to show the hardships and sufferings of the peasant class.

But there was no political purpose in Millet's paintings. He always looked upon peasants as the happiest people in the world, since they were "doing God's work," and living out-of-doors among beautiful scenery; and he tried to represent them so. But, of course, with their digging and plowing and other heavy work,



THE NEW-BORN LAMB. (AFTER A PAINTING BY MILLET.)

Children were always welcomed in Millet's cottage, but there were other less agreeable visitors. The grand people of the court, who sometimes came to the studio after hunting parties at Fontainebleau, were coldly received, for they did not understand the artist. They thought that in his pictures of peasants hard at work in the fields he was trying to show how miserable the common people were under the Empire of Napoleon III. "they can not be the figures of Watteau," Millet used to say. Watteau, who was a fashionable French painter in the last century, represented country people like figures in a masquerade. They are very pretty and very finely dressed, those dainty Watteau shepherds and shepherdesses (some of my readers may have seen them copied upon fans), but they are very different from real peasants in their working clothes toiling in the fields. Talk of



"A MOUTHFUL." (AFTER A PAINTING BY MILLET.)

the misery and hardships of peasants made Millet indignant. "What I call hardship," he said, "is work like that of the stevedore, imprisoned in a dark, foul hold, stowing away coal — not the peasant's free work in the open air."

Since the court people misunderstood him so entirely, Millet avoided seeing them when he could; but once he was caught. One day an open carriage drove to the door, bringing four court ladies who wished to see the studio. As it happened, Millet himself, in his sabots and blouse, answered the bell.

"Is M. Millet in?" asked a visitor.

Millet stepped outside and then said, "No."

"Can we see his studio?" inquired one of the ladies.

"No," said the unrecognized artist; and he explained that M. Millet was a very peculiar man, who would be angry if the studio were shown. But as the ladies insisted and entered the yard, he said that he would admit them if they promised to tell no one of their visit. They entered, looked everywhere, upset half the things in the studio, and, on leaving, put a gold piece into Millet's hand, taking him for a servant. Afterward, when he was publicly honored with the rank of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, one of these ladies recognized him. Millet simply said:

"Years ago your gold piece would have been a God-send to me."

For there was much trouble in his life. People were slow to recognize his greatness as an artist. He knew what it was to want food and fire, and to be persecuted for money which he could not obtain. All this is described in his biography, written by Alfred Sensier, one of his friends; but Sensier's book may lead the reader to think that the hard struggle for money and recognition embittered Millet's life. On the contrary, he was not only courageous, but cheerful and jovial — "the most charming of companions," says one of his friends.* Had he become soured, and constantly bemoaned his misfortunes, there could not have been such intimate companionship and loving friendship between this brave, gentle artist and the children.



"THE ANGELUS." (AFTER THE PAINTING BY MILLET.)

* To this friend of Millet, Mr. Gaston L. Feuardent, I am indebted for valuable reminiscences.



By Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

After a long consultation on the part of the children, the stockings hung from the nursery mantelpiece. It was felt that Waddle and Toto were too young to present their case with sufficient skill in favor of the nursery mantelpiece; and everybody was certain that the stockings should hang in a row. They always had hung so, and they looked extremely jolly by bulging at contrasting points. So Laure and Weston obeyed their consciences, and gave up pressing their claims for the hall fireplace or either of their own rooms.

Waddle's stocking looked so small that Weston laughed at it; but Laure put on her superior air, and told him it was the prettiest of the four, and that he ought to be ashamed of himself. Toto suggested that, as he had two legs, he should be allowed to hang up two stockings; he also hinted that his shoes could hold something, and he advised the other children to give this matter practical consideration.

"Do you wish to make Santa Claus angry, Toto?" asked Weston, chidingly.

Toto looked much distressed, and turned around slowly to the door, as if he expected Santa Claus to be on the threshold ready to punish him. But as the doorway was empty, he turned back doubly saucy.

"Santa Claus can't be angry, Weston. If you were always good-natured, I think you might have a big bag with presents in it to give away."

Toto's logic seemed to have convinced his brother and sister, for at nine o'clock that night four pairs of stockings hung from the nursery mantel. The children were as quiet as dolls in their beds. But downstairs the parlor was very gloomy, although three people sat in it.

"O John!" cried Mrs. Carey, the children's mother, "I am becoming perfectly wretched! What if the express does n't get here?"

"My dear, you have already asked that question several times," said her husband.

"Well, are not you thinking about the presents, too?" she demanded.

"Yes; I shall cry in a minute," he gayly answered.

Grandmother laughed softly; but she tried to calm her daughter's anxiety.

"I have heard that the express is very apt to be late on Christmas Eve," she said. "And, besides, even if the things *don't* get here, the day will be happy enough, Sophie."

"There it is, I think!" exclaimed the children's father, who was as excited as his wife over the matter, although he had become so accustomed to supplying the courage for the household, that he was very quiet. "No; the sleigh went by."

"I 'm going to look at the stockings," said Mrs. Carey. And she ran softly upstairs. When she came down again, she was so mournful that Mr. Carey said:

"Sophie, it is really early yet for the express, you know."

"But we bought the things yesterday!" she protested.

"That makes it very likely that they will come here all right to-day, does n't it?" inquired her husband.

Mrs. Carey now stood at the window, looking out into the darkness, through which a fine snow drifted, as usual on the eve of Christmas.

"Cheer up, dear," pleaded her husband over the top of the evening paper.

At the words she clapped her hands and turned joyfully toward the room, saying:

"Oh, it is all right, at last! How thankful I am!"

In fact, Mrs. Carey seemed to dismiss from her mind all thought of the presents as soon as she saw the sleigh draw up at the gate; and she now sat down by the center-table and took up some fancy-work, while Mr. Carey went to the door to speak to the expressman.

There was a little laughter and some stamping. Mrs. Carey looked up—and there was Aunt Fitch!

Instead of screaming, or groaning with disappointment, or doing anything else that would have expressed an unpleasant shock, Mrs. Carey flew at the old lady and kissed her in the merriest manner, exclaiming twenty different welcomes, as if her delight required a very unusual number, and then reluctantly handed over Aunt Fitch to Grandmother's embrace.

"We feel flattered," said Mr. Carey. "It had grown so late that we began to fear you had chosen Henry's or Laurie's this year."

"No," replied Aunt Fitch. "I made up my mind to come—six months ago. You see, among other reasons, I knew Waddle would be so cunning by this time, and I wanted to have the fun of seeing her before she grows wiser and bigger."

A yelp from one of the old lady's parcels announced to the Careys that "Picket" had come in his accustomed hamper, and Mrs. Carey flew to open it and let the welcome skye-terrier out. At once the dog bounded into the room.

"I had chosen a lovely imitation skye-terrier for Waddle!" cried the anxious mother, suddenly remembering all her disappointment about the presents.

"Why do you speak in that tone?" asked Aunt Fitch. "What has happened?"

"The most serious thing that ever was heard of on Christmas Eve!" said Mrs. Carey. "The children's presents have not come! I always like to buy them the last thing, or else they are sure to turn up before they are wanted, in out-of-the-way corners; then, too, there is a delightful excitement about Christmasing at the last moment; but now I am punished for my selfish folly in delaying, for the express has evidently overlooked the packages. What will the children do?" Aunt Fitch gave a rather cheerful grunt as Grandmother helped her off with her velvet bonnet. "Just think what a sad Christmas Day it will be!" cried Mrs. Carey again, her eyes full of tears. "And the empty stockings!"

"Perhaps it will be dismal, and perhaps it wont," said Aunt Fitch. "As for me, I have brought nothing expensive with me to give 'em; for you know I don't believe in gift-affection. But I believe in having a good time, and I 'll do what I can to help you out, Sophia. And you 'd better leave the stockings where they are. The children might as well learn something to-morrow. Now I 'll go to my room, if you please; for I 've had a long journey. Come, Picket, go to bed!"

"A great deal depends on you for to-morrow, my dear aunt!" said Mr. Carey, as he bade her an affectionate good-night.

"One would think I was a pilot," she answered laughingly. "But, nevertheless, I am going to have a sound sleep, and forget about every one of you."

Aunt Fitch disappeared by the staircase, and her terrier trotted off with Mr. Carey to the basket which was always in readiness in case the little dog came to visit them.

The next morning Toto was the first in the house to awake; and it is a wonder that Waddle did not wake at the same moment, for something was happening with considerable noise in their nursery. Bump, bump, tumble, grumble, squeak, scamper! That was what made Toto sit up in his bed and blink, while a dim light filled the windows, and the night-taper began to look stupid. Suddenly Toto went back under the blanket, for he saw only five stockings hanging at the mantel-shelf, and he was certain that Santa Claus must be busy filling them at that moment. Then somebody jumped upon his bed; he felt four jolly little feet on different parts of his body, and he slowly uncovered his head.

"Picket!"

Picket stood as still as a statue, gazing back at Toto. A limp and shattered stocking dangled from the terrier's mouth, and his ears spread out with their fringes of silken hair. Not an eye was to be seen in his face, but his bang looked as if it meant to speak.

"You precious pet!" cried Toto, enveloping the dog in his arms. But Picket wriggled away and was on the floor the next moment, prancing about with the stocking and tripping himself up with it, so that he rolled over just as if it were fighting with him, and getting the upper hand too. Toto shouted with laughter, and Waddle started up with her pale blue eyes filled with sleep and astonishment, unable to see anything; but she was soon laughing agreeably in company with her brother, and then skillfully sliding into a bawl of alarm.

"It 's Picket!" Toto cried. "See, Waddle! He 's torn all the stockings to pieces, now, but yours. That hangs up still; and, O Waddle, it 's empty!"

All this noise had aroused Laure, who soon stood on the threshold of the room in her little peach-colored wrapper, while the daylight grew

stronger every moment, and revealed the strange condition of things quite distinctly.

"Weston! Weston!" was all she said; and her mouth would n't shut after that.

Weston immediately appeared in a crazy-quilt. He and his elder sister whispered together, staring at the empty fireplace, usually heaped with presents, and at Waddle's solitary stocking. They received Picket's active greetings as though he were a ghost.

"I wonder if this is Christmas Day?" Laure half sobbed.

"Of course it is; but Santa Claus forgot to come," Weston replied.

"Santa Claus had a great deal to do in his hurry, or was stuck in a snowdrift, I suppose," Laure promptly rejoined. "How dreadfully sorry for us Mamma will be! Toto and Waddle, do you hear? You must try to comfort Mamma for there being no presents. The hearth is quite empty; and here is Picket, who has torn up the empty stockings!" And Laure burst into tears, and sat down in a heap on the floor.

Picket ran up to her and gave a great leap at her face, and they all laughed, in spite of their dismay and disappointment.

"If Picket is here, Aunt Fitch can't be far away," said Weston in a whisper to Laure. "Oh, what fun it will be if she has come to spend Christmas!"

"Perhaps Santa Claus gave her the presents to bring," suggested Toto. "I am sure they must be friends; don't you think so, Laure?"

Laure had opened her lips to answer, when all turned their eyes to the doorsill, upon which stood a little bent figure in a dark cloak with a hood which hung out so far as quite to hide the face of the wearer. A thin hand projected, resting upon a cane. The older children thought at once of the traditional old woman in the fairy stories, who always brought wealth and happiness to the people she visited.

"Pray tell me, if Miss Laure, Master Weston, Toto, and Waddle are at home," asked the little hooded person, tapping on the sill with her cane.

"Oh, yes; here we all are, madam," Laure answered, coming forward with a bow.

"I called early on very particular business," continued the visitor. "I have been told that you are among the children whom Santa Claus did not visit last night; and as it is through no fault of your own, I have come to speak with you about it."

"I want my p'esents!" roared Waddle, taking in the whole situation so suddenly that she was frightened, besides being greatly disappointed.

"Stop, Waddle!" Toto cried; "or I 'll tell Mamma! Listen to what the old witch says."

"Toto, I 'm surprised at your calling her a witch," exclaimed Laure, setting out a chair, and motioning with her hand for the old lady to be seated, while Weston shut the window and blew out the night light. "It is rather cold here, to be sure, but Weston will start the fire, and you can keep your cloak on for a while."

"Stay in bed, Toto," said Weston, as his brother skipped up. "You can tell Mamma as much as you wish to, by and by; but you must obey me now. Put the blanket around you, and sit down, nicely."

Meantime the little old woman had seated herself in the chair which Laure offered, and Laure herself had taken a seat on Waddle's bed, and put that cunning bundle on her lap; and a little hush indicated that some remarks were expected from the queer-looking stranger, who knew so much about interesting matters.

"You must learn, in the first place," said she, wobbling her prominent hood about as she shook her head emphatically,—and the fire gave a crackle of encouragement as it began fairly to burn,—"that your presents will probably arrive here to-morrow morning!"

Toto whispered, before any one else could do anything, "I don't want them to-morrow morning!"

But Laure and Weston clapped their hands, and Waddle hammered her feet on Laure's knee like two drumsticks, and sung out:

"Ho, ho, ho! I want something woolly for my p'esent!" Upon which her sister hugged her until Waddle's face was red enough to alarm Picket, who stood looking at her with one ear hung up like a flying sail; and he gave a loud bark. He had been sniffing around the shoes of the old lady, and had thought over the state of things very carefully, with the result that he appeared twice as good-natured as before she entered the room.



"We 're delighted to hear it!" responded Weston, in answer to her news. "To-day will be rather solemn, though, and I am afraid we shall look glum now and then. I was never without Christmas presents on Christmas Day before, in all my life."

"It is quite well, then," returned the little old lady, shaking her stick at him as if in play, "that you should share for once the discomfort of children who have never any Christmas presents from anybody, although they see other

people enjoying the frolic of the season. Now you know what a dreadful empty feeling belongs to those who are only lookers-on."

"You talk as if we ate our presents!" interrupted Toto, who had a way of being very impolite with the pleasantest demeanor in the world. But the old lady treated his remark with the indifference it deserved.

"I should think," threw in Laure, "that children who never had anything given them would not feel as badly as we do this morning. They can't know how nice it is to have charming things."

"Indeed they do!" said the old lady. "It makes my heart ache to think how many children are waking up this morning with a longing to have some one put a pretty toy into their hands to keep for their own — children who have never even touched a rubber ball!"

Everybody was very silent.

"I don't like to think of it!" Laure murmured, at last. "We can not help it, although we should be glad to; and so I think we would better forget all about those poor children."

"Where are they, anyhow?" asked Toto.

The old lady flourished her stick at them all.

"You can't do anything, can't you? And where are they, eh? Toto, they 're in this town, where you live, if you choose to look for 'em; and Laure, they 're able to take presents, if you give 'em a chance to do so, you little goose!"

"Why does n't Santa Claus see to all that?" retorted Toto, uncrushed as ever.

"My, how hot that fire is getting!" replied the visitor.

A noise of water dashing into a tub, and of steps approaching, told that Nurse was on the war-path for children to wash and dress; and there was a sudden jump and scream at the door when the good woman perceived the strange figure sitting in the middle of the room. The figure rose, and bobbed a courtesy.

"Don't scream, Nursey," begged Weston. "Santa Claus has sent a messenger to say that the presents could n't get here until to-morrow, and we 've been talking it over. My dear witch," he continued, getting up in his crazy-quilt, and bowing low, looking like a kind of Indian with his uncombed hair and gay apparel; "on second thoughts, I am sure it was right for you to tell us of the poor children, and perhaps we can set about looking after a few of them, somehow. Anyhow, you 're a dear old *naunty*, are n't you!" And with that Weston scampered past the old lady and gave her hood a great smack as he went, and laughed himself beyond hearing, to get himself dressed. Laure tossed Waddle into the gaping nurse's arms, and threw herself so enthusiastically on the visitor that the poor soul nearly toppled over; and with another kiss ran out of the room, leaving the old lady to hobble smartly down the hall in the direction of the guest-chamber, chuckling, with Picket close behind her.

Mrs. Carey issued from her room, calling "Merry Christmas!" along the hall, though her voice quavered at the words. But out popped sundry heads along the way she went, calling back in various tones, "Merry Christmas, Mamma!" And the tones sounded really jolly, for the children all had the sense of there being fun under the roof of the house, in spite of the queer kind of celebration they were having. To be sure, Nurse had pulled out a present for each from her big pocket, and they had gloated over the little remembrances as if they had been set with jewels, they were so glad to have something. And then Mr. Carey's voice shouted out "Merry Christmas!" so loud that Picket was heard to bark in reply, and go scurrying downstairs to punish the man who dared to make as much turmoil in the house as he himself made.

When the family assembled in the dining-room for breakfast, there entered from the parlor an extraordinary dame, whose white muslin cap was so enormously high in the crown, out of all proportion with herself, that the children danced and shouted with delight. She wore a queer dress of red flannel, and a white lace neckerchief, fastened with a broad black velvet bow; and her spectacles must have been made out of ancient window-panes, they were so big. She had heavy black eyebrows, which seemed to curve up with great effort, and her cheeks were very pink, and her nose was very white, so that even Laure and Weston wondered if they knew her. In she came, with a fine smile, and bobbed a dozen courtesies, crying out:

"Good Merry Christmas morning to you all!"

Then the laughing children caught sight of the breakfast-table, whereon a few unaccustomed objects attracted their hilarious attention.

At Laure's plate there was a pile of twelve books, covered with different bright colors of cambric, to protect the binding; and numbered in big numerals I., II., III., and so on. A card lying upon this gayly tinted array revealed that the books were from Aunt Fitch, and were to be read through the coming year, one for every month. They were splendid books in point of value, which Laure had not yet read; and Aunt Fitch had carefully graded them, in order that her little niece would be able to understand every one the better for having read the one preceding it. At Weston's plate there was a "live rooster who could n't move," as Toto expressed it, with a tail and neck

as glossy and superb in color as any that ever were seen. A card hung at the leg of this present, which said that under the feathers of its prettily curved back was a passage-way for coin, therein to be deposited for twelve months; and under this piece of information were the words, "Never be late!" Toto was dumb with rapture over a portfolio of prints which had been cut from illustrated periodicals and weekly newspapers, and pasted upon cardboard, ready for painting by Toto, who delighted in this branch of art. There was no need of giving him a paint-box, for he had possessed a good one ever since he could say what he wanted. Waddle's present was a big cat, made of white and brown worsted that stood up over its body as worsted does in a hairpin-ball; and its eyes were two great yellow beads with black painted in the middle, very lifelike. Around its neck was a bright ribbon; and it stood up as well as anybody. Waddle was never tired of trying to find out how deep the fur was, and how the fuzzy tail never would pull to pieces. These presents also were from Aunt Fitch, and her praises resounded on all sides; while the little lady in red flannel and the peaked cap dodged among the members of the family, her odd aspect and bright speeches producing bursts of merriment wherever she went.

But there stood Mrs. Carey at the head of the table, just a little pale, in spite of a smile; and Weston took notice of her regretful expression, and rushed up to her, and flung his arms around her neck, in the style of the days when he was four years old and not at all in the dignified manner usual with him since he felt himself half a man.

"Mamma, darling, is n't this a jolly Christmas morning, eh?" said he. "And do you know, Santa Claus could n't get around last night, and sent the queerest little creature, to let us understand that he 'd be here soon; and —"

"Oh!" broke in Laure, "dear Mamma, if you feel distressed about our stockings being empty, I assure you we shall scold you roundly, for we are perfectly reconciled — and — and besides, Picket has eaten them up!"

"And if they 'd been full," joined in Weston again, "Picket would have pulled them down, all the same, and ruined everything; so it 's lucky they were empty."

"No, he would n't!" cried the small woman in red. "Don't you know I sent him up to the nursery to amuse you all because they were empty? Bah!"

"And who are you, ma'am?" Toto inquired shortly.

"You mos' too funny!" interjected Waddle, who seemed to be playing on her cat's back with her lips, as if it were a shepherd's pipes, while staring at the stranger.

"I say," cried Toto; "I wish you 'd tell me who you are! You don't look like anybody under the sun. I guess you had a cloak over you, a little while ago; did n't you?"

Toto thought himself cleverer than the rest of the household to have hit upon this fact; for fact it was. But Laure and Weston could hardly help shouting with fun to see him so mystified as to who the stranger really might be.

"My name is Aunt Holiday," answered she in squeaking tones, standing up straight with her arms akimbo, and shaking her head from side to side rapidly, so that her cap looked twice as big as when it was quiet. "Every one has a chance to have a good time when I come for a visit." And she suddenly stopped shaking her head, looked fixedly at Toto, and then nodded at him. Toto was still gazing at her in astonishment, when his mother cheerily commanded the family to sit down to breakfast, her heart having been wholly relieved of its weight of disappointment when she found that the children were not going to be wretched themselves. And Aunt Holiday was placed at once at Mr. Carey's right hand.

"And to what shall I help you, my dear Aunt Fitch?" began Grandmother, rubbing her fingers together with morning briskness. "Oh, dear, *what have I said?*"

The children burst out into screams of delight, and pointed at the little woman in the big cap; though Waddle followed suit merely from habit, and demanded:

"Who 's Aunt Fits?"

"Why, you 're pointing at her!" shouted Toto. "Of course it 's Aunt Fitch, with her funny fancies!"

"Come here and welcome me, then," said the outlandish guest, turning to him; but he sat very still in his chair, and grew red in the face.

"Look different first," he answered, as if she could change her appearance instantly whenever she chose.

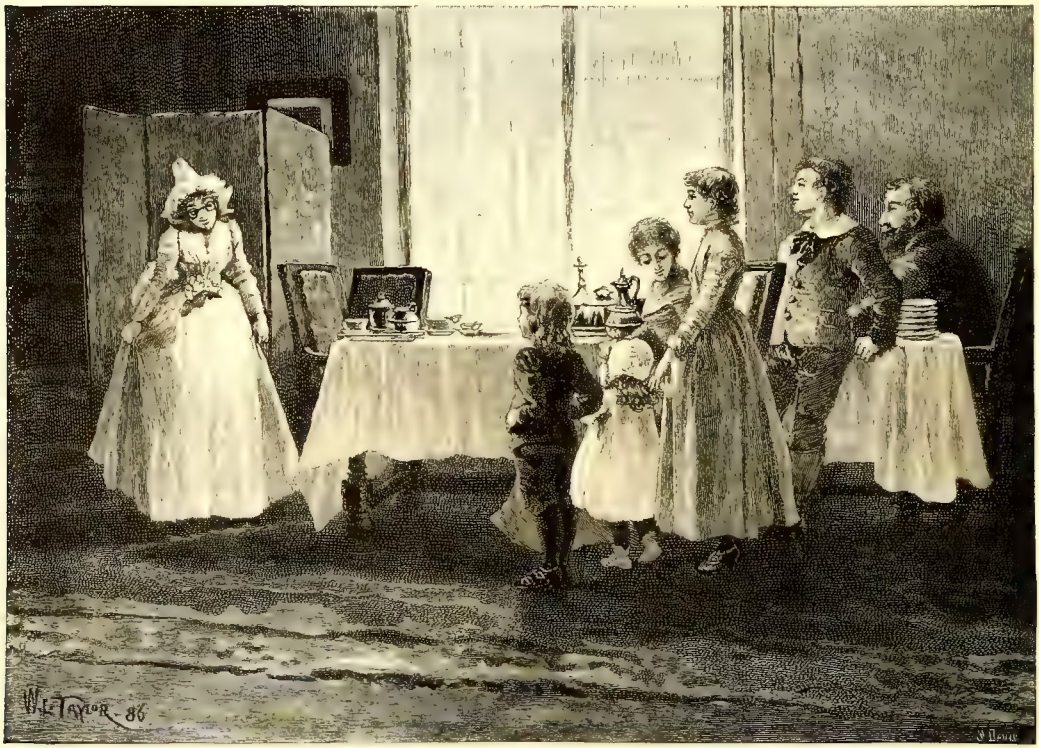
"Why, Toto! don't you know your old Aunt Fitch?" cried the voice he had learned to love from its merry kindness; and his great-aunt pulled off her big spectacles, and laid them by her plate. Toto was at her elbow in an instant, kissing off her powder and rouge, and making her cap totter to the floor, which gave Picket one of his mischievous scampers, during which the cap was absurdly rumpled; but Aunt Holiday put it on again, because she said she could not tell fairy-stories unless she wore it.

"Oh, yes, I have some rare stories to tell you today," she added; "and this is my thinking-cap."

"Do you know," said Laure, "I wish you would tell us about the children who never have

presents, Aunt Holiday, before you give us fairy-tales and other laughable stories. I 've thought several times of the unhappy children since I met you in that cloak of yours at break of day. I shall never remember them without seeing your black cloak. Mamma, do you suppose we can ever do anything for the children who are forgotten?"

"Every Saturday throughout the coming year," interrupted Aunt Holiday, "you all can devote a quarter of an hour in the morning to making nice gifts, such as they will best like; and on next Christmas Day we can put them in a basket, and take them around to the poorest houses in town. Nobody will expect us, and they will be glad we have come. You can also tell your young friends of your plan, and they may see how wise it would be to adopt it; and then a great many children will be made happy. Parish Christmas-trees go a long way; but I think we can carry our basket where even they have not been heard of; and I am sure children like to get into little corners by themselves, with their treasures, after finding them at their feet, as you might say, and without much talking and management."



"WHEN THE FAMILY ASSEMBLED FOR BREAKFAST, THERE ENTERED AN EXTRAORDINARY DAME."

"That is a lovely idea of yours, Aunt Fitch!" cried Mrs. Carey. "I engage myself to help the children to carry it out; and if no one tries to enter into the scheme who does not heartily care to, I am sure there will be no fussy patronage about it; but the unfortunate little ones will have true pleasure, and all in consequence of our children's empty Christmas stockings to-day!"

A MILLENNIUM.

By E. W.

If ever I should grow to be
So big that I could make a doll
With hair and dress and parasol,
I 'd make enough to make them free!

I think it is a burning shame
To see so many girls and boys —
And men and women — with no toys
But such as few would care to claim.

If every one could be like me,
And have a doll as nice as mine,
With real eyes and joints and spine,
Oh, what a happy world 't would be!



A FORTUNATE OPENING.

(Concluded.)

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

"WE now had our meals regularly, for my wife had gone to work in the kitchen. She declared it was the most 'cluttered-up' place she ever saw in her life, but she had made wood fires in the curious stove, which it took her a long time to understand, and we had hot tea and coffee and warm food of various kinds. I always sat at table in the captain's place, with my wife, representing the most honored passenger, at my right hand.

"After a brief calm a breeze sprang up, and as soon as we felt it, as we stood on deck, looking out for sails, we ran forward to see what effect it had on our foresail. The great canvas was puffed out and swelling. It made me proud to look at it.

"'Now we shall sail before the wind,' I said, 'if we sail at all. I don't know that one sail will be enough to move the ship.'

"'But how about the waves coming in at the side where it is stove in?' asked my wife.

"'We shall have the wind and waves at the stern of the ship,' I said; 'so that will be all right.'

"She thought this might be so, and we went to the vessel's side and threw over chips, to see if it really moved. Before long it was evident that the steamer did move a little, for the chips gradually began to float backward. When I saw that this was truly the case, I gave a cheer.

"'Hurrah!' I cried, 'she 's off! And now let 's hurry up and steer!'

"Up to the pilot-house we rushed, and we both took hold of the great wheel. I pulled one side up and my wife pressed the other side down, standing on the spokes with a full appreciation of the importance of her weight. We put the rudder around a little to the starboard, I think it was; and then we watched the clouds, the only points of comparison we had, to see if it steered any. We were pretty sure it did. If the clouds did not move so as to deceive us, our bow had certainly turned a little to the right, and I also found that there was a difference in the swelling of the sail. We then brought the rudder back as before and the sail filled out again beautifully. Then we knew that we could steer.

"The success pleased us wonderfully. We forgot our dangerous situation, our loneliness, and our helplessness. Indeed, we ceased to consider ourselves helpless. Could we not make this great vessel go, and even alter its course if we chose?

"My wife wished thoroughly to understand the matter.

"'How fast do you think we are going?' said she.

"I replied that a mile an hour was perhaps as high a rate of speed as we could claim, but she thought we were doing better than that. The Gulf Stream itself would carry us some miles an hour,—she had read how many, but had forgotten,—and certainly our sail would help a great deal, besides keeping the steamer from drifting along stern foremost.

"'And then,' she said, 'as long as the vessel is moving at all, which way do you think it would be best to steer it?'

"I had been thinking over that matter, and had come to the conclusion that, with our limited facilities for moving the steamer, it would be well to keep before the wind. Indeed, I did not know any other way to sail than this, which was exactly the principle on which, when I was a boy, I used to sail little shingle boats with paper squaresails upon a pond.

"And thus we sailed the vessel. We steered merely enough to keep the wind behind us; and, as it blew from the south, I was well satisfied with our course, for I knew that if we sailed north long enough, we should near some part of the coast of the United States, where we should be certain to meet vessels that would rescue us.

"The wind soon began to grow stronger, and it was not long before we were moving on at a rate which was quite perceptible. We did not remain in the pilot-house all the time. I frequently tied the wheel so that the rudder could not 'wobble,' as my wife expressed it, and went up again when the conduct of the sail seemed to indicate that a little steering was needed. At night I tied up the wheel with the rudder straight behind us,—I wish I could express the matter more nautically,—lighted our deck-lights, and went to bed. The first night the wind was quite violent, and I was afraid it would blow our sail away, but there was no help for it. I could not take the sail in, nor did I wish to cut it loose, for I might never get it back again if the wind continued. So I saw that everything was as tight and as strong as I could make it, and then I retired in the hope that I would find it all right in the morning, as I did.

"One night—I think it was the fourth night after we set our sail—we were just going below to our stateroom, when my wife looked over the side of the vessel and gave a scream.

"'A light!' she cried—'a vessel!' I looked and

saw it. It was a little speck of light down on the top of the water in the horizon.

"'Look at it!' she said, clutching my arm. 'Now it 's down behind the waves — now it 's up again! How regularly it rises and falls! Do you think — oh, do you really think it is coming this way?'

"I stood staring at it. At last I spoke. 'It is not a vessel,' I said; 'it is a light-house with an intermittent light.'

"She threw her arms around my neck. 'Oh, happiness! happiness!' she cried; 'it is land!' And then she fainted.

"I carried her below and laid her in her berth. I did not try to revive her, but with a chilling sensation of despair I ran to the pilot-house. The thought of land brought no happiness to me. In a few hours we might have beaten to pieces on the shore where stood that light of warning. With all my strength I put the rudder around so as to turn the ship's bow away from the light. Whether or not the wind would serve in the new direction I could not tell, but I felt that I must do all that I could — and this was all. I tied up the wheel and went down to my wife. I found her sitting up. To her excited inquiries in regard to our approach



"UP TO THE PILOT-HOUSE WE RUSHED, AND WE BOTH TOOK HOLD OF THE GREAT WHEEL."

to shore, and, as she thought, to a safe end to our strange voyage, I told her that I would avoid, if possible, drawing near to the coast at night—that in the morning we would be able to see what we were about.

"After she had gone to sleep, I went on deck again and I staid there all night, going below at intervals. An hour or two before dawn the light disappeared altogether. We had floated or sailed away from it—at least I had reason to hope so. When the day broke bright and clear, I got a glass from the captain's room, but could see no sign of land.

"My wife was much disappointed when she came on deck, but I explained that we did not wish to make a landing in this ship. But if we were near the coast we must soon meet some vessel; so we kept the ship before the wind as well as we could, and waited, and looked out, and hoped, and feared, and that afternoon we saw a sail.

"It was a small vessel and was approaching us. It grew larger and larger. I made it out to be a schooner. We stood hand in hand, with our eyes steadily fixed upon it. It came nearer and nearer. It was a pilot-boat. Soon we could distinguish a great figure 3 upon its well-filled sail.

"In an hour, apparently, but it may have been in much less time than that, the pilot with four negro men clambered on board. They came up a rope-ladder that I let down to them. I had a nervous time finding the ladder, which I had not noticed until they called for it.

"I can not attempt to describe our feelings, or the amazement of the men when I told our story. We were off Charleston, South Carolina. I asked the pilot if he could take us in with our sails. He said he thought he could take us along until we could signal a tug, but he did not consent to do this until he and his men had made an examination of our ship's injuries.



"IT WAS A PILOT-BOAT."

"'Can't we go ashore in the pilot's vessel?' my wife asked. 'There are some men on board of it. They could take us in.'

"'No, my dear,' I said. 'Let us stick to our steamer. She has floated well enough so far, and she will bear us to shore, I think.'

"So she consented to stay by the steamer, and she felt better about it when she saw how the men

went to work. They went about it as if they knew how. They laughed at our foresail and they set it right. I had not imagined there was anything wrong about it. They hauled up the jib and set it. They raised the big mainsail on the after-deck. The wind was fair and strong, and now the steamer really seemed to move. The pilot-boat sailed rapidly away ahead of us. The pilot thought we had been near the inner edge of the Gulf Stream when the collision occurred. He also thought that our sail had helped us along somewhat during our voyage toward the coast. There had been a strong south-eastern breeze during most of the time.

"The next morning a tug met us, and we were towed up to the city, and eventually found ourselves at anchor in the harbor. Our vessel was an object of great interest, and a number of boats came out to us. But we did not go on shore. I refused to leave the vessel or to allow anybody to advise me to do or not to do anything. My wife set to work to pack up our effects.

"I sent a telegram to the owners of the vessel in New York and a note to a lawyer in the city. The latter came on board in due time, and I put my case before him. By his advice I paid the pilot and the captain of the tug—and this took every dollar I had, with some money I borrowed of the lawyer—and then I made, through him, the formal claim that I had found the steamer abandoned at sea, and that I had brought her into port, having employed and paid for all the assistance I had had, except what was given me by my wife. And I also demanded salvage proportionate to the value of the vessel and cargo.

"This scheme came into my head while the pilot-boat was approaching us at sea. And therefore it was that I declined to go ashore in the pilot-boat, and so abandon the steamer to the pilot and his men.

"There was a lawsuit brought by me. The affair was submitted to arbitration and settled satisfactorily. The pilot made a claim, and, by advice, I allowed him a portion of the salvage.

"The vessel contained a valuable cargo of fine woods, coffee and other South American products, and, after weeks of valuations, appraisements, and arbitrations, during which my wife went home to her boy, I came into the possession of a sum which was to me a modest fortune. I could again go into business for myself, or I could live upon my income in a quiet way for the rest of my life.

"Very little water was found in the hold of the Joseph Barker. The panic among the sailors had doubtless been caused by the sight of the waves through the gap in the side of the vessel, and by the spray dashing through the aperture—the extent of which could not be easily determined from the inside on account of the arrangement of the cargo.

"There was great sorrow and anxiety on the part of the families and friends of the crew and passengers of the steamer, and I received hundreds of letters and many visits of inquiry in regard to the probable fate of those unfortunate persons, but I could tell very little, and that little was by no means comforting.

"In a couple of weeks, however, news came. The ship that had collided with us had not put back; but, at the end of the second day after the disaster, a schooner bound for Martinique had picked up all the boats except our little one and the overloaded boat of the first mate. It had then continued its voyage, no search being made for the steamer, which was supposed to have gone down. The survivors were brought to the United States by another schooner.

"And now, boys," said Mr. Bartlett, "don't you think that was a very fortunate opening for a man in my circumstances?"

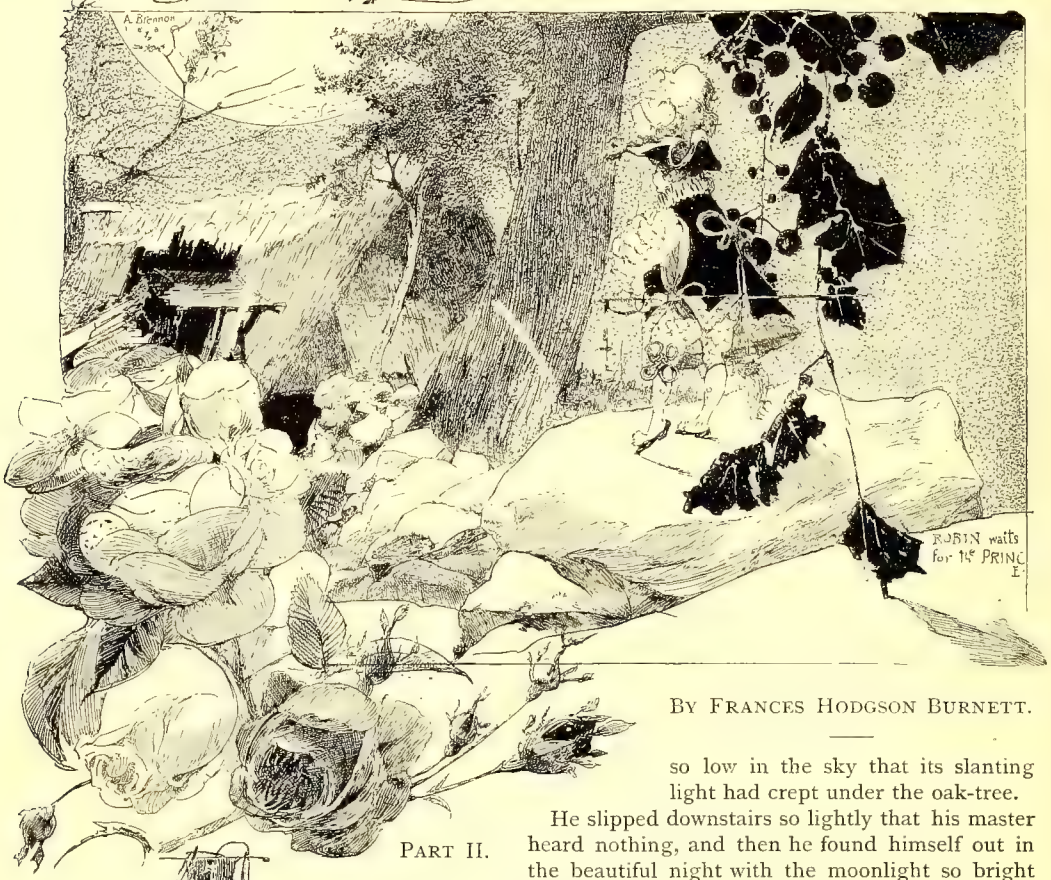
"What opening, sir?" asked several of the boys.

"Why, the hole in the side of the ship," said Mr. Bartlett.

"Oh!" exclaimed the boys in chorus.



The story of PRINCE FAIRYFOOT.



By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Part II.

N went the swineherd's wife and she prepared quite a good supper for Fairyfoot, and gave it to him. But Fairyfoot was scarcely hungry at all, he was so eager for night to come, so that he might see the fairies. When he went to his loft under the roof, he thought at first he could not sleep; but suddenly his hand touched the fairy whistle and he fell asleep at once, and did not waken again until a moonbeam fell brightly upon his face and aroused him. Then he jumped up and ran to the hole in the wall to look out, and he saw that the hour had come, and that the moon was so low in the sky that its slanting light had crept under the oak-tree.

He slipped downstairs so lightly that his master heard nothing, and then he found himself out in the beautiful night with the moonlight so bright that it was lighter than daytime. And there was Robin Goodfellow waiting for him under the tree! He was so finely dressed that, for a moment, Fairyfoot scarcely knew him. His suit was made out of the purple velvet petals of a pansy, which was far finer than any ordinary velvet, and he wore plumes, and tassels, and a ruffle around his neck, and in his belt was thrust a tiny sword, not half as big as the finest needle.

"Take me on your shoulder," he said to Fairyfoot, "and I will show you the way."

Fairyfoot took him up, and they went their way through the forest. And the strange part of it was that though Fairyfoot thought he knew all the forest by heart, every path they took was new to him, and more beautiful than anything he had ever seen before. The moonlight seemed to grow brighter and purer at every step, and the sleeping flowers sweeter and lovelier, and the moss greener and thicker. Fairyfoot felt so happy and gay that he forgot he had ever been sad and lonely in his life.

Robin Goodfellow, too, seemed to be in very good spirits. He related a great many stories to Fairyfoot, and, singularly enough, they all were about himself and divers and sundry fairy ladies who had been so very much attached to him that he scarcely expected to find them alive at the present moment. He felt quite sure they must have died of grief in his absence.

"I have caused a great deal of trouble in the course of my life," he said, regretfully, shaking his head. "I have sometimes wished I could avoid it, but that is impossible. Ahem!—When my great-aunt's grandmother rashly and inopportunely changed me into a robin, I was having a little flirtation with a little creature who was really quite attractive. I might have decided to engage myself to her. She was very charming. Her name was Gauzita. To-morrow I shall go and place flowers on her tomb."

"I thought fairies never died," said Fairyfoot.

"Only on rare occasions and only from love," answered Robin. "They need n't die unless they wish to. They have been known to do it through love. They frequently wish they had n't afterward,—in fact, invariably,—and then they can come to life again. But Gauzita—"

"Are you quite sure she is dead?" asked Fairyfoot.

"Sure!" cried Mr. Goodfellow, in wild indignation. "Why, she has n't seen me for a couple of years. I 've molted twice since last we met. I congratulate myself that she did n't see me then," he added in a lower voice. "Of course she 's dead," he added, with solemn emphasis—"as dead as a door nail."

Just then Fairyfoot heard some enchanting sounds, faint but clear. They were sounds of delicate music and of tiny laughter, like the ringing of silver bells.

"Ah!" said Robin Goodfellow, "there they are! But it seems to me they are rather gay, considering they have not seen me for so long. Turn into the path."

Almost immediately they found themselves in a beautiful little dell, filled with moonlight, and with glittering stars in the cup of every flower; for there were thousands of dewdrops, and every dewdrop shone like a star. There were also crowds and crowds of tiny men and women, all beautiful, all dressed in brilliant, delicate dresses, all laughing or dancing or feasting at the little tables, which were loaded with every dainty the most fastidious fairy could wish for.

"Now," said Robin Goodfellow, "you shall see me sweep all before me. Put me down."

Fairyfoot put him down, and stood and watched him while he walked forward with a very grand manner. He went straight to the gayest and largest group he could see. It was a group of gentlemen fairies who were crowding around a lily of the valley, on the bent stem of which a tiny lady fairy was sitting, airily swaying herself to and fro, and laughing and chatting with all her admirers at once.

She seemed to be enjoying herself immensely; indeed, it was disgracefully plain that she was having a great deal of fun. One gentleman fairy was fanning her, one was holding her programme, one had her bouquet, another her little scent bottle, and those who had nothing to hold for her were scowling furiously at the rest. It was evident that she was very popular and that she did not object to it at all; in fact, the way her eyes sparkled and danced was distinctly reprehensible.

"You have engaged to dance the next waltz with every one of us!" said one of her adorers. "How are you going to do it?"

"Did I engage to dance with all of you?" she said, giving her lily stem the sauciest little swing, which set all the bells ringing. "Well, I am not going to dance it with all."

"Not with *me?*" the admirer with the fan whispered in her ear.

She gave him the most delightful little look, just to make him believe she wanted to dance with him but really could n't. Robin Goodfellow saw her. And then she smiled sweetly upon all the rest, every one of them. Robin Goodfellow saw that too.

"I am going to sit here and look at you and let you talk to me," she said; "I do so enjoy brilliant conversation."

All the gentlemen fairies were so much elated by this that they began to brighten up, and settle their ruffs, and fall into graceful attitudes, and think of sparkling things to say; because every one of them knew from the glance of her eyes in his direction, that he was the one whose conversation was brilliant; every one knew there could be no mistake about its being himself that she meant. The way she looked just proved it. Altogether, it was more than Robin Goodfellow could stand, for it was Gauzita who was deporting herself in this unaccountable manner, swinging on lily stems and "going on," so to speak, with several partners at once in a way to chill the blood of any proper young lady fairy—who had n't any partner at all. It was Gauzita herself.

He made his way into the very center of the group.

"Gauzita!" he said. He thought, of course, she would drop right off her lily stem. But she did n't. She simply stopped swinging a moment, and stared at him.

"Gracious!" she exclaimed. "And who are you?"

"Who am I?" cried Mr. Goodfellow severely. "Don't you remember me?"

"No," she said coolly; "I don't, not in the least."

Robin Goodfellow almost gasped for breath. He had never met with anything so outrageous in his life.

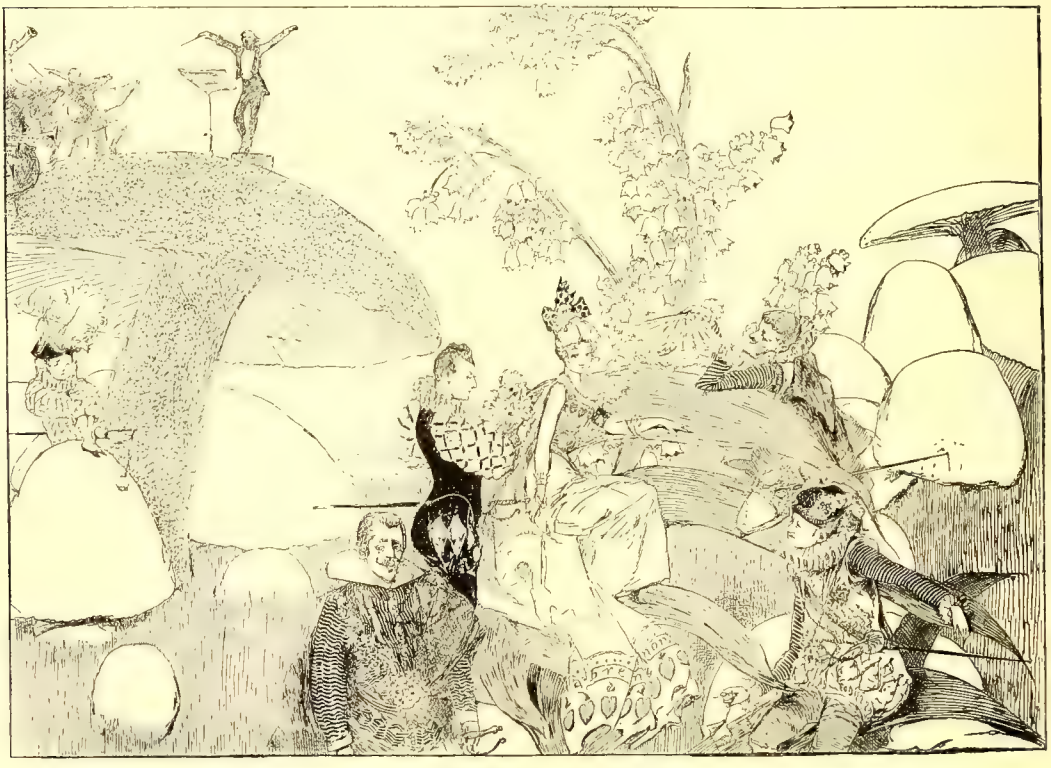
"You don't remember *me*," he cried. "*Me!* Why, it 's impossible!"

"Is it?" said Gauzita with a touch of dainty impudence. "What 's your name?"

ulous thing to be changed into! What was his name?"

"Oh, yes! I know whom you mean. Mr. ——, ah — Goodfellow!" said the fairy with the fan.

"So it was," she said, looking Robin over again. "And he has been pecking at trees and things, and hopping in and out of nests ever since, I suppose. How absurd! And we have been enjoying ourselves so much since he went away! I think I never *did* have so lovely a time as I have had during these last two years. I began to know you," she added, in a kindly tone, "just about the time he went away."



ROBIN GOODFELLOW IS DISAPPOINTED.

Robin Goodfellow was almost paralyzed. Gauzita took up a midget of an eyeglass which she had dangling from a thread of a gold chain, and she stuck it in her eye and tilted her impertinent little chin and looked him over. Not that she was near-sighted — not a bit of it; — it was just one of her tricks and manners.

"Dear me!" she said. "You do look a trifle familiar. It is n't, it can't be, Mr. ——, Mr. ——," then she turned to the adorer who held her fan, — "it can't be Mr. ——, the one who was changed into a robin, you know," she said. "Such a ridic-

"You have been enjoying yourself?" almost shrieked Robin Goodfellow.

"Well," said Gauzita, in unexcusable slang, "I must smile." And she did smile.

"And nobody has pined away and died?" cried Robin.

"I have n't," said Gauzita, swinging herself and ringing her bells again. "I really have n't had time."

Robin Goodfellow turned around and rushed out of the group. He regarded this as insulting. He went back to Fairyfoot in such a hurry that he tripped on his sword and fell and rolled over so

many times that Fairyfoot had to stop him and pick him up.

"Is she dead?" asked Fairyfoot.

"No," said Robin; "she is n't!"

He sat down on a small mushroom and clasped his hands about his knees and looked mad — just mad. Angry or indignant would n't express it.

"I have a great mind to go and be a misanthrope," he said.

"Oh, I would n't," said Fairyfoot. He did n't know what a misanthrope was; but he thought it must be something unpleasant.

"Would n't you?" said Robin, looking up at him.

"No," answered Fairyfoot.

"Well," said Robin, "I guess I wont. Let 's go and have some fun. They are all that way. You can't depend on any of them. Never trust one of them. I believe that creature has been engaged as much as twice since I left. By a singular coincidence," he added, "I have been married twice myself — but of course that 's different. I 'm a man, you know, and — well, it 's different. We wont dwell on it. Let 's go and dance. But wait a minute first." He took a little bottle from his pocket.

"If you remain the size you are," he continued, "you will tread on whole sets of lanciers and destroy entire germans. If you drink this, you will become as small as we are; and then when you are going home, I will give you something to make you large again." Fairyfoot drank from the little flagon, and immediately he felt himself growing smaller and smaller until at last he was as small as his companion.

"Now, come on!" said Robin.

On they went and joined the fairies, and they danced and played fairy games and feasted on fairy dainties, and were so gay and happy that Fairyfoot was wild with joy. Everybody made him welcome and seemed to like him, and the lady fairies were simply delightful, especially Gauzita, who took a great fancy to him. Just before the sun rose, Robin gave him something from another flagon, and he grew large again, and two minutes and three seconds and a half before daylight the ball broke up, and Robin took him home and left him, promising to call for him the next night.

Every night throughout the whole summer the same thing happened. At midnight he went to the fairies' dance; and at two minutes and three seconds and a half before dawn he came home. He was never lonely any more, because all day long he could think of what pleasure he would have when the night came; and besides that, all the fairies were his friends. But when the summer was coming to an end, Robin Goodfellow said to him: "This is our last dance — at least, it will be our last for some time. At this time of the year we always go back to our own country, and we don't return until spring."

This made Fairyfoot very sad. He did not know how he could bear to be left alone again, but he knew it could not be helped; so he tried to be as cheerful as possible, and he went to the final festivities and enjoyed himself more than ever before, and Gauzita gave him a tiny ring for a parting gift. But the next night, when Robin did not come for him, he felt very lonely indeed, and the next day he was so sorrowful that he wandered far away into the forest in the hope of finding something to cheer him a little. He wandered so far that he became very tired and thirsty, and he was just making up his mind to go home, when he thought he heard the sound of falling water. It seemed to come from behind a thicket of climbing roses; and he went toward the place and pushed the branches aside a little so that he could look through. What he saw was a great surprise to him. Though it was the end of the summer, inside the thicket the roses were blooming in thousands all around a pool as clear as crystal, into which the sparkling water fell from a hole in a rock above. It was the most beautiful, clear pool that Fairyfoot had ever seen, and he pressed his way through the rose branches, and, entering the circle they inclosed, he knelt by the water and drank.

Almost instantly his feeling of sadness left him, and he felt quite happy and refreshed. He stretched himself on the thick perfumed moss and listened to the tinkling of the water, and it was not long before he fell asleep.

When he awakened, the moon was shining, the pool sparkled like a silver plaque crusted with diamonds, and two nightingales were singing in the branches over his head. And the next moment he found out that he understood their language just as plainly as if they had been human beings instead of birds. The water with which he had quenched his thirst was enchanted, and had given him this new power.

"Poor boy!" said one nightingale, "he looks tired. I wonder where he came from."

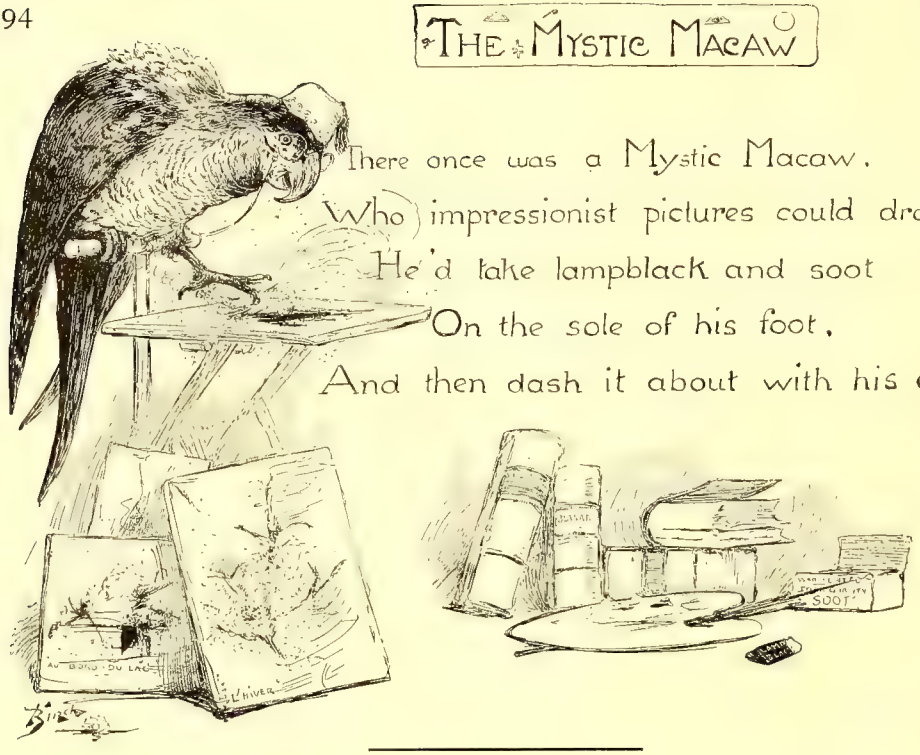
"Why, my dear," said the other; "is it possible you don't know that he is Prince Fairyfoot?"

"What!" said the first nightingale — "the King of Stumpinghame's son who was born with small feet?"

"Yes," said the second. "And the poor child has lived in the forest, keeping the swineherd's pigs, ever since. And he is a very nice boy, too — never throws stones at birds or robs nests."

"What a pity he does n't know about the pool where the red berries grow!" said the first nightingale.

(To be concluded.)



A GLIMPSE OF ETON SCHOOL.

By Edwin D. Mead.

Eton College stands in one of the most beautiful places in all England, on the banks of the Thames, under the very walls of Windsor Castle. Do you not think that the Eton boys ought to be very happy, with the Thames to row upon and with such interesting places as Runnymede and Stoke Pogis and Windsor Castle and the great park all about them? Well, I think they are happy.

But the poor boy king who founded Eton School was anything but happy. He ought to have been happy, for he was born on St. Nicholas's day. Henry the Sixth, "King of England, Lord of Ireland, and Heir of France," was born on December 6, 1421; but of all the unhappy kings that ever lived, I think this poor Henry the Sixth must have been one of the unhappiest.

Poor Henry's troubles began early. His father died when he was eight months old. The little king was crowned at Westminster when he was eight years old; and then they took him over to Paris and had him crowned King of France—for the English claimed France, too, in those days, and there was war all the time. But little good it did Henry to be crowned King of France, for the French soon drove all the English out.

At home there was fighting, too, and soon the everlasting Wars of the Roses began. The poor king, who wished nothing so much as to be quiet among his books and to finish Eton College and King's College at Cambridge, which he was building at the same time, was made crazy by it all—and I don't wonder at it. He recovered his senses after two years, but it was not long before the rebels captured him and threw him into prison, and for five years there was another king. Then there came a revolution and Henry was king again, but only for a few months, when another battle ended all. He had time to hear that his son was dead and his wife a prisoner, and that everything was lost, and he died in the Tower of London, when Eton School, or Eton College, as its real name is, was thirty years old.

So you see, life was trouble, trouble, trouble all the time for King Henry. I don't wonder that he did n't like to have those first Eton boys come over to Windsor Castle very often; he knew very well

that Windsor Castle at that time was n't the place where people were happy. And when he did see any of the boys there, he generally gave them a little present of money and said, "Be good boys, meek and docile, and servants of the Lord."

I think that almost the only pleasure Henry could have had was in seeing the walls of Eton rising. From the windows and terraces of his castle he could look down upon the men at their work, and watch the progress of the buildings. He himself laid the foundation-stone of the college, and he soon had quite a little army of masons and carpenters there, most of them at work upon the great chapel, which he meant to have larger and more magnificent than even King's College Chapel at Cambridge. But the chapel plans were changed after the king's death, and the Eton building is not nearly so fine as the Cambridge Chapel.

But one does not see at Eton to-day much that was built by King Henry's workmen — only the great chapel and a part of the hall where the boys dine, portions of some of the old brick buildings around the cloisters, and the Lower School, which formerly had above it the famous Long Chamber, where the seventy collegers used to sleep. But Long Chamber is now cut up into many rooms,



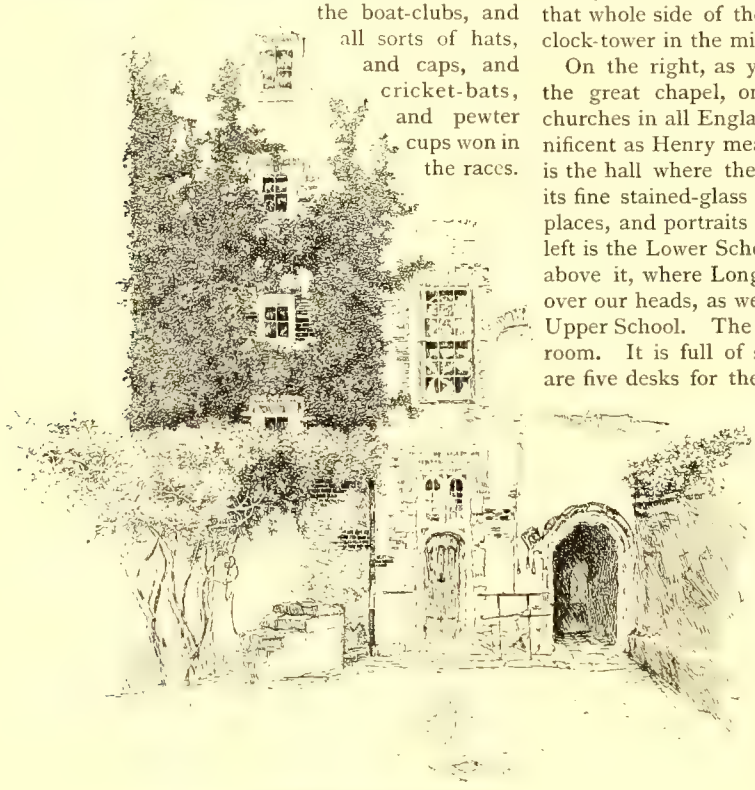
ETON FROM THE PLAYING FIELDS

and if King Henry could come to life and look down upon Eton from the great Round Tower of Windsor, and could see the brick buildings in the green gardens, and scattered all through the town, — the libraries, and the Upper School, and the New Schools, and the Mathematical Schools, and the head-master's house, and all the other masters' houses, — I am sure that it would take him a long while to decide just where he was.

I will tell you about the "collegers." When Eton was founded, there were to be a provost, a headmaster, a lower master, who was called the usher, ten fellows, ten chaplains, ten clerks, sixteen choristers, seventy scholars, and thirteen almsmen — for, in those old times, they used to have a place set apart for the poor in almost all institutions. The almsmen at Eton were sick men who could n't work. They had to know the Lord's Prayer and the *Ave Maria* and the Creed before they could be taken in; and whenever they went out, they had to wear gowns. But the almshouse was done away with while Henry was yet alive; and now I believe the "fellows" have been done away with, too. The "fellows" were priests, who could spend their whole lives in study at the college, but who were not allowed to marry. They had

very nice rooms, and all that they had to do was to read prayers in the chapel, and to preach sometimes.

The seventy scholars were to be poor boys, of good character, not less than eight years old nor more than twelve when admitted, and were to receive their education and support from the college, free of charge. The seventy scholars were appointed by the provost and head-master of Eton and the provost and two fellows of King's College, Cambridge; but now they are admitted by competitive examination, and it is considered a very great honor to belong to the seventy. These seventy are the "collegers." The other boys, those who live at the school at their own expense, are called "oppidans." Of course there are ten times as many oppidans as collegers. Only the collegers have rooms in the old college buildings and dine in the hall. The oppidans live in the different masters' houses about the town. Every master has charge of thirty or forty boys, and every boy has a little room of his own. And very snug rooms they are, too, with the tables covered with books, and pretty things from home on the mantel-shelf, and the walls decorated with photographs and pictures of hounds and horses. And the School Almanac is sure to be there, and the rules of the boat-clubs, and all sorts of hats, and caps, and cricket-bats, and pewter cups won in the races.



ENTRANCE TO THE CLOISTERS.

Latin and Greek have always been the great studies at Eton. Formerly, in fact, almost nothing else was studied — no mathematics, no geography except ancient geography, no chemistry, no physics. But all that is changed now. There is a science school at Eton, and a mathematical school also; music has taken the place of flogging, and there are teachers of French and German as well as of Latin and Greek. And the collegers are allowed to leave off their black gowns during play-hours now; until a few years ago, they had to wear them all the time.

I went to Eton twice while I was in England. We could see the great white chapel with its spires as we walked from Windsor; and the first thing that we saw when we went through the big gateway into the school yard was the statue of Henry the Sixth. It stands in the middle of the yard and is very much loved by the boys. Once, when practical jokes were abounding in the school, some of the boys, one dark night, carried off the scepter from the statue; but there was such an outcry among the boys at this insult to the memory of the founder, that the scepter soon came back in a box.

Across the yard, in front of us, beyond King Henry's statue, was the Provost's Lodge, filling that whole side of the square, and with the great clock-tower in the middle.

On the right, as you stand in the gateway, is the great chapel, one of the most magnificent churches in all England, though not half so magnificent as Henry meant it to be; and beyond that is the hall where the seventy collegers dine, with its fine stained-glass windows, and big stone fire-places, and portraits of famous Etonians. On the left is the Lower School, with the collegers' rooms above it, where Long Chamber used to be; and over our heads, as we stand in the gateway, is the Upper School. The Upper School is a very long room. It is full of stools for the boys, and there are five desks for the masters, and great curtains which can be drawn to divide the long room up into small rooms. There are busts of kings and queens and statesmen all around; and the oaken panels of the walls are all cut up with the names of old Eton boys. In one very small space, you can see the names of Chatham, Howe, Wellington, Canning, Gray, and Fox. Fox cut his name in enormous letters. At the end of the Upper School is the head-master's room, a very handsome room, full of

pictures of Athens and Rome. Here the sixth form is taught, and here is, or used to be, the terrible "flogging-block."

But I think that the old Lower School, with its rows of rough, worn-out desks and benches, is even more interesting than the Upper School. Here, too, the windows and the posts are all cut up with the names of those who, in the old days, obtained scholarships and went up to King's College at Cambridge.



WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE ETON PLAYING FIELDS.

The great school yard is the center of everything at Eton. Perhaps a lesson is just over, and two or three hundred boys are gathered in little groups around King Henry's statue, making plans for the afternoon — all wearing their little black gowns and square caps with tassels on them. Or it is not quite lesson-time, and they are clustered in the cloisters under the Upper School. Or the chapel bell is tolling and the chaplains are hurrying across the square to say prayers. Or it is playtime, and the boys are pouring through the gate under the clock-tower, to cricket or "fives" or the river. Some of them have tall hats on and look to Americans like little old men.

We went through the gate under the clock-tower into the cloisters; and you may be quite sure we stopped in the corner to drink at the college-pump. All Eton boys are loyal to the college-pump; they think there is no such water as that anywhere else in the world.

The stairs to the Library lead from the cloisters in which the pump stands. There is another library in the new buildings, where all the boys can go and read; but this is the great Library.

"I suppose," said the old gray-bearded man in the library,— a tall, thin, old man, with a black velvet skull-cap,— after he had told us many things about poor King Henry, "that you Americans don't care much about our kings."

We told him that we cared a great deal about them, and wished they all had done such wise and good things as did Henry when he founded Eton School.

"The boys must have royal times here," I said.

"Indeed they do! Canning said once at one of the Eton dinners in London — Canning was one of the greatest of our Eton boys, you know — that whatever success might come in after life, and whatever ambitions be realized, no one is ever again so great a man as when he was a sixth-form boy at Eton," answered our guide.

"Did the boys have any games a hundred years ago?" I asked.

"Games! Why, they don't begin to have so many games at Eton now as they had then. And they used to have great times at the 'Christopher,' which was a famous old inn here in Eton. Dr. Hawtrey had it broken up and made into a house for one of the masters. Dr. Hawtrey was our Dr. Arnold, you know. Nobody could translate Homer like Dr. Hawtrey. He it was, too, who broke up Montem."

"Montem! What was Montem?"

"What, you never heard of Montem — Eton Montem?"

"Never!"

"Well, an old Eton boy would tell you that you might as well never have been born as not to know about Montem. Why, Montem was as old as Queen Elizabeth's time, and Queen Victoria was very sorry to have to consent to have it broken up. In old times it was celebrated every year, but later on only once in three years. The senior collegeer was captain of Montem, and the next six collegers were salt-bearer, marshal, ensign, lieutenant, sergeant-major, and steward. The captain of the oppidans was always a salt-bearer, and the next to him was colonel. The other oppidans in the sixth form were sergeants, and all the oppidans in the fifth form, corporals. It was a great thing to be captain of Montem; and then the captain sometimes made £1000 out of it.

"On the morning of Montem day, the captain gave a great breakfast in the Hall to the fifth and sixth forms. Then the boys marched twice around the school yard, the ensign waved the great flag, the corporals drew their swords, and the procession started through the Playing Fields to Salt Hill,* in a long line, accompanied by two or three regimental bands. The officers wore red tail-coats, white trousers, cocked hats with feathers, and regimental boots; and the lower boys wore blue coats with brass buttons, white waistcoats and trousers, the date of the year, and a Latin motto referring to Montem day.

"Everybody went to Montem. King George always used to go, and Queen Victoria went. There was always a 'Montem poet,' who dressed in patchwork, and wore a crown; and he drove about the crowd in a donkey-cart, reciting his ode and flourishing copies of it for sale.

"When the procession came to the top of Salt Hill, the ensign waved his flag a second time, and that ended the celebration; only the boys and the



THE JUNE PROCESSION OF BOATS AT ETON.

silk stockings and pumps, and carried slender white poles. But before this, long before sunrise, the salt-bearers and their twelve assistants had gone, some on foot and some in gigs, to their places on all the great roads leading to Eton, to beg 'salt' from everybody they met. Salt meant money; and everybody had to give them salt. George the Third and Queen Charlotte always gave fifty guineas apiece, and much larger sums than that have been given. The money all went to the captain of Montem, to help him pay his expenses at the university to which he was to go after leaving Eton. The salt-bearers carried satin money-bags and painted staves, and as receipts for the salt that they secured they gave little printed tickets with visitors all went to the inns at Windsor for a big dinner.

"But when the railway was opened from London to Windsor, it brought down a very rough crowd to see Montem, so that it was no better than Greenwich fair. And then it broke into the boys' studies badly, and Dr. Hawtrey thought that it should better be stopped."

But how long we were staying in the old library, while the sun was so bright outside and the gates were all open to the green Playing Fields! Is there another place on earth so beautiful as Eton Playing Fields? We walked among the thick elms to the Sixth-form Bench, by the river; we sat looking up at the walls of the Castle and the

*A little eminence on the Bath road, near Eton, where the demand for contributions was first made, and from which the name of Montem came — *ad montem*, "to the hill."

great Round Tower, and back at the brick walls of the school, with the white chapel rising up high above them; and then we walked in "Poet's Walk," and over the little old Sheep Bridge to the Cricket Field.

The Eton boys are great at cricket. The collegers used to play against the oppidans. At first the oppidans beat them badly, and they were so mortified that they put black crape on their hats, and hung them up in Long Chamber. But by and by they had a famous batter, whose name was John Harding, who made wonderful scores — once as many as seventy or eighty. He hit a ball from the middle of the Upper Shooting Fields, over the chestnut trees, into the Lower Shooting Fields — when you go to Eton, you can see how far that is. The collegers carried him back to the school on their shoulders, and the last bat he used is still kept as a trophy.

Every summer Eton plays against Harrow, at Lord's Cricket Grounds, in London; and there is almost as much excitement over the game as over the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race on the Thames. I went to see it when I was in London.

Then the Eton boys play foot-ball a great deal. And they have a game, which is n't played anywhere else, called "fives." I don't know much about fives. They used to play it in the school-yard, between the buttresses of the chapel; but now two regular fives courts have been built.

The Eton boys have splendid times on the river. They row up and down for miles, and sometimes have races with the Westminster boys. They used to have a gay procession of boats every June, and great crowds of visitors came to see it. The procession started at six o'clock; the boys all dressed in uniform, and the steerers in very bright colors, and a crowd of the boys would follow along the banks of the river, on horseback. No boy can go on the river unless he can swim, so almost all of the Eton boys learn to swim.

We found down by the river a jolly little round man, with a big, round, red face, and little, round, twinkling eyes. He was sitting there on the grass by the river, with his legs dangling over the bank. He told us a great many amusing stories about Dr. Keate and other masters, and about how the boys used to burn their Greek grammars in the yard, and let off fire-crackers behind the masters; and how they used to sing songs in the school-room, so that Dr. Keate would n't know who did it; and how the whole sixth form once "struck" and threw their books into the Thames. But the funniest stories were about the scrapes the boys used to get into when they went poaching in Windsor Park — for they used to do that, and sometimes were caught and locked up. One dark night two of the oppidans had planned a fine excursion. One of them — he was afterward a cabinet minister of Great Britain — was getting out of his window very quietly, thinking he heard his friend below waiting for him.

"Is all right?" he whispered.

"Right as my left leg!" answered a voice from below, and the boy dropped into the arms of the head-master.

"You ought to have been an Eton boy yourself," I said to the little round man.

"Yes; I wish I had been. But they used to flog 'em terribly."

"I suppose they did," I assented.

"Why," said the little man, "Dr. Keate one time flogged more than eighty boys at once. They were fifth-form boys, and they had started a little rebellion against the doctor. So he had the tutors bring them to him, two or three at a time, after they had gone to bed, and he took 'em one by one; it was after midnight before he was through. Well, at last the old flogging-block itself was carried off. That was when Dr. Hawtrey was master. One morning — it was the day after a boat-race against Westminster — a lot of the boys were sent up to his room to be flogged; but the block was n't there, nor the birch, neither. Three of the boys managed to get the block out in the night, and sent it up to London. It was the seat of the President of the 'Eton Block Club' up in London for a long time. Nobody could belong to that club who had n't been flogged at Eton three times. The boys used to talk the flogging over in their debating society. They don't have such flogging any more."

And then the little round man told us about the Eton Debating Society and some queer things that have happened there.

"They used to call the fellows who belonged to the society the *Literati*," he said; "but they gave up that word long ago, and the club got the name of 'Pop' — I don't know how, but they called it 'Pop.'"

All the way back to Slough, and beyond, we could see, from the car windows, the long gray Castle and the great Round Tower, and beside it, among the trees, the red brick walls of Eton, and the tall white chapel; and the words of Gray's sweet poem kept running through my head:

"Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade,
* * * * *
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring."

A VISIT TO ETON.

By Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

When I was in Windsor I lived for a week in a little old house on the river bank; for, as you know, the Thames runs through the town. From my window I could see the tall, gray church with its many windows, and the red buildings of Eton College, topped with their battlements and tower.

When I went out, if I turned to my left, I looked up at the castle towering high above the town. Then I met red-coated grenadiers and fife and drum corps, and tourists with guide-books in their hands and field-glasses slung over their shoulders. But at certain hours of the afternoon, it seemed to me the only people on the street were a never-ending procession of young men and boys, all wearing tall silk hats. The more grown-up, who had on tailed coats, wore white cravats, as if they were so many young clergymen. The younger boys, still in jackets, had black neckties. These were the Eton "young gentlemen," as the townspeople call them. By their tall hats and ties you may know them, for these Etonians must never be seen without them, except on the playgrounds, or on the river, or on their way to these places. When a boy, after foot-ball or cricket, is late or lazy, he slips on an overcoat which comes down to his heels. Occasionally it flaps open and shows his knee-breeches and long stockings. But the collar is carefully pulled up, so that you can not tell whether or not it hides a white tie. You often meet boys in this costume on the High street late on half-holiday afternoons.

The castle is at one end of the High street of Windsor, and the college at the other. After you cross the bridge over Barnes's Pool, you come to the houses where the masters live and the boys board, and to the college buildings. If you pass through the low doorway in the latter, you find yourself in a large quadrangle or square, on one side of which is the chapel, and on the three others, school-rooms. In the center is the statue of Henry VI., who was the founder of the college. Beyond this square is another smaller one with cloisters around it, and a green grass plot lined with low bushes covering the open space, and here the "fellows" live. If you linger in the large quadrangle when the boys are going or coming from their classes, you will notice that some wear black gowns like those of the masters. I think these gowns



THE GREAT QUADRANGLE AT ETON.

must all be made of the same length, no matter to whom they are to be given. For I have seen them almost trail on the ground when on short boys, while often they only reach the knees of taller students.

Those who wear gowns are "collegers," for whom the college was really founded. Until about the middle of this century, the collegers had a rough time. They slept in one large and three small dormitories in the building opposite the chapel and looking out on the large quadrangle. With the exception of a few older boys who were allowed chairs or tables, their only furniture was their beds. As they were without washstands or basins, they had, like Mr. Squeers' pupils, to wash at the pump. This, you must agree with me, was not pleasant, and so you will not wonder that once, as late as the year 1838, they went and begged the authorities to have water brought in some way into their dormitories. But their petition was refused, and they were told they would be wanting gas and Turkey carpets next! Their food was not much better. The only meal provided for them was dinner, which always consisted of mutton and potatoes and beer, which was rather monotonous. On one day in the year, Founder's Day, they had a feast of turkey. Henry VI. meant their dining-hall to be a very handsome building. But before it was finished there was so little money left that the workmen had to build the upper part of the walls with bricks instead of the stones with which they had begun, so that on the outside the hall looks like a piece of patchwork. Perhaps the same thing happened with the money for the collegers' expenses, for after their dinners were bought there seemed to be none for their other meals. Certain it is that they had to get their breakfasts and teas as best they could. It was said of them with truth, that they were not as well fed and lodged as convicts or paupers in an almshouse would be. And so it came to pass that even poor people hesitated before sending their sons to put up with such hardships, and the boys who were not collegers looked down upon them and would have nothing to do with them.

But it is very different now. Their buildings have been improved and enlarged. Forty-seven of the oldest boys have rooms to themselves. The younger ones still sleep in the old hall, or Long Chamber as it is called. But wooden partitions reaching half-way to the high ceiling have been set up and they divide the hall into little alcoves



MASTERS' HOUSES AND THE CHAPEL FROM BARNES'S BRIDGE.

or stalls, so that every boy has a place to himself. In it he has a bed, a chair, a chest of drawers and his washing-stand, and he can be comfortable enough. At the end of the chamber is a large open space, used for "kickabout," or foot-ball practice, which is always going on during the winter term when the boys are not in school. When I went into Long Chamber, this space was full of paper coats and cocked hats of all sizes, such as small children delight in making. A master who was with me asked a bright young colleger what these were for. "I don't know, sir," he said. "It 's the sixth form's work. They 've been at it for the last hour. I think it 's very babyish of the sixth form, sir, don't you?" But for all that, his respect for his elders was great enough to keep him from touching one of the coats.

Life in Chamber is very sociable. During the day the boys are out almost all the time, either in their classes or on the playgrounds. But in the evening after "lock-up," all the young collegers gather around the large fire at the end of the hall; for though there are fireplaces in the elder collegers' rooms, there are none in the stalls in Chamber. To this fire they bring their books, or lines, or verses, or whatever they may have to do; but when as many as twenty boys sit together over a cheerful fire, I wonder how much solid work is done! At a quarter to ten the captain, or head boy of Chamber, sends them all off to their stalls, and at ten, the sixth-form præpostor, or monitor, comes in to see that they are in bed. Of course they

have to fag for the older collegers. Sometimes when the fun by the fire is at its height, there is heard, from one of the rooms beyond, a cry of "Come here!" and then all have to run at full speed, for the last to arrive is chosen to do the work of fagging, whatever it may be. The young tyrants whose right it is to be waited on like to be as near Chamber as possible, that when they call they may be answered promptly. There are times when the fag is glad that he has a fag-master, despite all his hard duties, for it is his privilege to sit in the latter's room, and if he really wishes to study in the evening, he can thus escape to a quiet, warm place.

The collegers still use the old dining-hall, but the meals served there are not only better than in earlier days, but good and plentiful. A master lives in the house with them, and they are in every way treated like the other boys. Moreover, they must pass a very severe examination before they are admitted to college; so that it is thought a great honor and mark of distinction to belong to the collegers. A little of the old prejudice continues among smaller boys and new-comers, but it wears away as they grow older, and the collegers are to-day looked up to and respected.

The number of boys who pay for their education at Eton is greater than that of the free scholars. There were so few good schools in England in the old days, that boys were sent to Eton from all parts of the kingdom. They boarded in the little town, and only went to the school buildings for their lessons. For this reason they were called oppidans, which means town-boys. They boarded wherever they could be taken in, and the women who kept boarding-houses for them were called "dames." Finally, when they came in greater numbers, the masters thought it best to have the town-boys under their roofs for the sake of order.

During the day, and when not in school, the boys are very much their own masters. They can go and come as they please. But they must be in their houses, and then in their rooms by certain hours. Every evening the master calls over the names of his boys, at five o'clock in winter and at a quarter to nine in summer. He occasionally visits their rooms. And sometimes, if they are too noisy at kickabout, which in the houses goes on in the passages, he puts a stop to it. It is no wonder his patience is tried at times. Indeed, the boys themselves think there can be too much of this good thing. "Bother it! one gets tired of kickabout when it goes on without intermission after eight, after ten, and after four, against one's door!" said one.

But the master is not often obliged to come upstairs and call for order. The captain, who is the boy highest up in the school of all those who board in the same house, is its real ruler. He is held in awe by the younger boys, and his word is law. The mere report that the captain is coming will quiet the most unruly. In the eyes of his juniors he is a much greater person than the master. Nothing usually pleases a small boy so much as to be spoken to on the street by his captain, while his schoolmates look on. He may be so embarrassed as not to be able to answer. But his pride lasts for many days. Indeed, he never forgets it. I know an Etonian, now a master, who can point out the very spot where he was so honored for the first time.

The captain and the older boys have fags whom they select from members of the Lower School. Fagging is not easy work at Eton. Fags not only have to wait on their fag-masters at almost all hours, to bring them water and to look out for their rooms, but they even have to cook for them. All the boys of a house take their dinner together, but excepting in two or three houses where a new rule has been made, every one has his breakfast and tea in his own room. And for these meals the poor fags are cooks and waiters. There is even a kitchen provided for their special use where they boil water, brew tea, and toast bread. Many heart-aches have there been in those little kitchens! Fancy a youngster just out of the home nursery, you might say, being set to making toast, when he knows as little about it as he does about Latin verses! And yet, if it is not all right, his fastidious master will take him to task with all the indignation of disappointed hunger and then send him off to do his work over again. But he grows hardened by degrees to this work, just as he does to verse-making, and in time can joke and laugh as he cooks. And if while he talks he forgets his toast and lets it burn, what matter? With a little experience he learns to scrape off the black with a knife.

Every oppidan has his own room, which he decorates to please himself. Whatever these decorations may be, he is certain to have in the most conspicuous place his foot-ball, cricket or boating cap, his house colors, a photograph of his boat crew, or cricket team, or foot-ball eleven, and always one, also, of all the boys in his house with the cups they have won at foot-ball, during the term, set out before them.

The classes at Eton are much the same as at other English schools. The sixth is the highest form, and then follow the other forms and divisions. So long as they are in the Lower School the boys do almost all their work in the pupil-room. At stated hours they study with their tutors, who then help them to prepare their verses, so that when they go to their masters their work is really done.

The day begins with "morning school" at seven in the summer and half-past seven in winter, and this hour is the most miserable of the twenty-four. Then comes breakfast, plenty of time being allowed for the fags, after they have waited on their masters and perhaps run for them to the "tuck" shops for extra delicacies, to wait on themselves. While they set the kettle on to boil the second time, the older boys stroll leisurely into the library, for there is one in every house, and read the papers, or else do one of the many nothings which young gentlemen in their superior position so easily find to do. Is it any wonder that the fags, who, unless they would starve, must go on cutting bread and butter, envy them? Next comes a twenty minutes' service in the chapel, to which all Etonians must go. At the end, they march out in regular order, first the collegers in white surplices, then the oppidan sixth form, and finally the oppidans of the lower forms.

After this, work begins in earnest with ten o'clock school, which lasts from a quarter of to half-past ten, and is quickly followed by eleven o'clock school. For two hours there is great quiet in Eton. When they are over, comes the "after twelve." Until two o'clock the older boys do whatever they like, but the unfortunate little fellows in the Lower School must go on construing and grinding out Latin verses in pupil-room. At two, however, when the dinner-bell rings, they also are at rest. They can at least eat their midday meal in peace, for they know that if the mutton is underdone they will not have to roast it the second time, that if a glass of water is called for they will not have to fetch it.

The "after two" is very short, afternoon school beginning again at three. The "after four," from a quarter to four to a quarter-past during the winter term, is quite a favorite time for a walk on the High street. If you happen to be out just then, you will see boys in every shop in deep consultation with tailors and bootmakers, making appointments with photographers, looking over books, or more often in the confectioners', eating pies and sweets. The fags, too, are on duty again and are marketing for their fag-masters. As "lock-up" in winter is at five o'clock, the boys have a long evening in the house. This they spend sometimes in studying, but, as a rule, in doing whatever best suits them. But you must not think, on this account, these are always idle hours. There are many prizes outside of the regular course for which the boys compete, and then — another great reason for study — all those who distinguish themselves in their school work are, like the great cricketers and oarsmen, looked up to as the "swells" of the college. There are, besides, the house debating societies and the great school debating society called "Pop," — to which so many famous Englishmen belonged in their Eton days, — and literary societies and magazines; and altogether any Eton boy, who chooses, will find more to do than he has time for.

Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday are half holidays, and then there are no studies in the afternoon. After twelve the boys have nothing to think of but amusement. And this, if you could see Eton with its beautiful shady playgrounds and the river winding through them, would seem to you not difficult to find. The only interruption to their long afternoon is "absence," or the calling over of names in the great quadrangle. No one has ever been able to explain why a ceremony at which all must be present is called "absence." But stranger still, now and then when the boys assemble at the appointed hour they are told there is to be no "absence," and they say there has been a "call"! Of course the boys never know beforehand whether it is to be "absence" or a "call."

The first "absence" is at three o'clock, and the boys must come in their uniform, so that after-dinner games can not very well begin until it is over. If you want to know what "absence" is like, imagine a square, open place with old buildings all around it, four masters in gown and cap standing by the wall in four different places, while one thousand boys all in tall hats and some in gowns rush in and out, and laugh and talk. Every one as his name is called takes off his hat, many waving them well in the air, so that the master may be sure to see them, if, because of the noise and confusion, he should not hear their answers.

During "absence," a præpostor stands by the master. A præpostor is a monitor, and there is one for every form. Every boy in turn holds this office for three or four days at a time. It is his duty to take the names of all who do not answer at "absence," and find out afterward why they were not present. There are also two sixth-form præpostors, one for the collegers and one for the oppidans, who are appointed every week. If the head-master wants to speak to or reprove a boy, he sends for him by the sixth-form præpostor. In Dr. Keate's time these sixth-form præpostors were the busiest people in Eton, for Dr. Keate thought a course of flogging the best education the boys could have, and so was always sending for them.

After three o'clock "absence," there is a rush for the playgrounds. Tall hats and black coats and trousers are exchanged for caps and flannels. The sheep which have been grazing peacefully all the morning in the sunny green fields beat a hasty

retreat to the shade of the Poet's Walk, and the place is alive with boys. In the Christmas half they come for foot-ball. Their field game is much the same as that played by all boys in other schools, and out of them too. But they have besides what they call the "wall game." This is peculiar to Eton, and is so old that no one knows when it was first played, and so difficult that it is almost impossible for those who have not had some practice to understand it. The collegers are usually the best players, the older among their number teaching the younger boys as soon as they come to college, while oppidans rarely learn until their last years at school. The playing fields are separated from the road by a high brick wall, for one party to crush the other against it. After perhaps five minutes of this struggle, the ball came out from under the feet of the players, and then one boy seized it and threw it toward a large elm-tree at a little distance from the wall, and upon which was a chalk mark. This was one of the goals, the other being the door in a garden wall opposite. The next minute the ball was brought back again, and the pushing recommenced. Sometimes the players fell on top of one another, and those nearest the wall were knocked so close to it that they would have been seriously hurt had they not been prepared for this rough treatment. Three men on each side, who were always stationed close by the bricks, wore



FOOT-BALL AT ETON "A WALL MATCH."

against which this game is always played, the captains of the teams being called keepers of the wall. I saw a very exciting match between the collegers and a foreign team one October morning during the "after twelve." When I first looked at the wall, all I saw was a mass of figures pushing and struggling together, as if the object of the game was padded jackets and leggings, and close hoods which covered their heads, and even their ears, and were tied under their chins. Two masters were umpires. The first put the ball into the bully, and so great was his interest that he forgot all about his fresh, yellow kid gloves, and in they went among the muddy boots. The second was a quite

elderly man with gray hair, but he was equally interested, and crouched close to the ground near the players, to see that the ball was not kicked from under the feet of the man who held it down. The great wall match of the year comes off on St. Andrew's Day. Then the field is crowded not only with boys and masters, but with people from the town, and even from London; and there is sure to be a row of excited Etonians perched up on the high wall, from which they have a capital view. This match is between the collegers and the oppidans, the latter looking very gay in their orange and purple, and the former less bright in their Quaker-like mauve and white. But quiet as they look, you may depend on it they will attract the more attention before the game is over, for they are almost always sure to win.

The different houses play the field game against one another for cups, and against the masters; while a picked eleven of collegers and oppidans meet outside teams. Every house has its own colors, while those of the great field eleven are red and blue. One part of the Etonian uniform, which you are sure to notice, is the long scarf which every boy wears around his neck and underneath his outer jacket, the ends dangling between his legs. But this he takes off when he begins to play.



THE ORIGINAL ETON FIVES COURT BETWEEN THE BUTTRESSES OF THE CHAPEL.

Fives, though played all the year around, may be called the game of the Easter half, for it is the principal amusement of this season, when, consequently, it is not easy to get a court unless one engages it some hours beforehand. Though now common enough in other schools, fives is as peculiar to Eton as the wall game of foot-ball. It was really invented by Etonians. They used to play it between the chapel buttresses. Afterward, when they put up regular courts, these were built as like the old playing places as possible, and even a projection in the buttress, which made the game doubly difficult, was copied. This projection is known to all fives players as the pepper-box.

But the two greatest amusements of all are those of the summer half—boating and cricket. Indeed, the summer half is one long season of delight. Studies go on, of course, but they become of secondary account, and the great object of school life seems to be to excel in the cricket-field or on the river. Every boy has to choose between the two sports. English boys are as serious at play as at study, and they will not spoil their chances of becoming either a really good cricketer or good oarsman by trying to be both. It is considered an important moment when an Etonian decides whether he will be a "dry bob" or a "wet bob."

If he decides for cricket, he is made at once a member of one of the cricket clubs, of which there are several, every one having its own field called by its name. These clubs are the "Lower Sixpenny," for boys in the lowest forms; the "Upper Sixpenny," for those in the lower fifth form; the "Lower Club," to which any boy who has reached the middle division of the fifth form can belong; the "Middle Club," composed of older boys who are not very good cricketers; and the great "Upper Club," to which none are admitted but the champions of the school, which is so respected by the masters that its members are excused from six o'clock "absence," and, in order to save more time, is allowed to have tea in the Poet's Walk. It is given all these privileges because it is its duty to keep up the reputation



THE EXAMINATION IN SWIMMING AT ETON.

of Eton for cricket. Every year there are matches between Eton and Harrow, and Eton and Winchester. Etonians and Harrovians meet at Lord's Cricket Ground in London, a beautiful large field which, when it was first used for cricket, was really in the country. But since then houses have been built up around it, and it is now in that part of London called St. John's Wood. The match comes off in the early part of July, when the gay season is at its height. Everybody goes to it. The head-masters and masters of both schools and old Harrovians and Etonians with their families, from gray-haired grandfathers to little fellows just out of skirts, who already look forward to the days when they too will be great cricketers. And you see officers and grave members of parliament, and old ladies and pretty young girls sitting in drags and carriages, all as excited and eager as the players themselves. There is a grand stand for Harrow and another for Eton, and almost all the lookers-on wear the light blue or the dark blue ribbons. Every one stays all day, and the luncheons they have brought with them are unpacked and eaten on the grounds. And greater enthusiasm you have never seen! Whenever a boy makes a big hit or a fine catch, there are great shouts of applause from his party and hisses from the other. And when the match is over, the winning side seize the boy who has made the most runs and lift him on their shoulders and carry him around the field in triumph, just as the Rugby boys carried Tom Brown. Harrow and Eton have had fifty-nine matches since they first began to play together. Of these Harrow has won twenty-four and Eton twenty-five, the others having been drawn games; so you see they are close rivals.

The match with Winchester boys comes off one year at Winchester and the next at Eton. It always takes place late in the spring, when the trees and grass at Eton are at their greenest, and the sun shines softly on the old time-stained buildings. The flannels of the players and the gay dresses of the ladies who come to look on fill the field with bright color. The river runs close by, and the towers and battlements of Windsor Castle rise far above it in the distance. If you were to see Eton then, you would say there could be no lovelier place the world over. What need of "absence" on these days? For what boy would stir from the grounds until he knew whether or no the light blue of Eton was victorious? Indeed, the masters seldom break up a match by forcing the

boys to leave their game to be present in the quadrangle at three and at six. Even Dr. Keate, the great boy-flogger, whenever there was a cricket-match, called their names in the cricket-field.

The "wet bobs" have their boats down by the bridge, over the river, where it crosses the High street. All of the "wet bobs" have to know how to swim, and many, before they are allowed to get in a boat, go through a thorough training under the direction of a regular teacher. There are, of course, many boating crews, just as there are cricket clubs, and only the best oarsmen row in the races with the other schools. On half-holidays the boys can go out after three. But the hour they love even better is the "after six," when they start with the sun low in the west and come home in the cool of the soft English twilight. But perhaps best of all is when on half-holidays they are excused from six o'clock "absence" if they will promise to row as far as Maidenhead. I do not think they find it a very hard condition. It is little enough to pay for six long hours on the river, winding with it between meadows and pleasant woody places, and meeting the many shells and punts, and row-boats, and steam yachts with which in spring and summer evenings it is sure to be crowded.

The most exciting race of the year is at Henley, when they row against other schools, meeting among them their rivals at cricket, the Westminster boys.

But the day of days is the Fourth of June. Then the "wet bobs" all turn out in full force, and have a gay procession of boats on the Thames. This is an old, old custom. At first the boys wore the most extravagant dresses, so that it looked as if they were having a fancy party on the water. Every year they changed their costumes, each new set trying to outdo the last. But in 1814 a regular uniform, much the same as that now worn, was adopted. This was, for the boys in the upper boats, blue cloth jackets and trousers, striped shirts, and straw hats decorated with artificial flowers and the name of the boat. The only difference for the boys of the lower boats was that white jean trousers were worn instead of blue cloth. The coxswains of the boats went on wearing fancy dresses for some years longer, but at last they also gave them up for the cocked hat and uniform of naval officers. Dr. Keate, though he pretended to know nothing of these processions, always had "lock-up" a half an hour later on the Fourth of June; and Dr. Goodall, who was provost for many years, used to say he wondered why his wife invariably dined early on that day, and ordered her carriage for six. But now the head-masters and the other masters go to see the river parade, and more people come from London than for the cricket match, and the banks of the Thames about Windsor are lined with spectators. The boys are reviewed, and then they toss oars, and away they go amidst great applause, and up the river as far as Henley, where they have a supper of duck and green peas, to which they have been looking forward for months as the best part of the fun. And then there are fireworks and a brilliant illumination, and for the time being, everything at Eton but play and pleasure is forgotten.



THE "TORTURE CHAMBER"

THE GALLEY CAT

a tough little yarn



By Margaret Vandegrift.

Old Bob, the sea-cook, late at night,
Sat by the galley-fire's warm light,
And talked to the little midshipmite
Of this and that.
There was nobody there to set him right
But the galley cat.

He loved her much, for all she could do
In the way of speech was a well-meant "Mew";
And old Bob said that he always knew
What she meant by that.
"*She* never says what I say aint true,
Don't the galley cat!"

"Well, neither do I," said the midshipmite;
"Come, Bob, we are all by ourselves to-night;
Now, spin me a yarn, and, honor bright,
And certain, and flat,
I 'll be just as quiet and just as polite
As the galley cat."

"You 'll not say, 'You 've give us that before,'
And you 'll not say, doleful, 'Is there much more?'
And you 'll not break out, and laugh, and roar,
For I can't stand that!
She never calls me an old smooth-bore,
Don't the galley cat.

"So, if you 'll be just as civil as her,
Or as near as you can, without the purr,
And not rub me the wrong way of the fur,—
There 's a deal in that,—
I 'll spin you a first-class yarn, yes, sir,
Of that self-same cat.

"'T was a pitch-dark night, in the Indian seas;
The wind was blowing a stiffish breeze,
And we were n't exactly taking our ease,
You may bet your hat;
We were rolling about the deck like peas,
All but the cat.

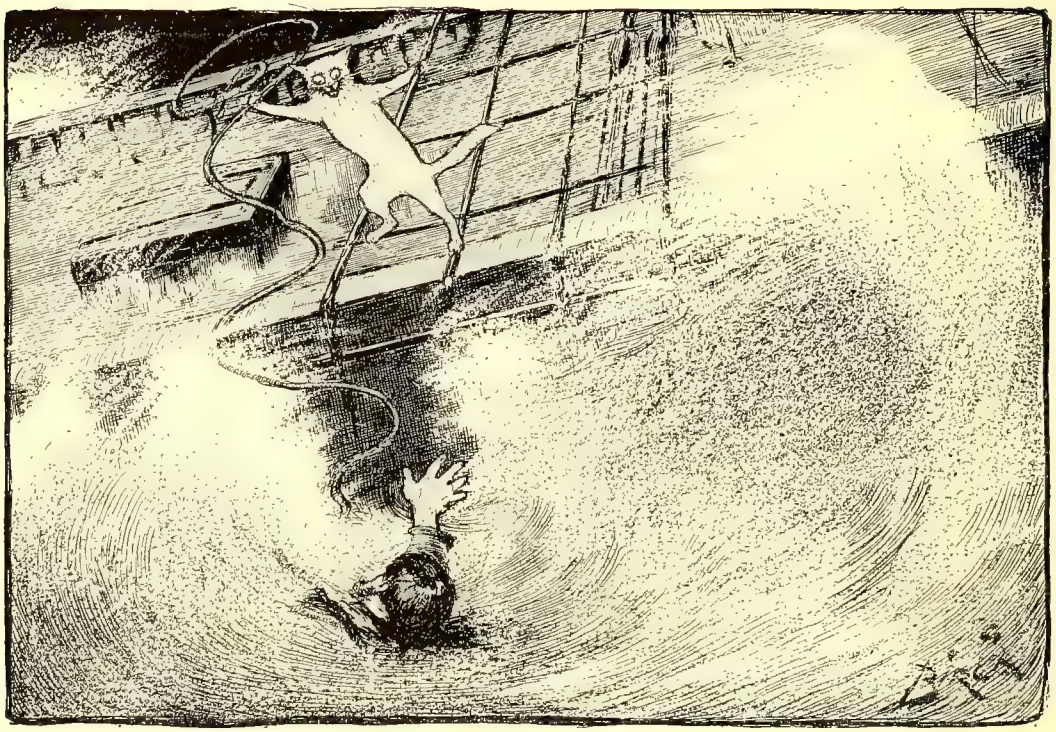


" But you need n't think she had gone below
Because of the racket above; oh, no!
She did n't mind a bit of a blow,—
She was used to that.
She 'd a corner on deck where she 'd always go,
Had the galley cat.

" A body with half an eye can see
That she 's most especially fond of me;
She follows 'round wherever I be.
So there she sat,
With one eye on the men and one on the sea,
Did the galley cat.

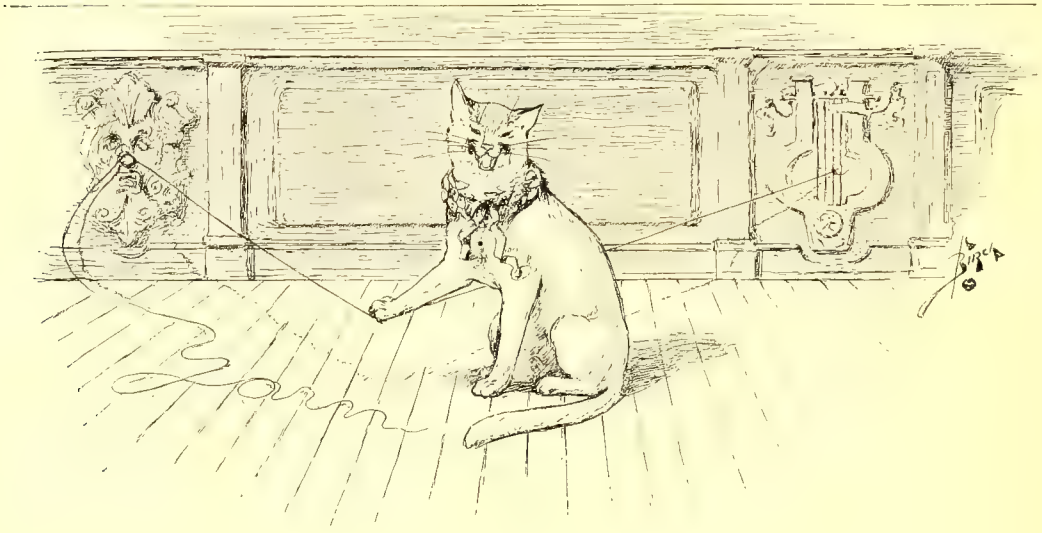
" Now, I 'll not go wasting the time to tell
How it came about that I slipped, and fell
From the mast to the raging sea, but—well,
I 'd have drowned like a rat
Before they 'd so much as rung the bell,
But for that there cat!

" What did she do? She flung me a line!
I could see her yellow eyeballs shine,
As she sat in the stern-sheets, wet with brine,
And I steered by that;
She carried the end to a friend of mine.
Did the galley cat;



"And he hauled me up — but I make no doubt,
If he had n't, *she* would 'a' pulled me out.
For she knew right well what she was about;
She warn't no flat.
But you ought to have heard the sailors shout
For the galley cat!"

"She — flung you a rope?" gasped the midshipmite,
As if he could n't have heard aright,
"I 'll *not* say anything impolite ——"
"You stick to that,"
Said Bob; "Can't you even trust your sight?
Why, *there 's* the cat!"



A CHRISTMAS CONSPIRACY.

(Concluded.)

By Rose Lattimore Alling.

THE girls were on hand again in the afternoon, but this time the air was as sweet as it had been disagreeable the day before.

"It seems silly to put so pretty a thing in a drawer out of sight, does n't it?" asked Madge, sneezing, as she sifted the heliotrope powder into a dainty bag.

"No," Nellie said; "I think it is lovely not to have everything for show. Sachet bags are like secret virtues, I suppose;—not that I have any of the latter myself," she added with a laugh.

"Oh, by the way, how is your secret charity coming on?" asked Floy indifferently, her whole soul absorbed in tying a small bow of blue and pink ribbon.

"Finely, I thank you; but it is so secret that even you shall not know it, my dear," replied Nell.

"Have you really unearthed some thankless recipient of your wealth?" questioned Madge incredulously.

"You don't have to dig so deep as you think before finding all that could be desired in the way of poverty," Nell said evasively. "But, girls, you need n't try to find out my plan, which is a very small one indeed, for I sha'n't tell you anything about it; at least, not until I find out whether I think the experiment pays. So far, I like it." And Nell stitched away defiantly, as though she momentarily expected the girls to laugh at her.

But they did n't, and instead of deriding, Floy said kindly, "I believe I envy you, for I am almost cross over these everlasting presents; and the necessity of getting something for Belle Nash is the last straw."

"Well, I 've broken that straw," Nell remarked, snipping off some silk as though the action illustrated the summary way in which she had disposed of the question.

"Why, have you finished your present for her already?" exclaimed Floy.

"Not at all. I mean that I am not going to give her a present." And Nell's scissors snapped quite savagely.

"But she has something for you, and probably surmises that this little bird has told you so," objected Madge.

"Very well; if she is disappointed, it is her own fault, not mine," declared Nell.

"But it will be so awkward," Floy suggested.

"It will be more awkward to keep up the exchange, year after year. Somebody will have to stop some time, and I 'm going to stop now before I begin: is n't that bright of me?"

"Yes, Nellie, it is a brilliant thought," said Floy; "and I believe I 'll follow your shining example."

So, with a great deal of laughter over their talk, and a great deal of sneezing over their work, the afternoon faded into the cold gray of early twilight, and once more Nell stood alone at the window—this time not idly, but eagerly watching the little lamp-lighter.

It was as she thought—bare hands, no overcoat, no scarf. Nell peered at him as he came running toward the house, and then she called her mother to the window.

"Here comes the boy I was telling you about, Mamma. Look at his clothes. Would n't it be dreadful to have Alf dressed that way in this weather?"

Mrs. Hildreth looked, and said with a mother's pity: "Yes, that is too bad, Nellie dear, and we must do something for the boy. To-morrow we will see what we can find among Alf's things; clothes that Alf has out-grown will probably fit the lad. I 'm glad you discovered this chance of doing something for somebody else."

"Discovered?" Nell repeated gravely. "The chance has been here under our eyes twice a day. I 'm only learning to see a little. But, Mother, I wish to give something. I have a grudge against myself and I wish to do a little by way of atonement."

Mrs. Hildreth patted her daughter lovingly, and suggested that after they had made up a package of what they had in the house, Nell could add whatever was lacking.

When Alf appeared, puffing and blowing and as hungry as a bear, Nell waylaid him on his way to beg the cook to have cakes for supper.

"Did you find out anything?" she asked eagerly.

"Find out anything? Rather! I found out how to make a full-fledged American eagle on the ice," he answered wickedly, trying to escape from her firm grasp.

"No, no, bad boy! you know perfectly well what I mean—anything about the little lamplighter?"

"Oh, fudge! What made me forget that? But

see here, Nell, you must give a fellow time. I 'm a hard-worked man, I am," he pleaded, with a droll whine in his voice.

Nell knew his tricks too well to be deceived by this fraud of his; so she only retorted, laughing, "Poor fellow, earning your daily cakes — but *could n't* you let out part of the job of skating all the morning and coasting all the afternoon? It does seem too much for a frail reed like you!"

Alf laughed, and darting into the kitchen to tell Maggie to "make a lot of 'em," he re-appeared, remarking, "Well, now, what is it you want to know? — Oh, yes, I remember! You wanted me to find out how much toboggans cost. Well, I did. I love to accommodate you. Real whoppers, big enough to hold you and me and another fellow, cost — what! is n't that it?"

Nell walked serenely toward the door, wise enough to know that she would gain nothing, and only gratify Alf's inveterate mood for teasing, by showing any annoyance.

"Oh, come back!" he said, relenting. "Let me see — oh, the gentleman who illuminates the highway! — Yes, now that I think of it; I called around at his apartments to-day, and presented my lady's compliments."

"What about him? Do be quick, Alf!"

"Well, milord lives, so to speak, away down on Hickory street, and he is the son of poor but dishonest parents."

"Really?"

"Well, his father is a shady old party; but his mother moves in the society of a broom and scrubbing-brush in down-town offices."

"Alf, you 're a darling!" exclaimed Nell.

"Tell me something I don't know already," he responded saucily. "I was about to say," he added, "that I inquired at the banks, and at the best tailor shops, but failed to find his name at either, so I suspect he 's worse off than the Man without a Country." Then, seeing Nell's distressed look, he continued in a different tone: "Yes, Nell, honor bright, I should freeze dressed in his clothes; and his father is a good-for-nothing, who mends umbrellas when he 's sober; but his mother is good for as much as she can possibly do."

"How did you find out all that?" Nell demanded admiringly.

"I asked him."

"Whom?"

"The boy himself."

"You did n't!"

"I did."

"Why, what *did* you say?"

"I said, 'Hullo!'"

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'Hullo, yourself!'"

"How did you manage to find him at all?"

"I just waited on the sidewalk until he came along."

"But, Alf," said Nellie, still a little worried for fear her impetuous and not always discreet brother either had been rude or had raised the suspicion of the boy, "what excuse had you for speaking to him at all?"

"Well, you see, I was just skating along the sidewalk, not noticing him, you know, when, all of a sudden, I came within an inch of tripping him up, as I accidentally on purpose lost my balance. Was n't that rather neat?"

"Beautiful! Go on!" cried Nell delightedly.

"Well, the next thing for any fellow to do would be to say 'Hullo!' so I said it. And the proper thing for the other fellow to say then is 'Hullo, yourself!' and he said that, as I told you."

"Oh, do be quick! What next?" asked Nell.

"Why," said Alf, "I told him that the ice was so rough that I guessed I 'd have to give up skating; and he said the ice on the canal was 'prime.' And then I asked him to let me see if I could light the next lamp as quickly as he did. So he gave me some matches, and I kicked off my skates and trotted along with him. Of course when he saw I was a jolly one, he thawed; and when a fellow thaws, you can get almost anything out of him."

Alf chuckled, while Nellie said, enthusiastically, "I declare, you did it very cleverly! — Well?"

"Well, in the course of our remarks," said Alf, "I found out that he had no skates, and had n't time to use them if he had, excepting on moonlight nights. For he works all day at opening the big door down at McAlpine & Hoyt's; only, on short winter days, his little brother takes his place when it comes time for him to light the lamps."

"Down at McAlpine & Hoyt's," mused Nell. "Why, I never thought about all those boys, cash-boys and door-boys; they 've always seemed almost like wax figures. Then I can see him myself, when I go to get something for him at that very same store."

"Get something for him!" repeated Alf, opening his eyes wide.

"Yes, that 's my secret," said Nell; "and you are uncommonly good to do all this for me without knowing why I wanted to find out about him."

"It was a strain," he sighed; "but what are you up to, Nell?"

"Why, Alf Hildreth," said Nell; earnestly, "do you know that that boy has to turn out the gas on these pitch-dark, freezing-cold mornings, when you are fast asleep, as snug as a bug in a rug?"

"Perhaps it 's somebody else," Alf suggested.

"But it is n't!" answered Nell. "I woke up

this morning at half-past five and saw him with my own eyes." And she looked triumphant.

"Jingo!" exclaimed Alf. "That 's rather rough, I must say. We 'll find him stuck like an icicle in a snow-drift one of these days!" And Alf now seemed sufficiently impressed to satisfy Nellie's sympathetic heart.

"No, we 'll not—for you and I, Alf, are going to fix him up as warm as you are; that is, Mother is going to give him some of your old clothes, and I am going to add whatever else is necessary."

"But if he is a proud chap, it will make him angry to have a lot of my old things," Alf objected, yet all interest.

"But he is n't to know who gives them—that 's the secret!" said Nell. "On Christmas Eve, you and I are going to tie the things upon the lamp-post, where he will find them. Wont that be fun?"

Alf expressed only partial satisfaction with the plan, again objecting that some other early bird would get the worm.

"I did n't think of that," and Nell drew her brows together. "Then we must get up very, very early. Would n't that do?"

"Perhaps. But then if you tie 'em to the post in front of our house he 'll suspect who put 'em there," said Alf.

"That 's so!" said Nell. "Oh, Alf, how clever you are when once you stop teasing and give your mind to anything! Now think out how to meet this new difficulty."

Alf stuffed his hands into his crumby pockets, walked to the window and whistled "Over the Garden Wall."

"I have it!" he presently said, slapping his knee as though enjoying a joke. "We 'll tie the duds to the next lamp-post, the one in front of skinflint Salmon's house. Nobody would ever suspect him of giving away a cent, and Jimmy will be all at sea!"

"Who is Jimmy?"

"Jimmy? Why, he's your boy," said Alf; adding, "Oh, did n't I tell you? You see, on my trip down the street, in my new office of lighting lamps, another boy called out to your boy, 'Hi, Jim! how you vas?' So, on my way back, I interviewed *that* boy, and found out that your boy's name is Jim Walden, and all about his father and mother. I tell you, I feel like a successful private detective."

Nell patted him on the back, assured him she should require his services again, and hurried into the dining-room with him.

These plans had matured so rapidly, that as yet Nell had had little time to think how she felt in her new guise of "good girl"; but she was conscious, as she started on positively her last shopping expedition, that there was an added interest to this very interesting world, and, as she neared the great swinging door of McAlpine & Hoyt's, that it really was a very interesting world indeed.

Ah, there he was, pulling the door open in a wooden sort of way! She supposed he had always been there; she had never noticed; somehow the door always swung away for her; she had never thought how it happened. On that particular morning, it was snowing hard, and she had carried her umbrella; and as Jimmy was putting it in the rack, and selecting a check to give her in return, she had an unusually good chance of getting a look at him. Yes, it was as she thought; he was thin and under-fed, his clothes were too small for him, and poor in quality at best, his trousers so worn that the original material was scarcely visible for the patches; his shoes were old.

"Why," Nell thought, "Alf got out *his* rubber boots this morning. Jim shall have rubber boots!"

She was gazing at him with pity and determination in her eyes, when she became conscious that he was holding out toward her the little brass check for her umbrella.

"Oh, thank you!" she said, recovering herself, and stepping on into the store.

Jim looked wanly surprised at this civility, while Nell sped down the aisle to the shoe department, where she felt rather queer as she gave the order: "Boots for a boy of about thirteen, I think."

Next, at the gentlemen's counter, she picked out a pair of wristlets and mittens, glancing uneasily about her, for she had agreed to meet Madge at ten o'clock at the ribbon-counter, and she did n't wish to be discovered making these surreptitious purchases. When she had added three pairs of warm stockings, she gave her address, to which the goods were to be sent, and hurried away with a sense of relief that now, as her purse was absolutely empty (the boots not having entered into her previous calculations), the perplexing question of whether to get this or that, or blue, or olive, or pink, was over for a whole year. And thus it happened that when Madge arrived, she found a very impecunious and yet very contented girl awaiting her.

When Mrs. Hildreth added her collection, Nell was astonished at the size of the pile. There was a complete suit that Alf had outgrown; a warm overcoat, cast aside for the same reason; a telescope cap, that could be pulled down over the ears; a pair of shoes, and some underwear.

"Whew!" commented Alfred. "Why, you 'll have to tie the lamp-post to the bundle! Let 's see if you have n't left some of my things in the pockets!" And he proceeded to rummage, but in so awkward and embarrassed a manner, that Nell kept a suspecting eye upon him, and so plainly

saw him slip something *into* a pocket; but she discreetly looked away again, just in time.

Alfred evidently had made some donation on his own account, and was so ashamed of having done anything in the least like the sweet little boy he had so often read about, that it made him actually cross to think of a possible resemblance; so that he "evened up" by scolding about having to get up so early.

"Dear me!" thought Nellie; "he really must have made quite a sacrifice to feel at liberty to be so cross about it afterward."

But when Alf had marched off, with a great show of cold indifference to the whole performance, Nell just peeped into the pocket of the vest, where she found a little, heavy, hard, round package marked "for skates," which, she concluded, contained dollar coins.

"Dear old boy!" she said to herself, her eyes shining, "he shall be as cross as two bears, if he likes! When he is trying so hard to save for a toboggan, too!" And then she wrapped the whole collection in a stout paper, and tied upon the outside a big card on which "Merry Christmas, Jim Walden," was written plainly.

Alf went to bed early, but Nellie was kept awake until quite late, doing up and labeling her other gifts. Still she heroically set her alarm clock for half-past four, and promised to arouse her brother in time to have him put the bundle in its place before Jim came around.

Nell awoke with a start and looked at her clock. Horrors — it was two minutes after five! What could be the matter with the alarm? With a sickening feeling of disappointment she rushed to the window and looked out. Yes, it was too late — the lights were going out down the street. She looked regretfully toward the lamp-post, where the bundle should appear — and could she believe her eyes? A great bundle *was* hanging from one of the outstretched arms! In tingling perplexity she rushed to Alf's room. There he was, snugly tucked in bed, and apparently fast asleep; but she gave a little shiver of mingled cold and joy as her bare foot brushed against a suspiciously damp rubber boot.

"Alf, Alf! do wake up! Merry Christmas, Alf!" Nell exclaimed, giving her brother a vigorous shake; but he only turned over, muttering sleepily, "Let me alone! it 's the middle of the night! What are you talking about?"

"Oh, Alf, *do* get up! I saw the bundle there all right, and Jim is coming!"

But Alfred showed no further sign of life, so Nellie hurried down the hall without him, wrapping herself in a big blanket as she went.

How cold and crisp the white world looked! The stars were keeping their faithful watch over this as they did over the first Great Gift, and even the gas-jet just above the bundle seemed to shed a brighter radiance than the others.

Nellie pressed her face close against the window-pane as a slender figure came zigzagging up the street, and yet closer as it came nearer.

"Boo! this is a colder morning. or night, or whatever-you-may-call-it, than they usually make, it seems to me," exclaimed Alf, suddenly appearing at her side.

"Oh, good! I was afraid you 'd miss it," whispered Nell, as Jim came opposite the house. "But how did you manage about the bundle and the clock?" she asked. "I was dreadfully frightened at first."

"A little trick of mine," replied Alf. "You see I woke up, and wondered what time it was; so I went to look at your clock, and found that it was just twenty-five minutes past four. I thought it would be a shame to wake you for nothing, and I set the alarm half an hour ahead, threw on some duds, ran over and hung up the package, and then came back and crawled into bed again to get warm. But I think I need clothes more than Jim needs them at present; this bed-spread is rather thin."

"Oh, Alf! What if he should n't see it?" exclaimed Nell.

"Give him an opera-glass," replied her brother.

"He must be almost frozen," said Nell. "And see how quickly he is up and down again!"

Jim was speeding along as though wolves were after him, and as these two shivering spectators stood close together watching, he flew along to the very post in front of skinflint Salmon's — up — up — and out went the light!

"Oh," gasped Nell, "he *did n't* see it!"

"S—h! He is n't jumping down, though," said Alf; "he 's striking a match!"

They could just see him hold the flickering splint close to the bundle; then out went its feeble light. But he soon struck another, and this time relit the gas, and clung to the post, hugging it while he took a long look at the card.

"Oh, now he knows it 's for *him!*" said Nellie, breathlessly.—Yes, now it dawned upon the poor little chap that *he* was "Jim Walden," and that a real Christmas, if not a merry one, was beginning.

Holding on with one arm, he swung out to take a look around. There was no one in sight — only the silent houses, the untracked snow, half the street dark, the rest spotted with light. He did not know that two pairs of eager eyes saw him jerk the string loose, tear a small hole in the paper just to make sure it was no joke, then clasp



"HE CLUNG TO THE POST, WHILE HE TOOK A LONG LOOK AT THE CARD."

his treasure, turn out the light, slide down,—bundle and all,—take a rapid tack up to the next post, to the next, to a third and a fourth, until at last they lost sight of him in the snowy distance.

The great relief of Christmas day had come, with its happy open secrets. The three girls were again together, and with unburdened minds and untrammeled tongues were telling all they had known or did know about everybody's presents.

"Oh, Nell!" broke in Madge, "what came of your scheme of giving a present for sweet charity's sake?"

"Well, that was rather a failure," answered Nell, peering into a pocket of her new cardcase, and then admiring anew the silver monogram on it. "Yes, that did n't turn out as I expected." And now she laughed outright. "You know my plan was to give something where I could n't possibly get a return, but I did get something back again—something out of all proportion to my small outlay."

"Something back again!" both exclaimed, half catching the hidden meaning in her words.

"Don't poke fun at me, girls," she resumed, with a warning quaver in her voice; "but if you only knew the immense amount of happiness and peace of mind I got for four dollars and a quarter!"

Nell could think of no adequate ending to her sentence, so she broke off with a mere exclamation point in voice and face; while Madge said, with her eyebrows disappearing up under her bang, "Why, what under the sun did you do?"

"Wait," Nellie laughed, going to the window. "Wait a few moments, and I 'll show you."

The day was shading off into the twilight, as the girls crowded close together—two of them to see they knew not what. Nell's quick eye soon spied a muffled form come into sight around a corner. Her heart gave a throb but—why! it was Alfred, running toward home, and firing snowballs at everything as he came.

Nell secretly wondered if he had hurried on purpose to see Jim pass; evidently not, for he slammed the front door and she heard him making his noisy way toward the back part of the house.

The girls begged to be told what they were to look out for, but Nell only shook her head in denial, talking about other things, while she nervously kept her watch, until—there he really was! tramping comfortably through the snow, snug and warm, rubber boots, double-breasted coat, telescope cap, mittens and all.

Nellie's explanation to the girls was a short one, but they went home feeling that somehow her Christmas had been merrier than theirs.

Nell was sorry that Alf had missed the fun of seeing the transformation, and was going in the direction of the dining-room to search for him, when he came flying in through the kitchen door shouting: "I say, Nell, did you see him?"

"Oh, Alf, why were n't you looking?"

"Looking!" exclaimed Alf. "I was gazing, spellbound! Did n't he look fine? Blest if I did n't think at first that it was I myself going along!"

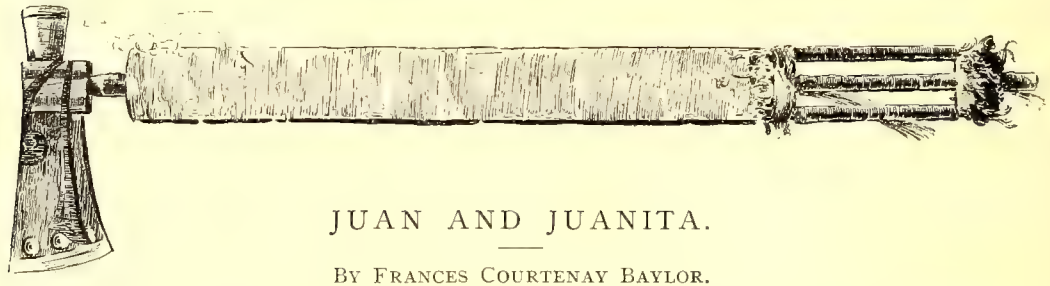
"Where were you?" Nellie asked with round eyes.

Alf put his hand to his mouth and whispered loudly, "In the coal-bin! I intended to meet him on the street, but at the last moment I was afraid I 'd smile too loudly, so I thought I 'd better skip in behind the cellar window!"

Nellie laughed, Alf laughed, and then they both laughed until Alf suddenly asked in sepulchral tones:

"I say, Nellie, are n't you afraid we 'll die young?—we 're so very good, you know!"

And those two silly, happy conspirators laughed again.



JUAN AND JUANITA.

By Frances Courtenay Baylor.

Chapter III.

The fourth year of their captivity found Juan and Juanita well-grown, strong children, perfectly healthy, as rough and as tough as the cubs they had stolen from a bear, and almost as wild and brown. If the consuming desire of their mother's heart could have been gratified and she could have seen them, she would certainly never have recognized her fair, refined-looking children in these young barbarians, who were hardly to be distinguished from their Indian playmates; and if Don José (himself now an ancestor) ever looked down on the last representatives of the ancient Maria Cruz de las Santas family, he must, indeed, have been shocked at their appearance. It was well that the Señora, their mother, did not see them. She would have been afflicted by a thousand things to which they had grown quite accustomed, which they had, indeed, ceased to regard as evils. Her children were now as dirty, as daring, as tattered and as nondescript in costume, as any Comanche of them all, and were, consequently, in high favor with the tribe. It is not wonderful that the little captives preserved few of the habits and traditions of their country and family. Little remained to them of the religious teaching they had learned at their mother's knee, and that little was only remembered when they were in great straits. Their Spanish was growing quite rusty from disuse. Gentleness and politeness were not fashionable traits in the society in which they found themselves, and as for cleanliness—well, as the ancients knew, dirt is "a painless evil" to all children, who, in this respect, are natural savages; and the poor little Cruz de las Santas, if they had been ever so much inclined to be dainty, would have found such refinements as baths, soap, and brushes, quite out of the question.

One thing they had not lost, and that was their love for their mother. This was their salvation. Without it, they would have become part and parcel of the tribe into which they had been adopted. The vine-clad *hacienda*, the garden, the flocks, all the features of their old life had grown misty and unreal to the children; they had become interested to a certain extent in their actual surroundings, and they enjoyed the free, wild life they were leading. But even when they were most contented, the thought of their mother kept alive the wish to return to civilization; her sweet face and tender love were still clearly mirrored in their hearts and minds. They loved to talk of her, of what she had done and might be doing, of her sadness and loneliness, and of the joy that would be hers when they returned. Yet it is probable that they would have deferred any attempt to carry out this haunting vision for so long that they would have lost all desire to carry it out, but for an occurrence that looked on the surface like a mere accident. Juan and Casteel, who had never been friends, got into a violent quarrel one day, about some game that the former had shot and the latter had seized. It ended in Juan's getting a beating, and on his complaining to Shaneco of his wrongs, he received neither redress nor satisfaction.

This fanned the boy's latent discontent into flame. Infuriated by Casteel's taunts and cruelty, and by the apparent indifference of Shaneco,—whose only intention was to make his ward duly submissive to his elders, and to maintain tribal discipline,—Juan lay awake all that night, indulging in the most furious and revengeful thoughts, and trying to make plans for punishing his enemy. But with the morning light came enough soberness to show him the folly of pitting himself against Casteel. In the fit of disgust that followed, the memory of his mother's affection and indulgence naturally came back to him with redoubled force, and he determined to make another effort to escape from the Comanches as soon as possible.

Having made this resolve, he was eager to communicate it to Juanita. She was overjoyed to hear it, and agreed to everything that he proposed. Innumerable conferences followed between them, and both began to prepare in earnest for the undertaking.

"Oh, if we only had horses!" she said to him one day when they had been discussing ways and

means. "We could gallop and gallop and gallop away so fast!"

"Horses! Nonsense!" said Juan, who knew the unerring certainty with which, should they make the attempt on horseback, their foes would take their trail, and in a few hours, at most, recapture them. "We must leave on foot and at night. I don't want horses, but I must have a bow, and I mean to get one, Nita. I have thought of a plan. You will see!"

In about a week, Juan's preparations were complete; and seeking his sister one morning, he found her watching a game of hunt-the-slipper, which with certain variations and additions is extremely popular among the Indians, and is played by old and young. On this occasion two braves were absorbed in it, and there was a ring of interested spectators looking on. Eight moccasins were spread out on the ground in front of a young warrior, who took a bullet in his right hand and passed it swiftly under the soles of the moccasins, above and around them, until he contrived to drop it into one, unperceived. His opponent was then required to guess where the bullet was. If he failed, he paid a forfeit; if he succeeded, he gained the prize. Each had a pile of blankets, buffalo-robes, and other things beside him, and they had been playing for hours, while two old warriors squatted down near them rattling dried peas in a gourd, and keeping up a droning chant that was utterly hideous and discordant. When Juan joined the lookers-on, the situation was exciting, although no noisy demonstrations showed that the Indians felt it to be so. A very handsome Mexican blanket was the prize, and Casteel was taking a great deal of time to consider the important question that would decide whether it should be his or not.

"Can't you see where it is? Where are your eyes, you bat?" said Juan tauntingly, after a long silence.

"Where is it, my fox? Tell me that, and you can take this, the best blanket I have," Casteel scornfully replied, laying his hand on one that was partly visible under a buffalo-robe, and pulling it out into full view.

"It is under the flap of the third moccasin," said Juan, whose quick eye had noticed a very slight bulge on the inside of that shoe. It was the one nearest to Casteel, and was skillfully chosen by his adversary on the principle that the best place to conceal anything is immediately under the nose of the person who is looking for it. Casteel gave a disdainful grunt; and, on hearing it, Juan stooped down and drew forth the bullet, saying triumphantly:

"Here it is! Give me my blanket!"

The spectators shouted. Casteel drew his knife by way of reply, and the next moment Juan's knife also flashed in the sunlight. But this time Shaneco upheld Juan, and made Casteel yield the blanket in dispute to the boy, who seized Juanita by the arm and hurried her away to the woods.

"I have a blanket now," he said to her joyously, when they were out of earshot, "and a flint and steel and some punk, to kindle our fires, and some fish-hooks and a little corn and a wallet of dried meat. I am all ready. What have you?"

For answer, Nita ran to a hollow stump, tore away eagerly the leaves that apparently filled it, and brought back a supply of dried meat that she had saved, together with some nuts and other things that Juan rejected. Then they had a long talk, in which it was settled that they should leave that night just before midnight, when the moon would be rising; that Juan was to keep awake and give Nita the signal by laying his hand on her face; and that, once out of the Indian encampment, they would travel south-west until daylight, and then hide until night came again.

"I have found out where Mexico is," said Juan. "I pretended to Mazo" (a playmate) "that I thought it was due north, and quarreled with him about it, and he told me not only the direction in which it lies, but a great deal beside that he has heard from the braves. Was n't that sharp of me? Don't you be frightened, Nita; I will take care of you. You can just go to sleep to-night, and I will call you when the time comes."

The weather was warm and pleasant, and the Indians were sleeping in the open air without shelter of any kind, so that it was not a question of stealing away from Shaneco alone, but from all the tribe. When Juan and Nita lay down as usual, side by side, near their protector, they were so excited that it seemed easy enough to stay awake any number of hours — all night, indeed. But when two hours had gone by, and the perfect stillness all around had soothed and overcome their restless anxiety, the healthy child-nature prevailed and little Nita's eyes would not stay open any longer; soon her soft, regular breathing told Juan that she was fast asleep.

He kept awake, however, a long time after this, listening to every sound, wondering if the people about him were awake or asleep, thinking impatiently that the moon would never rise. From this his thoughts wandered to the journey he was about to take, and to a thousand other things. Shaneco's huge figure became more and more indistinct, and a cricket chirped in Juan's very ear now without rousing him. He seemed to be wandering over a wide, wide plain; he forded streams; he was lost in the woods; he fled from the Indians, who were on



"'DO YOU SEE THAT LARGE, BEAUTIFUL STAR?' SAID JUAN."

his trail, whose wild yell sent him up into a sitting position. In short, he, too, had slept; and when he could collect his senses, he found that the yell of his troubled dream came from an owl that had perched in the tree above him, and had given him the friendly warning he needed so much. He was about to get up, knowing that there was no time to be lost, when the voices of two or three Indians reached him and warned him to be cautious. They were talking and jesting about the owl, and it was quite half an hour before all was quiet again. Another time, just as he was thinking of starting, old Shaneco turned over, and another interval of impatient waiting had to be endured.

At last it seemed to Juan that the moment for departure had come. He had no difficulty with Juanita, for the owl had aroused her, too, and she was wide awake, waiting in fear and trembling for the signal agreed upon. Juan gently pressed her hand. They both sat up and looked about them. The camp was as quiet as the grave. Only the south wind gently rustled in the tree-tops, and carried a few dead leaves around in a miniature whirlwind, a few feet away. Every creature about them was wrapped in profound sleep. After some moments of keen scrutiny of the dark forms dimly visible on all sides, Juan looked at Nita and pointed to the east, where the stars were paling and a faint, green flush admonished him to be off before a flood of golden light was poured over every part of the valley. They quietly arose. Juan stepped lightly to the old chief's head, stretched out his hand, and took down the long-coveted bow and quiver. At last it was his! According to the Comanche code, he was doing nothing disgraceful; on the contrary, he was behaving in a very creditable manner. Nevertheless, Juan's naturally generous and affectionate nature made him feel some compunction when he glanced down at the unconscious Shaneco, and remembered that the old brave had always been kind to him. But a bow he must have, and what a beauty this one was, to be sure! As he was about to move away with it, a lizard that had crept into the quiver jumped down and scampered off across the grass. Shaneco muttered in his sleep, turned over on his back, and threw one arm up over his head. Juan was terribly frightened, but he had the presence of mind not to move or make any exclamation. He kept perfectly still and held his breath, but his heart beat so loudly that he thought it must betray him. As for Juanita, she shook like an aspen-leaf; but she did not cry out, nor run away. After a moment, Juan stepped noiselessly back again. Seeing his own bow and quiver at his feet, he picked them up and gave them to Juanita, who slung the bow around her neck. Then he seized his wallet, and picked his way carefully between the sleeping warriors that surrounded them. Juanita followed closely, and when they were nearly out of camp, he took her cold little hand in his to re-assure

her. Just then a warrior coughed, and both started as though they had been shot. But nothing came of it, and they were soon skirting the wood where all their councils of war had been held, taking advantage of the dark shadows it cast in some places, and noticing with alarm that the tops only of the trees were now glistening in the moonlight, which meant that it was very late and that they must make all possible haste.

As they scurried along in the uncertain light, they fully realized that they had deliberately defied one of the most warlike and merciless tribes that this continent has ever held in all its length and breadth; and as Juanita looked back fearfully over her shoulder from time to time, she imagined that she saw pursuers in every bush and tree, and even urged Juan to go back before their flight was discovered.

But, once outside the camp, his courage had risen, and he stoutly refused to do anything of the kind. He took his bearings by the stars, and resolutely set his face toward Mexico, talking as boldly and cheerfully as he could all the while.

"Do you see that large, beautiful star in front of you, Nita?" he said. "We shall always travel toward it, for that way lies our home. Our mother is there waiting for us, and we must go to her, no matter how far it is, or how many moons it will take us to get there. Are you still trembling? You must n't be such a coward. We have a good start, and by the time the Indians find out that we have escaped, we shall be far, far away, and they will not overtake us. And if they do, I will not let them hurt you."

Juanita was not particularly re-assured, but she said nothing, and they walked on rapidly in silence for some time. The wind blew deliciously fresh, and full in their faces; the moon had slowly died out of the clear heavens, and in the east the light had deepened, gradually, until all the sky was a miracle of beauty. Yet, if the fugitives looked often toward the sunrise, it was with no appreciation of its exquisite tints of rose and gold, but because the day of probable discovery and recapture seemed to be coming all too fast. They had been traveling about an hour, and, urged by love and fear alike, had put considerable distance between themselves and the camp, and Juanita was even beginning to feel hopeful, when suddenly they heard a dog bark. It sounded so near that they thought the Indians were already upon them, and, in a dreadful fright, took to their heels and ran like lapwings for a time, until, indeed, from sheer exhaustion they were obliged to stop. But even in this race for life, Juan remembered one of old Shaneco's lessons, and, whenever he could do so, chose the dry, rocky bed of a creek for his path, in order that their trail might be lost, or only found with great difficulty, after much loss of time.

At last, panting and quite spent, they stopped to get their breath, encouraged by the thought that they had outrun or baffled their pursuers. As soon as possible, Juan pushed on to a range of low hills, from one of which he began to reconnoiter his position. He saw in the distance a valley through which ran two dark lines made by live-oak and elm trees. The one that led off to the south followed the course of a large creek which he knew lay in his way, and for which he had been on the lookout; so he cheerily explained to Nita that he knew exactly where he was, and that he should make a bee-line for the creek, and there they could rest and hide themselves until the following night.

Very soon after this, they came upon a small water-course, and had not to wait for a drink until they got to the larger one, for they had followed its dry bed but a short distance when they spied a deep water-hole. Eager to quench their thirst, they raced up to it, stooped down, and began to drink, but were again startled by a loud barking and howling, and other strange noises, so close to them that all their terrors were renewed for a moment. The next instant, Juan recognized the howling of a gang of coyotes, which was answered by a loud chorus of gobbles from a number of turkeys roosting in the trees above the water. Great was their relief; yet these sounds, sure indications of the approach of day, reminded them that they must press on. The imperative necessity of finding some hiding-place forbade their resting, and they hurried along the bed of the stream, walking altogether on the stones, until they came to the place where it intersected the main creek, into which they turned. The coyote concert still continued, and to the turkey chorus was rapidly added other sounds, such as the hooting of owls, the twitter of song-birds, and the chirp of insects. Possessed more and more by fear of their pursuers, as the sun rose higher and higher, the children ran on with all their speed, glancing to the right and left as they went, to see if they could find a place that seemed likely to shelter them — two desperate, hunted little creatures.

Finally, Juan came to a spot where a little brook emptied into the main creek, and there, a few hundred yards distant, was an immense oak-tree in full leaf, its friendly limbs stretching out far and wide and dropping low, as if eager to offer them an asylum. Juan had never heard of the royal fugitive who once fled to the heart of an oak for shelter, but he had often hidden in one for amusement; and he now turned into the brook, ran up the bank, clambered upon the lowest limb, gave Nita



JUAN AND JUANITA ARE SERENADED BY COYOTES.

his hand to help her up, and was soon ensconced in a fork or, rather, juncture, of several large limbs with the trunk. This spot he made more comfortable by wrenching off some branches and small dead limbs, and improvising a sort of rustic sofa. Now, at last, completely concealed as they knew themselves to be by the dense foliage, they could draw a long breath in comparative safety. Only comparative safety, for the fugitives knew that the wonderfully trained sight of their enemies would soon find some clew as to the direction of their flight, and that they would be tracked with all the cunning and the almost supernatural sagacity in woodcraft which the Indians possess.

They strained their eyes and ears for a long while after this, looking and listening, but saw nothing, and heard only the gentle sighing of the leaves about them, the gobble of a turkey, the howl of a coyote. They were very tired, but did not dare go to sleep. While thus concealed, awaiting further developments, they had the novel pleasure of assisting at a concert to which no one is ever invited, and which a hunter may consider himself lucky to attend once or twice in a lifetime. This was one of the coyote symphonies of which I have spoken, and a droll performance it was, although conducted with great formality and deliberation. About twenty wolves, which constituted the troupe, grouped themselves on the sward beneath the tree. When the proper time came, their leader gave out one low, sad note, as if to command attention, very much as the conductor of an orchestra raises his baton and looks about at the musicians under his authority. At once the other wolves, all facing the leader, gathered around him in a circle. Then one wolf opened with a tenor howl of piercing quality, he was joined in regular succession by the basso, contralto, soprano, alto, baritone, and so on until the whole pack was in full cry, every performer apparently giving his whole mind to his own score, and all keeping time by jumping up and down on their forefeet, with their noses lifted high in the air. These were familiar strains to Juan and Juanita; but it was one thing to hear them while safe in an Indian camp, and quite another, when out alone



in the woods. Nita grew pale when she heard the unearthly, long-drawn howls of the wolves below her, answered by a prolonged, wailing note from a lonely old coyote in the distance, and shrank close to her brother's side. But they soon had the satisfaction of seeing the pack slink off, after finishing the programme for the occasion.

And now the wearisome excitement that Juan and Juanita had undergone began to make itself felt. The relaxation of the moment, their weariness, the murmur of the leaves about them, all combined to make them drowsy, and finally both fell asleep. They were awakened by a well-known voice that filled them with dread, and made them certain that they had been followed and their hiding-place discovered. And so it had been; but by a dear and faithful friend instead of a cruel enemy — in short, by Amigo! Missing them in the early dawn, he had taken their trail unobserved by the Indians, and had unerringly followed them to the foot of the oak. Puzzled by the sudden end of the trail, he began to whine, and gave a few short barks and a great fright to the children. He knew that they could not be far off, but where? As for them, when they found that he had organized an independent search of his own, they were delighted; for they had been feeling very lonely and desolate, and that honest, loving face was a cordial to their hearts, and seemed to bring them fresh hope and strength. The next moment came the thought that if he were to begin barking again, it would certainly attract the attention of the Indians, if any were in the neighborhood. Juan parted the leaves, looked down, and spoke to Amigo in a low, stern voice; and if ever a dog laughed, from Mother Hubbard's time until now, Amigo laughed when he saw those two faces — for Nita, too, peeped out.

"It will not do to stay here now," said Juan. "We must leave this at once. Amigo would betray us, and they would look first along the principal water-courses. We must go over to that ridge."

So saying, he dropped to the ground, followed by Nita. They could hardly control Amigo's joy at seeing them again on solid earth, but Juan quieted him, and the trio started off briskly for the high land, which they soon gained, and from which they had an extensive view. Long and anxiously did they gaze across the plain to see if they could discover any signs of pursuers. For a long while they saw none, and rejoiced accordingly; but at last Juan's sharp eyes made out some moving objects on the distant hills — mere specks.

"Buffalo, wild cattle, or Indians," he said, putting the worst supposition last in mercy to Nita, whose teeth were chattering already in a nervous chill. "We must put some thickets between us and them. Come on!" And starting off on a run, Juan fairly flew over the ground. Nita kept up with him for some time, and Amigo frisked cheerfully ahead as if out on a pleasure excursion; but the little girl gave out at last, and stopping short, she burst into tears, exclaiming piteously:

"Oh, we shall be taken! We shall be killed! Oh, why did we ever run away?"

Impatient as Juan was to go on, he too stopped, and did his best to console and encourage his sister; and his kindness and affection had a great effect upon her. The sun was now high in the heavens; its heat added another distressing element to their flight, and they were, moreover, suffering from hunger and thirst.

"There, there! don't cry, *Hermanita mia!*"* said Juan. "A few minutes wont matter. We will just stop and get our dinner, and then we shall be able to travel for hours again. This way!"

So saying, he turned off to the right and made for the creek again.

The season had been a very dry one, and he knew there was no water to be had except in the large streams, and there only in standing-pools, that were either fed by springs from below or were too deep to be affected by droughts. A cool drink is always to be had from them, if you understand how to get it; for even when the water on the surface is so hot as to be sickening, it is possible to bring up a deliciously cold draught, by putting a canteen on a long pole and running it down quickly to the bottom, where the sun's rays can not penetrate. The Indians use vessels made from the skins of wild animals for carrying water oil, and honey; and nature has provided them with an admirable substitute for canteens in the Mexican gourd with its two globes connected by a long, narrow neck. It is a curious fact that this gourd is found only in the countries where it is most needed. In the absence of either gourd or canteen, our runaways had recourse to mother-wit. Juan approached the water very carefully, avoiding the sand and all other places where his footprints could betray him; and kneeling down by a deep, still pool, he fell to running his hands down into it as far as possible, and throwing the water up toward the top, thus creating a current from the bottom, that soon gave them a fairly cool and refreshing drink. He had taken pains not to spill any water, and had carried Amigo in his arms over patches of ground where the marks of feet might put the Comanches on their track. When they all had fully slaked their thirst, Juan led his little band on up the bed of the creek, intending to take them back to the hills again and let them rest a little and eat something. They did not move a moment too

* "My little sister."

soon. They had only passed the main trail that ran up and down the creek a short distance, when they heard the sound of horses' feet, and, soon after, voices. Now, indeed, they knew that they were in great peril, for they had been told that if they ever attempted to escape again, and were captured, they would be killed. Juanita fell into an ague at this crisis, but managed to keep up with Juan, who darted on up the creek, panting out at intervals, "We must be out of sight before they get to the crossing." They had scarcely reached a hiding-place before the Indians rode down into the bed of the creek. There were fifteen of them, all armed with bows and arrows and lances. They were about four hundred yards away, and, as Juan could see, had stopped, either to hold a council, or because they had made some discoveries.

The Indians soon determined what course to pursue. Eight of them rode up the bank; four rode down the creek; and how Juan's heart leaped into his mouth when he saw the other three turn their horses' heads up the creek, with Casteel's painted, hateful face coming first! Fortunately, Juan was not only a courageous lad, but he had the peculiar order of bravery that grows cooler and more collected in time of great danger, and is full of inspiration and expedient.



"THEY KNEW THEY WERE ONLY PARTLY HIDDEN, AND ONLY SAFE UNTIL THE INDIANS TURNED THE BEND OF THE CREEK."

He did not lose his head in the least. Nita had fallen on her knees and was repeating, under her breath, such prayers as came to her. Amigo was crouched down beside her and seemed to understand the gravity of the situation and Juan's sternly whispered command to be quiet. Juan, as he peeped between the bushes, was a living incarnation of two senses, sight and hearing. They had been so hard pressed that they had sheltered themselves behind the first clump of bushes they could find; but Juan knew that they were only partly hidden, and only safe until the Indians turned the bend of the creek and came in full view of their covert; then Casteel's keen eyes would be sure to penetrate the scattering foliage that intervened. Desperate maladies require desperate treatment. Juan gave a swift glance to right and left, saw that the curve of the bend was a long one, told by the sound that the Indians were walking their horses, and took a bold resolution.

"Come!" he said suddenly to Nita; and to her terror and amazement, ran out of his hiding-place

and sprang again into the bed of the stream, it seemed to her, in the very teeth of their pursuers! Whatever noise they made was drowned by that of the horses' feet, and the banks of the stream were high enough to hide them from sight. On they sped. Juan knew that a break in the bank, a trampled weed, a stone freshly displaced, a foot-print, the slightest appearance of anything unusual would be detected, and that detection meant death. But he did not lose his self-possession for an instant. Luckily, the rock beneath his feet told no tales, though it echoed and re-echoed the tramping of the horses in a way so alarming that it seemed to Nita's excited imagination as if they must be ridden down any moment. At last, Juan saw with joy what he wanted, and instantly took advantage of it. It was an old tree that had probably been undermined by some freshet and was now lying prostrate. Upon this trunk he ran like a squirrel to the top of the bank. Nita followed, and dear, good Amigo did not let so much as one paw touch the earth. The three disappeared in the undergrowth beyond, leaving not a trace behind, just as the Indians made the turn that would have proved fatal to the fugitives. Obeying a natural impulse, the children ran swiftly away from the creek for a few minutes, and then Juan caught Nita's arm and bade her stop. She was glad to do so, for she was utterly spent and terrified nearly out of her wits.

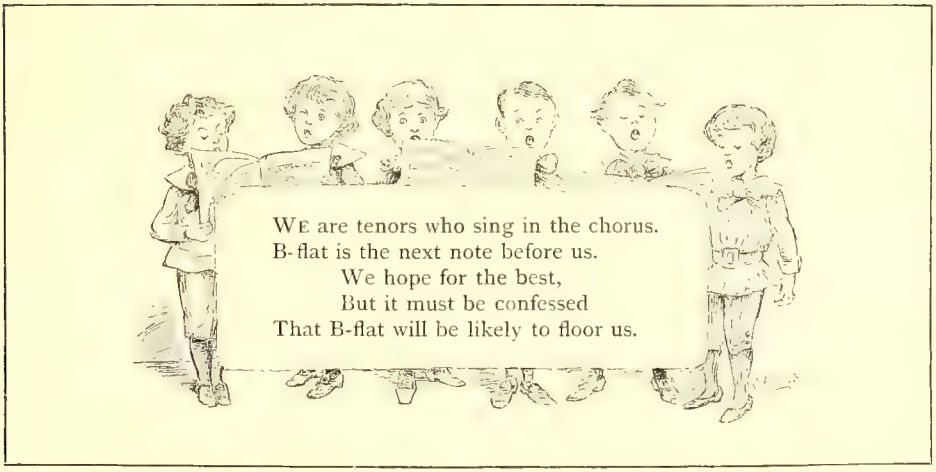
"It wont do to leave the river-bottom; we may run upon the other party if we try to gain the post-oak woods," said Juan. "We must keep still awhile and let Casteel's party go on."

Gradually the sound of horses' feet died away. The children had become a little composed and a little rested after their race for life. They began to hope they were safe, and Nita's face had lost its ashy look, when all their fears were revived by a loud yell from the Indians who had ridden down to the mouth of the creek and had discovered some trifling proof that the children had been there.

Casteel's party heard this yell, and, turning, galloped back to join them. Juan knew that they all would soon be working at the trail together like so many bloodhounds, but that, thanks to his precautions, it would take them some little time to find it. He stooped and laid his ear to the earth. The instant Casteel passed by, he rose. "Now, quick!" he said to Nita, and swift as an arrow from his own bow, he shot off in the opposite direction with his little company close behind him, and they did not stop until they had put five or six miles between them and their pursuers.

"Look at the shadows. It lacks only an hour of sunset," Juan said joyfully on starting. At first he kept in the river-bottom; but when the twilight came, he struck across the open country and gained the woods, into which he and Nita plunged with inexpressible thankfulness, and, again climbing into an oak, were quite lost to sight.

(To be continued.)





By Ernest Whitney.



THE carpet in the parlor is no better than the floor;
Of the carpet in the library one can say little more;
There 's a good one in the dining-room, although it 's rather small;
But the carpet in the nursery is nicest of them all.

There 's a palace in the middle, circled with a wall of black,
With a moat of yellow water, four brown pathways running back
Through a fearful, frightful forest from the windows to the door,
'Round four lakes of deep dark water with green griffins on the shore.

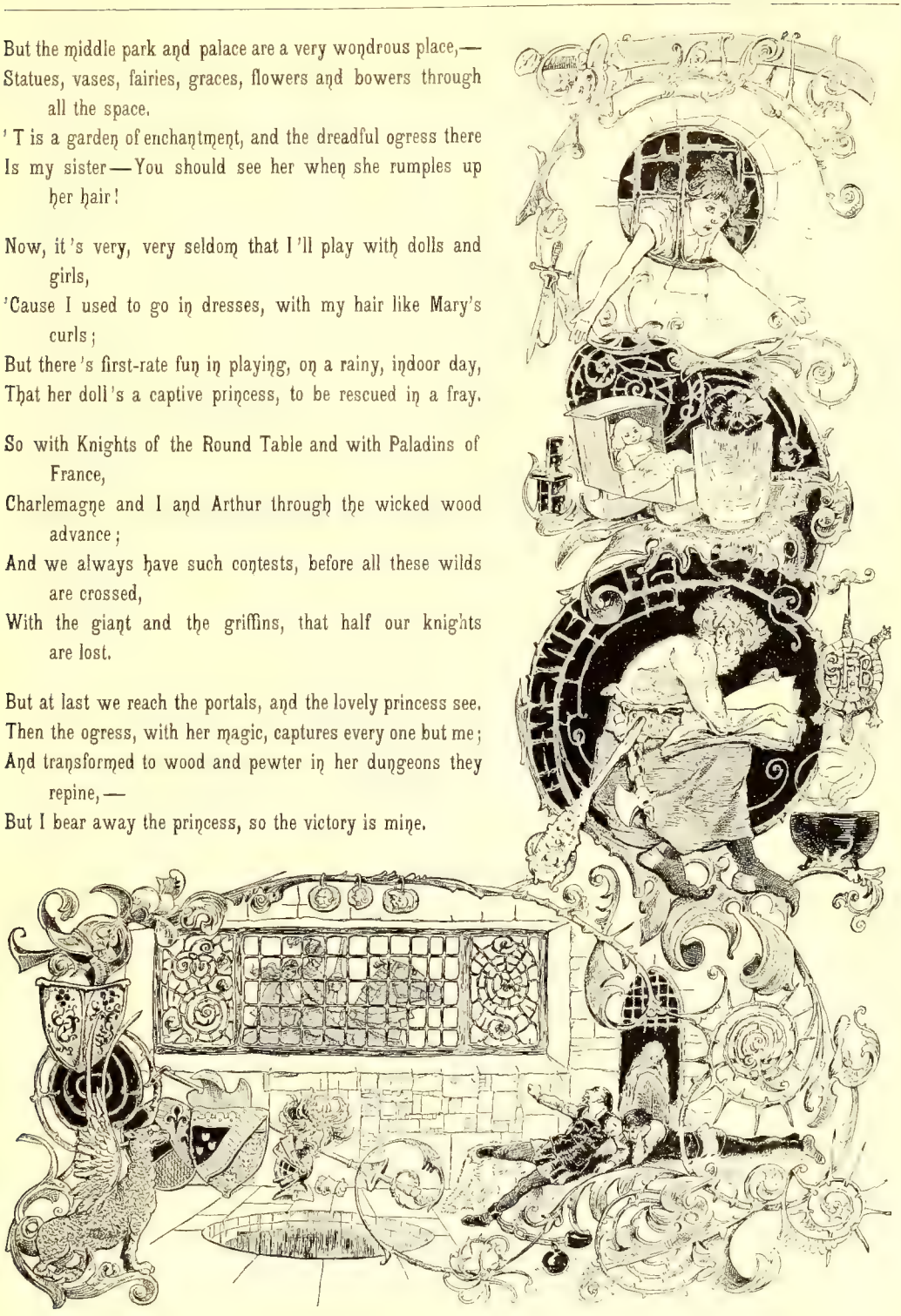
At the corners there are castles, and in one King Arthur reigns;
In the north one is a giant, and the south is Charlemagne's.
But the castle in the corner by the closet is the best,
And from this I rule my kingdom and reign over all the rest.

But the middle park and palace are a very wondrous place,—
Statues, vases, fairies, graces, flowers and bowers through all the space.
'T is a garden of enchantment, and the dreadful ogress there
Is my sister—You should see her when she rumples up her hair!

Now, it 's very, very seldom that I 'll play with dolls and girls,
'Cause I used to go in dresses, with my hair like Mary's curls;
But there 's first-rate fun in playing, on a rainy, indoor day,
That her doll 's a captive princess, to be rescued in a fray.

So with Knights of the Round Table and with Paladins of France,
Charlemagne and I and Arthur through the wicked wood advance;
And we always have such contests, before all these wilds are crossed,
With the giant and the griffins, that half our knights are lost.

But at last we reach the portals, and the lovely princess see.
Then the ogress, with her magic, captures every one but me;
And transformed to wood and pewter in her dungeons they repine,—
But I bear away the princess, so the victory is mine.



TEN TIMES ONE IS TEN.

By Alice Wellington Rollins.

THERE has come to ST. NICHOLAS a letter so helpfully suggestive with hints in a good cause, that the editor has asked me to add to it a few comments and explanations. I give the letter first:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you of a society which I and some of my schoolmates joined last winter, and which, I think, many girls would like to join if they knew about it. It is called "The King's Daughters," and the object is to help one's self and others to correct faults or to do kindnesses. It is a society of tens, every ten forming a Chapter. Each Chapter has a president, who conducts the meetings, and any member can start another Chapter.

Each Chapter selects its own object, and meets at specified times to consult and report its progress. For instance, we decided in ours that we would try not to say disagreeable things about people; and when we met, we read whatever we thought would help us to correct this fault, and if any one had any suggestions to make about the management of the tens, she made it then. A Chapter often has a secretary and treasurer, if its object requires such officers. After a while, if the tens wish, they can break up and form new ones. The motto of the Society is "In His Name," and there is a badge of narrow purple ribbon and a small silver cross engraved with I. H. N.

The Society started in New York, where I live, and I should be very glad to tell any of your girls more about it, if they care to hear.

Your faithful reader, C. C. STIMSON.

After all, the letter seems complete in itself, for it is a beautiful feature in the work of "The King's Daughters," that all the detail can be left for each Chapter to work out for itself, as it adapts its aims and efforts to the circumstances of its surroundings. Nothing need prevent any girl from being a "King's Daughter" if she wishes to be one. You can not be so poor but that you may find a chance to help some one poorer than yourself, or so rich but that, with all you may be giving, there may be still some wider opportunity waiting for you. You can not live in any place so small that there is no one in it needing help, or in any place so large that, with all its homes and hospitals and charities, there are not yet hundreds of burdens to be lifted. And, by the helpfulness which any of us may try to show, I mean not only the charity which struggles to relieve absolute want and suffering, but the thoughtfulness which remembers to give a rose as well as to take away a thorn, to add to happiness as well as to satisfy hunger; to send a concert ticket to some one who could not afford to buy one, as well as to send a soup-ticket to some one actually hungry; to send a carriage for some poor invalid to have a drive who is not actually destitute, but only destitute of luxuries; to see that poor children have not only bread, but toys — not only the work they need, but the pleasure they need. And if you are not rich enough to buy new toys, you can help more than you think by simply taking care that the books you have read and are done with, that the toys of which the children of your household have grown tired, are not packed away in closets or stowed out of sight on shelves or in trunks to wait for some possible time when you "may want them." Some people say that there is no particular virtue in giving away what you don't want yourself; but to give away what you don't want yourself is much better than throwing it away; for, however poor a thing it may seem to you, there is always somebody to whom it may appear wonderfully precious.

Perhaps you will say, "But all this I do now; why should I join a society for doing these things, when I know now that I ought to do them, and that I like to do them, and do do them?"

The advantage of joining a society is that which comes from organization, provided it does not become so unwieldy as to destroy the feeling of personal interest in the work. The fact that you live in the city or the country, in a little village or a large town, among rich people or poor, will, of course, modify your kind of work; but work of some kind there will be for you everywhere, and everywhere it will be work that ten of you can do better together than separately. It is best not to have less than ten members in any Chapter, but the number need not be limited to ten; although, as soon as there are twenty, it will be well to form a new Chapter, to keep the advantages of organization without losing those of individuality and personal work.

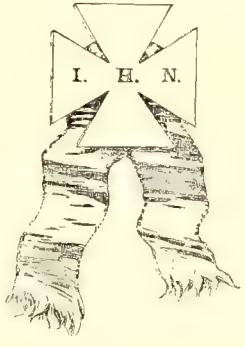
Another and very helpful result of joining such a society is the effort it may encourage you to make in the correction of individual faults. "The King's Daughters" will not forget, in trying to help others, how much help they need themselves, if not in ob-

taining the actual outward comforts or luxuries of life, at least in learning greater patience, sweetness, or courage. The letter tells how the girls belonging to one Chapter tried to correct themselves of the fault of speaking hastily or disagreeably of others; and how they were helped in doing this not only by the constant reminder of the little badge they wore, but by coming together to read aloud any essay or poem or story that illustrated the necessity for correcting such a fault. Even the mere habit of exaggeration or high-flown speech is worth correcting, though it may not be a very terrible fault; and, indeed, no slight failing can be too slight to need correction.

Perhaps you may like to know something of the history of "The King's Daughters." In January, 1886, ten ladies met together to consider how they could give more help by uniting together than by each trying to work separately. They believed in the "Ten Times One is Ten" idea, and they called their band of ten "The King's Daughters," wishing to link together the ideas of work for humanity and of allegiance to God. They chose for their badge a little purple ribbon, to be worn either with or without the Maltese cross, and adopted Dr. Edward Everett Hale's mottoes:

Look up and not down.
Look forward and not back.
Look out and not in.
Lend a hand.

And because Our Saviour most perfectly lived these mottoes, they took for their watchword, "In His Name." Each branch of the society consists of at least ten members, and the General Society includes all branches. In a little circular which they have published, they state that anything, however small or simple, that helps another human being to be better or happier, is proper work for "The King's Daughters," and every branch may, therefore, be left to choose its special work, according to its location and its circumstances. Frequent meetings of each ten are desirable in order to obtain suggestions from one another and secure unity of action. Whatever special work may be done, all branches have a common interest in increasing the number of tens. Each ten may organize and elect officers, though this is not essential in so small a body. Once having formed a Chapter, each ten must decide for itself what it will do, remembering that anything which makes any other human being happier or better is worth doing.



A REASON FOR SMILING.

By Emilie Poulsson.

Bertha was a little maid
Wrapped in blindness' awful shade;
Yet her face was all alight
With a smile surpassing bright.

"Bertha, tell," I said one day,
"Why you look so glad and gay—
Brimming full of happiness?
What 's the joy? I can not guess!"

In a tone of wondering,
Speaking thoughtfully and slow,
"Why!" said she, "I did n't know
There had happened anything"—
Here the laughter rippled out—
"To be looking sad about!"

When Grandpa was a Little Boy





By Malcolm Douglas.

"When Grandpa was a little boy about your age," said he
To the curly-headed youngster who had climbed upon his knee,
"So studious was he at school, he never failed to pass;
And out of three he always stood the second in his class——"
"But, if no more were in it, you were next to foot, like me!"
"Why, bless you, Grandpa never thought of that before," said he.

"When Grandpa was a little boy about your age," said he,
"He very seldom spent his pretty pennies foolishly;
No toy or candy store was there for miles and miles about,
And with his books straight home he 'd go the moment school was out——"
"But, if there had been one, you might have spent them all, like me!"
"Why, bless you, Grandpa never thought of that before," said he.

"When Grandpa was a little boy about your age," said he,
"He never staid up later than an hour after tea;
It was n't good for little boys at all, his mother said,
And so, when it was early, she would march him off to bed——"
"But, if she had n't, maybe you 'd have staid up late, like me!"
"Why, bless you, Grandpa never thought of that before," said he.

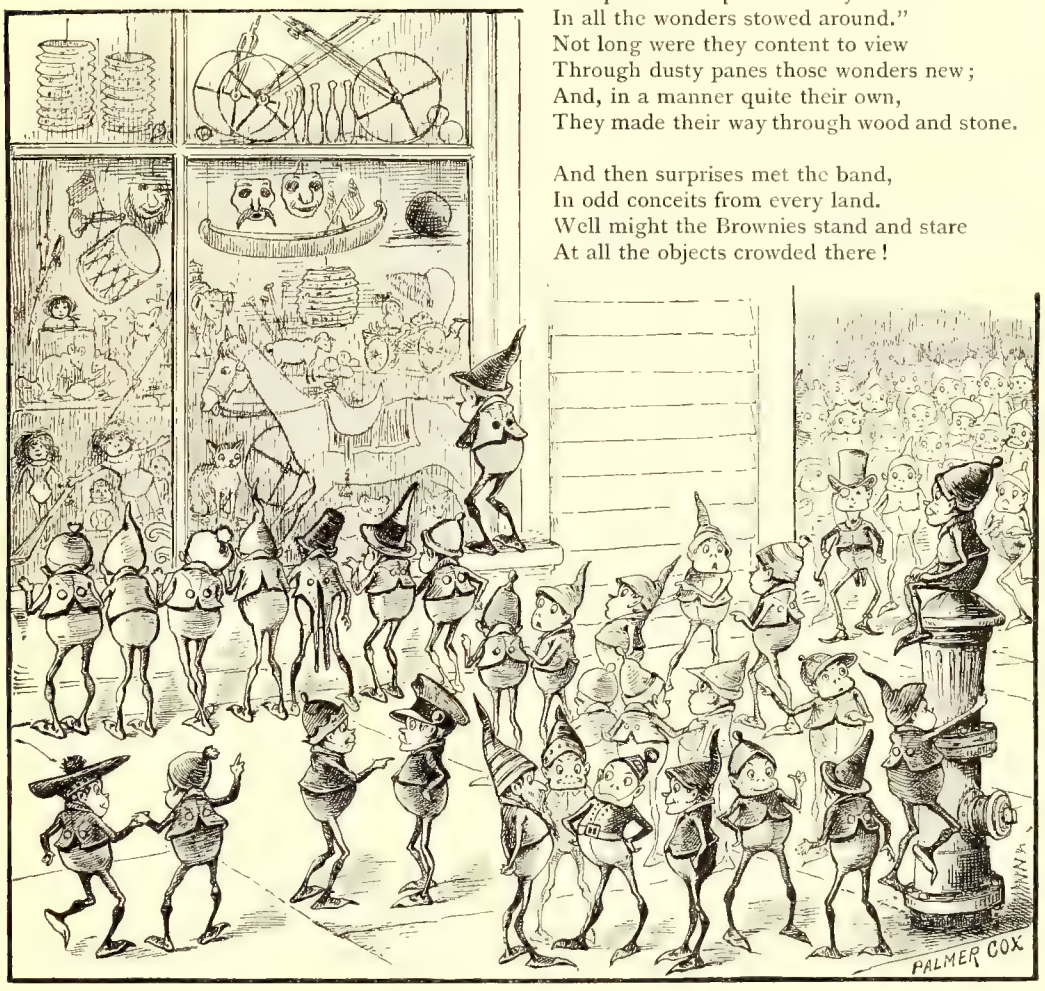
"When Grandpa was a little boy about your age," said he,
"In summer he went barefoot and was happy as could be;
And all the neighbors 'round about agreed he was a lad
Who was as good as he could be, except when he was bad——"
"But, 'ceptin' going barefoot, you were very much like me."
"Why, bless you, Grandpa 's often thought of that before," said he.

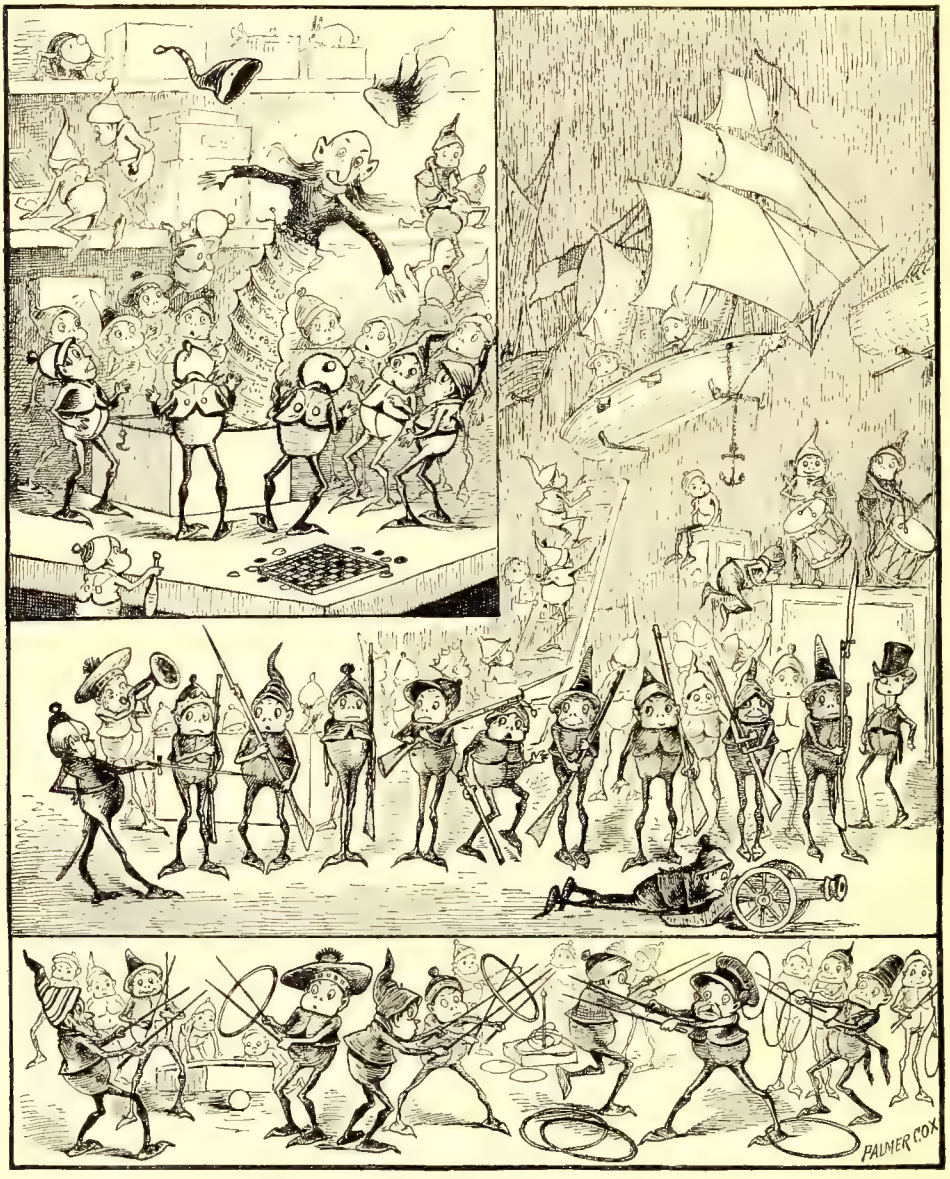
THE BROWNIES IN THE TOY-SHOP.

By Palmer Cox.

As shades of evening settled down,
The Brownies rambled through the town,
To pry at this, to pause at that,
By something else to hold a chat,
And in their free and easy vein
Express themselves in language plain.
At length before a store, their eyes
Were fixed with wonder and surprise
On toys of wood, and wax, and tin,
And toys of rubber piled within.
Said one, "In all our wandering 'round,
A sight like this we never found.
When such a passing glimpse we gain,
What wonders must the shelves contain!"
Another said, "It must be here
Old Santa Claus comes every year
To gather up his large supply,
When Christmas Eve is drawing nigh,
That children through the land may find
They still are treasured in his mind."
A third remarked, "Ere long, he may
Again his yearly visit pay;
Before he comes to strip the place,
We 'll rummage shelf, and box, and case,
Until the building we explore
From attic roof to basement floor,
And prove what pleasure may be found
In all the wonders stowed around."
Not long were they content to view
Through dusty panes those wonders new;
And, in a manner quite their own,
They made their way through wood and stone.

And then surprises met the band,
In odd conceits from every land.
Well might the Brownies stand and stare
At all the objects crowded there!



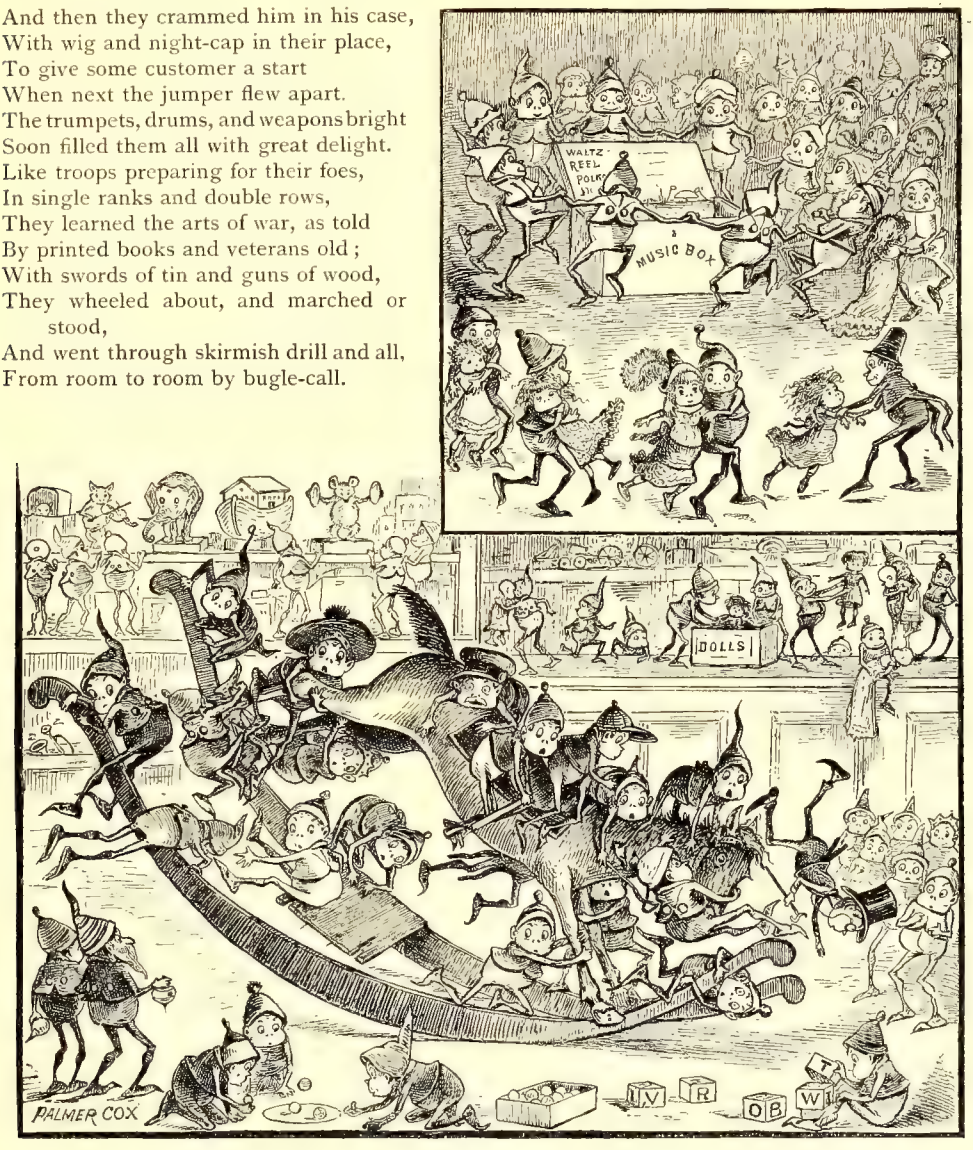


Here, things of gentle nature lay
In safety, midst the beasts of prey;
The goose and fox, a friendly pair,
Reposed beside the lamb and bear;
There horses stood for boys to ride;
Here boats were waiting for the tide,
While ships of war, with every sail
Unfurled, were anchored to a nail;
There soldiers stood in warlike bands;
And naked dolls held out their hands,
As though to urge the passers by
To take them from the public eye.

To try the toys they soon began;
To this they turned, to that they ran.

The Jack-in-box, so quick and strong,
With staring eyes and whiskers long,
Now o'er and o'er was set and sprung
Until the scalp was from it flung;

And then they crammed him in his case,
With wig and night-cap in their place,
To give some customer a start
When next the jumper flew apart.
The trumpets, drums, and weapons bright
Soon filled them all with great delight.
Like troops preparing for their foes,
In single ranks and double rows,
They learned the arts of war, as told
By printed books and veterans old;
With swords of tin and guns of wood,
They wheeled about, and marched or stood,
And went through skirmish drill and all,
From room to room by bugle-call.



The music-box poured forth an air
That charmed the dullest spirits there,
Till, yielding to the pleasing sound,
They joined to dance a lively round.

The rocking-horse, that wildly rose,
Now on its heels, now on its nose,
Was forced to bear so great a load
It seemed to founder on the road,
Then tumble feebly to the floor,
Never to lift a rocker more.

Thus, through the place in greatest glee,
They rattled 'round, the sights to see,
Till stars began to dwindle down,
And morning crept into the town.
And then, with all the speed they knew,
Away to forest shades they flew.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE comes the happy New Year, over a glistening pathway either of snow, or of dried leaves and twigs that crackle with the spirit of winter firesides—I can't quite say which it is, at this distance. At all events, I 'm here, too—your same old Jack, and quite refreshed through the kindness of the clever young brother who, with such sweet gravity, occupied this pulpit last month. He is a rising young Jack, and will yet make himself heard, I am sure, in perhaps a wider pulpit than this—though (between ourselves) he will never address a more intelligent and worthy congregation than mine, my beloved.

And now, in view of 1887, here is an old verse that my friend Santa Claus said he wished he had put into all your Christmas stockings:

Old Father Time to his children doth say:
"Go on with your duties, my dears.
On the right hand is work, on the left hand is play;
See that you tarry with neither all day,
But faithfully build up the years."

Next we 'll take up another timely topic, as it relates to cold weather. The Little School-ma'am enlisted her scholars in a nice little competition not long ago. It was agreed that every boy and girl should bring to the school on a certain Friday afternoon the most interesting piece of information that he or she had read during the week, and a prize should be given to the one which was voted to be the most interesting item of the lot. Well, a fine time they had, to be sure, and I wish I could tell you of even half the curious facts those clever young searchers unearthed from old books and papers. But I can give you only the paragraph that won the prize. It was the following extract, copied by a little girl from one of her father's library volumes. She called it

"A PLACE WHERE FIRE ALMOST GETS COLD."

"A PERSON who has never been in the Polar regions can probably have no idea of what cold really is; but, by reading the terrible experiences of Arctic travelers, some notion can be formed of the extreme cold that prevails there. When we have the temperature down to zero out-of-doors, we think it bitterly cold. Think, then, of living where the thermometer goes down to thirty-five degrees below zero in the house, in spite of the stove! Of course, in such a case, the fur garments are piled on until a man looks like a great bundle of skins. Dr. Moss, of the English Polar Expedition of 1875 and 1876, among other odd things, tells of the effect of cold on a waxed candle which he burned there. The temperature was thirty-five degrees below zero, and the doctor must have been considerably discouraged when, upon looking at his candle, he discovered that the flame had all it could do to keep warm! It was so cold that the flame could not melt all the wax of the candle, but was forced to eat its way down inside the wax, leaving a sort of outer skeleton of the candle standing. There was heat enough, however, to melt oddly-shaped holes in this thin, circular wall of wax, and the result was a beautiful lace-like cylinder of white, with a tongue of yellow flame burning inside it, and sending out into the darkness many streaks of light. This is not only a curious effect of extreme cold, but it shows how difficult it must be to find anything like warmth in a place where even fire itself almost gets cold."

FINGERS AND THUMBS.

The Little School-ma'am also sends you these verses, by Miss Margaret Vandegrift, who, she says, has written many admirable pieces for ST. NICHOLAS, including "a tough little yarn" in this very number, called "The Galley Cat."

I dont know much about fingers and thumbs myself, but I 'm sure, from what the little girl in the rhyme says, that arithmetic must be very puzzling.

Her hands were spread before her,
She was looking very wise;
For there was a little wrinkle
Between her round blue eyes.

And I heard her softly saying,
"I don't see how they *can*,
If Mamma *is* a lady,
And Papa a gentleman!

"But Grandma joins in with them;
And though she 's never told,
I should think she was three hundred—
And may be more years old!

"Now, every single one of them
—And, surely, each one knows!—

Says: 'Yes, you have ten fingers,'
And 'Yes, you have ten toes.'

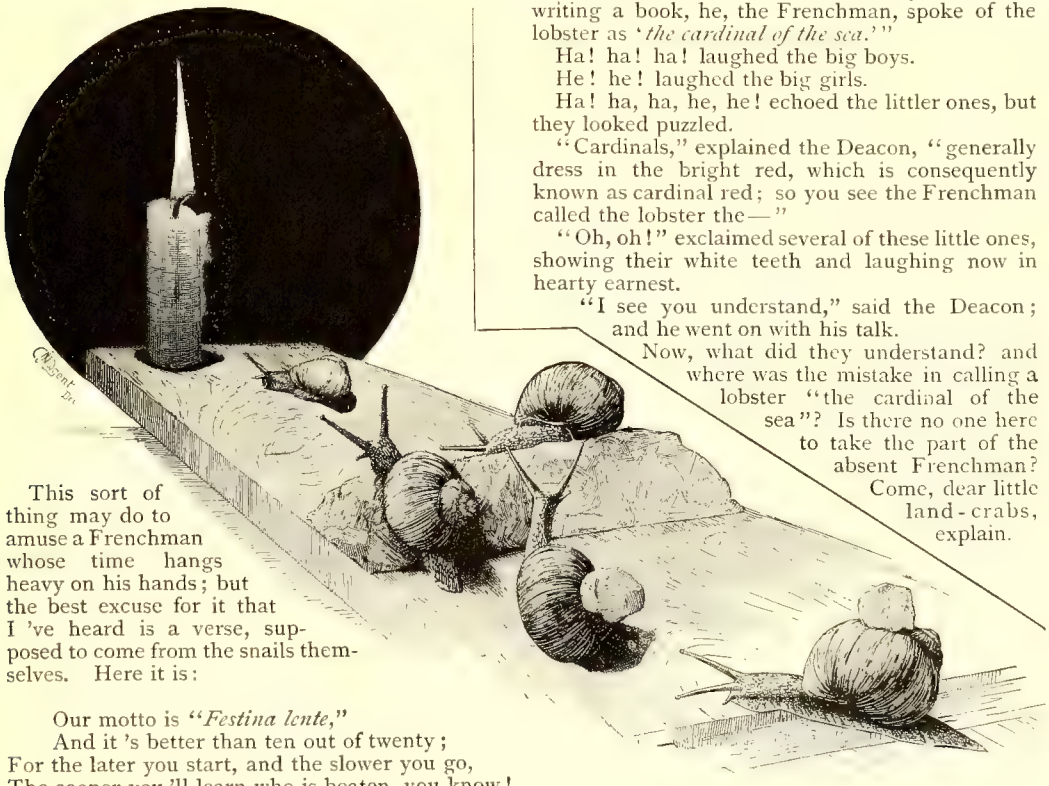
"The toes come right — I 've counted;
But when the fingers come,
On each hand are four fingers,
Four fingers and a thumb!

"Two fours are eight, — I 've counted, —
It is n't one bit more!
And my thumbs are *not* my fingers,
And one from five leaves four!

"And I don't see why they say it,
Nor how they make it come,
For a thumb is not a finger
If a finger 's not a thumb."

A SNAIL RACE.

I 'M told that a foolish Frenchman, as a new amusement for his idleness, has invented the sport of snail-racing. The course is a long, smooth board, at the end of which is a lighted candle. When the room is darkened the snails naturally begin to creep along the board toward the flame. To make the race more interesting, various obstacles are placed across the board, as shown in the picture, and the fastest snails, so to speak, are burdened with pellets of clay.



This sort of thing may do to amuse a Frenchman whose time hangs heavy on his hands; but the best excuse for it that I 've heard is a verse, supposed to come from the snails themselves. Here it is:

Our motto is "*Festina lente*,"
And it 's better than ten out of twenty;
For the later you start, and the slower you go,
The sooner you 'll learn who is beaten, you know!

CAUGHT BY A LOBSTER.

I LIKE a laugh, and especially a young laugh, meaning the laughter of little folk. It is one with the blue sky, and the brook, and the clover's nodding, and the joyful life of birds — but sometimes the children in my meadow laugh so heartily that, apart from liking the music of it, I have a natural Jack-in-the-pulpity desire to know what it 's all about, and the more I try to find out, the more I don't succeed.

Now, as an instance; the other day, Brother Green had a little crowd around him, and he was holding forth, as is his wont, in a morally funny way, on the subject of honest observation. "Look for yourselves," said he; "learn what you can from good books, but study Nature more. Learn directly from her whenever you can, and when you write your composition for the dear Little School-ma'am, write what you *know* instead of repeating things that you have read in books. But there is a still closer application of the rule," he continued. "Not only write what you think you know, but be sure that you *know* what you know. If you do this you will not be apt to make such a mistake as the Frenchman did in the old story, when —"

Here the Deacon paused, and two or three sleepy children became wide-awake.

"When *what*, Deacon Green?" they asked.

"Why," said the Deacon, looking slowly at one and another of his hearers — "why, when, in writing a book, he, the Frenchman, spoke of the lobster as '*the cardinal of the sea*.'"

Ha! ha! ha! laughed the big boys.

He! he! laughed the big girls.

Ha! ha, ha, he, he! echoed the littler ones, but they looked puzzled.

"Cardinals," explained the Deacon, "generally dress in the bright red, which is consequently known as cardinal red; so you see the Frenchman called the lobster the —"

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed several of these little ones, showing their white teeth and laughing now in hearty earnest.

"I see you understand," said the Deacon; and he went on with his talk.

Now, what did they understand? and where was the mistake in calling a lobster "the cardinal of the sea"? Is there no one here to take the part of the absent Frenchman? Come, dear little land-crabs, explain.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD, whose work in life is to do good, to help the helpless, raise the fallen, and do battle against wrong, has just written a book that all the girls who are just budding into young womanhood may read thoughtfully. It is entitled, "How to Win," and is essentially a book for girls. It is advice on a high plane, and the spirit of the book can not but aid ambitious girls in their desire to become self-reliant and self-helpful.

"CHIVALRIC DAYS AND THE BOYS AND GIRLS WHO HELPED TO MAKE THEM" is a new book for young people, written by E. S. Brooks, well known to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS who, through him, have become acquainted with several interesting "Historic Boys" and "Historic Girls." "Chivalric Days" tells some particularly entertaining stories of certain other boys and girls of the long ago. It is published in most attractive style by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York, who brought out the volume of "Historic Boys" a year ago.

"THE ACORN" is a laudable little newspaper, published by one of the ST. NICHOLAS boys, Edwin L. Turnbull, of 45 Lexington Street, Baltimore. He is editor, type-setter, proof-reader, and chief contributor, and the paper is a neat enough piece of workmanship to make even Phaeton Rogers envious. In this, however, it differs but little from many of the amateur newspapers of our land. The only reason why we give special mention to *The Acorn* and its thirteen-year-old editor, is because of the spirit that prompts its issue. The young editor devotes all the proceeds from its publication, not to tricycles and unlimited candy, but to a worthy charity — the free kindergarten of the city of Baltimore. Kindly charity is a gracious thing to see in the young people of our happier homes, who, in the profusion of their own blessings, too often forget the less fortunate children of the street. So, success, says ST. NICHOLAS, to Editor Turnbull! Great oaks do sometimes from little acorns grow.

THERE is no land more dramatic or picturesque in its history than is Germany — the land of Charlemagne and Otto and Henry the Black, of knights and crusaders, of Hohenstaufens and Hapsburgs, of castles and free cities, of the Rhine, the Black Forest, the Hartz mountains, and all the fabled homes of gnome and goblin, sprite and fairy. Mrs. Charlotte Moschelles has collected, in a neat little volume called "Early German History," certain of the most important events in German annals, and has made a book for young people that they will find highly interesting, instructive, and entertaining.

THERE are three well-known artists who are occasionally confounded one with another on account of the curious similarity of their names, which nevertheless are spelled or pronounced differently.

One of them is the English painter, John Everett Millais, whose picture, "The Princes in the Tower," is familiar to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, and whose name is pronounced as though spelled Millay. Another is the French peasant painter, Jean François Millet, of whom Ripley Hitchcock writes so charmingly in the present number of ST. NICHOLAS, and whose name is pronounced like that of the English artist, despite the difference in spelling. The third, is the American artist, Frank D. Millet, who very sensibly, as many boys and girls will think, pronounces his name just the way he spells it.

THE LETTER-BOX.

SYDNEY, N. S. W., AUSTRALIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister Emily and I are two New York school girls who left home in October last for Australia. We went overland to San Francisco, and from there sailed across the Pacific Ocean to Sydney. We stopped at Honolulu and one of the Navigator Islands, also at Auckland, New Zealand, where we climbed up to the top of Mount Eden with Papa, and looked down into the mouth of the crater. The view from the top was lovely, but I can not tell you about it now. Papa says we may return home *via* the Suez Canal. I hope we may, for then we shall have had a trip around the world, sailing on the Pacific, Indian, and Atlantic Oceans and the Red and Mediterranean Seas.

We get the ST. NICHOLAS every month by the mail steamer, and I thought you might like to get a letter from here, telling you something of the black aborigines, the native Australians. They have jet-black skin, and their hair is black and very bushy. They call their houses "humpys," and their wives "gins." Their war arms are the boomerang and waddy. The boomerang is shaped like a crescent, and, if thrown properly, will return to the feet of the thrower. The waddy is like a club, made of very strong and heavy wood, and is sometimes ornamented with feathers and heavy old nails driven in around the top. Yours truly, GRACE B——.

COLORADO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, nine years old. I live in Colorado, but in the summer-time I live on a ranch, and in winter I live in Colorado Springs.

I have a little brother; his age is seven years. We all went to a round-up yesterday. There were over a thousand cattle, all in a bunch, out on the plains, and a lot of men on horseback were riding in among them and getting all of the same brands together, so they could be driven to the ranches, where they belong. It was very exciting to watch them. I should think it would tire the ponies very much, for they ride so hard. Your little reader, M. H. C——.

ALLEGHENY, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not believe you have any other five-year-old firemen among your readers, so, as I like Mamma to read what other little boys play, may be they would like to hear how I came to be a fireman. Near one of my grandpa's is an engine-house, said to be one of the finest in the country. The firemen like boys, and I often go to see them I know all about how the alarms are rung and how the stall doors are opened by electricity. Once one of the firemen took me in his arms and slid down a pole with me, from the second to the first floor. I often see them going to fires, and I have seen them at a fire, so I think I will be a fireman, too. When my aunties grew tired of having all their chairs turned into fire-engines, they bought me a toy fire department, just like a real one, and now I can play fire all day. My chief's buggy, hose-carriage, and engine are of cast iron, and the hook and ladder of tin. When the gong sounds, the chief goes first, followed by the hose-carriage, and then the engine. The hook and ladder has to wait for a second alarm. All the horses can be unhitched, the engine and hook and ladder each having two, the buggy and hose reel but one. The ladders and firemen can be taken from their places, and the little rubber hose unwound from the reel.

I have plenty of other toys, but next to my fire department I like my bisque animals, families of rabbits, bears, lions, and monkeys, and my two gum pug dogs.

But best of all is when Mamma takes me on her lap and reads to me; and of all my books, ST. NICHOLAS is the nicest.

Yours truly, WILLIE.

HAVRE, FRANCE.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen any letter from Havre, so I thought I would write I am an English girl, aged twelve, and I have four brothers and five sisters, so that, altogether, we are ten children, which is a fair quantity. There are two pairs

of twins in our family, the eldest, a boy and a girl called Noel and Noélle, are five years old; and the youngest, Mildred and Muriel, two girls, are two.

I like your magazine very much.

Here we see those great transatlantic steamers going in and out of the harbor. We live quite close to the sea, so we get a very good view of the passing ships. They have just built a beautiful broad boulevard here, and they are thinking of building a harbor which will run far out into the sea. The boulevard is called the "Boulevard Maritime," because it runs along the edge of the sea.

Your very interested reader, WINIFRED S——.

TORONTO, ONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last summer we went to Roaches Point, on Lake Simcoe, for the holidays. One evening, just after tea, my cousin and another boy and I went out trawling. I was trawling, when I felt a pull. I told my cousin to stop rowing, because I was on a log, but the other boy that was with us said, "No, you are not; you have got a fish." "So I have," I said, and I told my cousin to row to the shore, for I knew it was a very large one, and if we had not taken it into shallow water, we could not have landed it. We pulled it in to the side of the boat, and were just going to catch hold of it and hoist it in, when it gave a great kick and ran off again; but it was n't off the hook; we pulled it in again. One of the boys held the line and the other took the fish round the body and lifted it in. We then went home and weighed it; it was twenty-one pounds; its length was three feet eight inches. It was the largest muskalonge caught in Lake Simcoe in 1886. I am eleven years old.

GORDON O——.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR OLD ST. NICK: I am so very fond of you that I thought I ought to write to tell you so, although there is no need of saying so, for I know all your readers must love you very much. I have been spending the summer in the North, but my home is in Savannah, Ga. I have n't seen many letters from your Southern readers, so I thought I would write to tell you that your Southern friends think just as much of you as those in the North. I have been taking you for five years, and like you better every year. I enjoyed "Little Lord Fauntleroy" very much, and hope that "Juan and Juanita" will be as interesting.

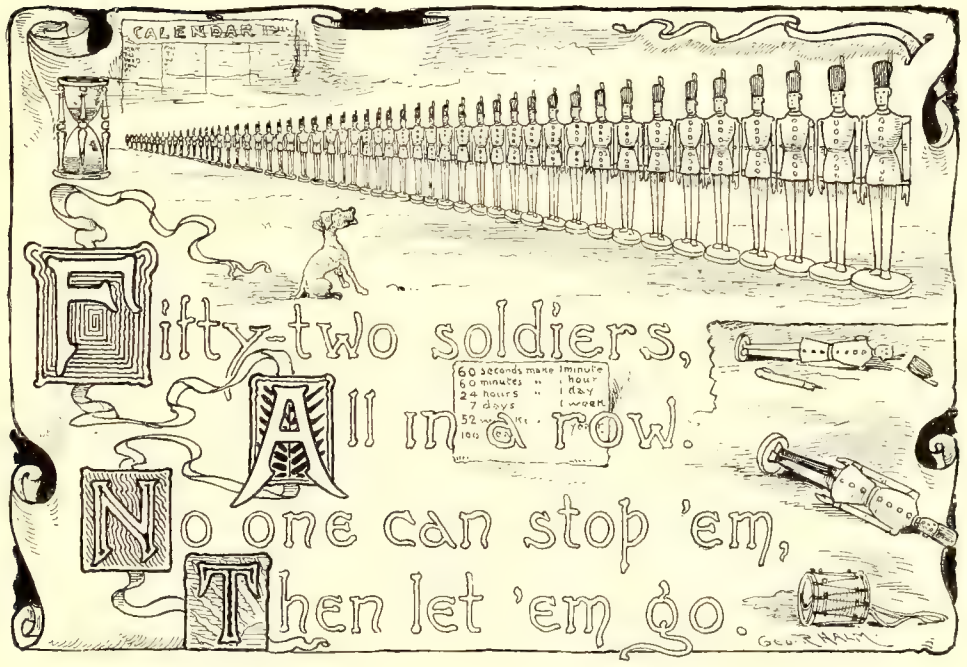
I remain your constant reader, IDA B. H——, 13 years.

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have a lot of pets; they are very nice. The kittens purr, the birds whistle, and the dogs wag their tails when they are happy. The dogs growl, and the cats wag their tails and puff when they are angry. I send you a card in case it is your birthday. I am your loving SOPHIE D——.

WE wish to acknowledge with thanks pleasant letters from the young friends whose names follow. We are sorry that there is not space for their letters. Annie, "Minnehaha," Mary L. Evans, Punch Millar, Jamie Gregg, "Yes and No," Mabel and Annie Reynolds, Anna B., Isabella B., Hortie O'M., Coralie M., Irvin Bair, Wm. N. Colton, Faith Bradford, Mary R. Hardy, Winnie B. B., M. E., Mary K. Hadley, K. L. L., Lilyan S. Anderson, Blanche A. W., Annie Hitchcock, Raymond V. Ingersoll, Mamie L., Del Webb, H. L. M., Harrington G. Hall, Katharine Maury, Clarence E. C., Helen Thompson, Walter Cohen, Josie Mughan, Alfred M. S., Joel W. Reynolds, Charles Weed, Daisy P. Hougue, Elsie Rooth, Belle Harper, Bennie Castle, V. J., Margery C., Annie Griswold, Alva P., "Ramona," T. Cheshire Shipley, Edith Puffer, Henry Remser and Willie Darrach, M. G. Holland, Charles F. Lester, J. Roberts, Charlie S. Miles, Camilla S., J. F. O., Beatrice G., Mollie Orr, Mary H. B., Barry, Gertie N., "Evelyn," "Hector," Katharine Seon, Reno Blackstone, Maude S., and Alice Hutchings.

ANSWERED RIDDLE JINGLE.



A WORD TO OUR READERS.

YOU all know, good readers, how natural it is for us young folk, when we are playing games in our own yards or gardens, to feel that the boys and girls who are playing on the other side of the fence are having a much better time than we. And you know, too, how apt we are, in such a case, to wish ourselves over upon their grounds for a while.

An experience not unlike this may possibly occur now and then with us ST. NICHOLAS folk. In these days, for instance, we are having a right good time, we know; but next door, just over the fence, something is going on at present that — well, the sooner we all go and see about it, the better.

In other words, THE CENTURY MAGAZINE is now telling its grown-up readers a wonderful story, which should be read also by every boy and girl old enough to understand it. It is the story of the life of Abraham Lincoln, the great President of our country during the most thrilling and momentous epoch of its history. And it is told by Mr. John G. Nicolay and Col. John Hay, who were his private secretaries while he was in the White House, and who have spent nearly a score of years in preparing this authentic and masterly account of Lincoln's life. The interest begins with the very opening chapters, which tell how his grandfather settled in Kentucky with that famous hunter, Daniel Boone, and was killed by Indians; and how Abraham Lincoln himself, when a boy, was rescued by another lad from drowning; and what struggles and privations he endured; and what a rough-and-ready life befel him as a youth; and how through it all he displayed the same sturdy purpose and integrity and sure wisdom that, later on, did so much to save the nation.

But this is only a glimpse over the hedge. If you are wise, you will gain for yourselves the advantages which your parents and older friends are enjoying, by becoming acquainted with this story of the life of Lincoln — already recognized as one of the most remarkable biographies ever written. A history so great in its subject and scope, and so noble and clear in its style, can not fail to interest and inspire the young people of America.



SPECIAL NOTICE TO MEMBERS OF THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.

AS YOU already have been notified by a circular from your President, a well-known scientific journal has made a proposal to issue a special organ for the Agassiz Association, to be known as "The Swiss Cross." Mr. H. H. Ballard will be the editor of the new publication, which will be devoted exclusively to the interests of the Agassiz Association, and will be sent to its members at the subscription price of one dollar a year.

ST. NICHOLAS, wishing well to the Agassiz Association, which it practically established, and which it has done much to maintain, now heartily advises your President to accept this opportunity of transferring the reports to a purely scientific journal. They will there be given more space and prominence than can possibly be accorded to them in the crowded pages of ST. NICHOLAS, which, of course, must be conducted with a view to the interests of the great majority of its readers.

After friendly consultation between the editor of this magazine and the President of the Association, it has, therefore, been decided that the publication of the reports in the pages of ST. NICHOLAS shall terminate with the present issue.

We have only to add the assurance of our cordial interest in the Association and its progress, and to wish the Society a long life of usefulness and prosperity.

Meantime, the change here announced implies no separation between any members of the Agassiz Association and this magazine. The bond between ST. NICHOLAS and its readers is, we trust, "non-transferable," and the magazine will, of course, continue to print articles and communications of interest and value to young students of Nature. Indeed, we already have on file many natural-history papers and contributions conveying scientific information. Our pages, therefore, will not lack material of a character specially suited to members of the Agassiz Association; and we shall, with pleasure, print once or twice a year a communication from the President of the Association giving a general review of its progress and plans.

Our thanks, and those of all the members of the Society, are due to Mr. Ballard for his energetic services in behalf of the Association, which have contributed so largely to its present flourishing condition.

— EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS.

PERHAPS no month in the history of our Society has been more satisfactory in its general results than this. As appears from our register, seventeen new and reorganized Chapters have been added to our roll. More reports have come than can possibly be reproduced, and the general tenor of the reports and letters received has been most encouraging. We have now enrolled 984 Chapters, and by far the larger part of them are vigorously active. During the past year a much greater interest in our work has been manifested by parents and teachers than ever before. As a consequence, the average Chapter now organized is more firm in texture, has more thread to the inch, than the average Chapter of a year or two ago, and will consequently attain to a stronger growth and a more permanent position.

PROFESSOR W. O. CROSBY, of the Boston Society of Natural History, Boston, Mass., has volunteered to supplement the course of lessons in Elementary Mineralogy, given during the past year, by a course of instruction in Determinative Mineralogy. It is proposed that this course, like the other, shall be freely open to every one, whether a member of the A. A. or not; and all who desire to avail themselves of this opportunity may send their names at once to Professor Crosby. The course will be based upon Professor Crosby's recently published book, entitled "Tables for the Determination of Common Minerals, chiefly by their Physical Characters." Although the special object of this course will be instruction and practice in the determination of unknown minerals, it will also afford the student a valuable training in the observation and classification of minerals. It is not designed solely for those who have taken the first course, but may be profitably pursued by any persons feeling an interest in the subject, especially if they will study carefully the introduction to the tables, in which all the various properties of minerals are clearly explained.

The method of the determinations is somewhat similar to that of analytical botany; and an effort will be made to show that common minerals may be identified with the same ease and accuracy as common plants. Each applicant for the course will receive a copy of the book, a collection of twenty-five minerals, numbered, but not named, and a sufficient number of blank reports. The specimens will be determined in the order of the numbers, and the reports forwarded in series of five to Professor Crosby — for correction. They will be stamped *Right* or *Wrong*, as the case may be; and, if wrong, the point will be indicated at which the student began to go wrong, so that the determination may be repeated and a second report forwarded. When all of the specimens have been correctly determined, a second collection of twenty-five specimens will be sent to those desiring it, and after that a third collection. Or, those having unnamed specimens in their private cabinets may, when they have finished the first twenty-five specimens, determine these, sending a small numbered fragment in each case with the report. In this way students and Chapters will be able to name and classify their own collections of minerals, while making them the basis of a valuable training in mineralogy. It is important, however, that the determination of miscellaneous specimens should be deferred until the first regular collection of twenty-five specimens has been faithfully worked out; for these have been carefully selected to form an easy introduction to the use of the tables. The confirmatory chemical tests given in the last column of the tables will not be required in most cases. These are, however, of the simplest character, and the blow-pipe, glass-tubes, and other simple apparatus which they require will be sent to those desiring them.

It will be observed that the plan of the course is such that members of the class may work rapidly or slowly, and as continuously as they desire; since, while one series of reports is being corrected by Professor Crosby, a second series may be prepared.

As an additional incentive to careful work, the following system of credits has been devised. If a mineral is reported correctly the first time, it will count one; if it is reported correctly the second time, it will count one-half; but if it is reported incorrectly the second time, Professor Crosby will give the correct name of the mineral, and the student's credit will be zero. A premium is thus offered for faithful, painstaking determinations, since the sum of the credits measures the quality rather than the number of the reports.

To cover the cost of the book, specimens, and postage, a fee of two dollars will be charged, which may be sent to Professor Crosby with the application for membership. Each additional collection of twenty-five specimens will cost fifty cents; and a price-list of the apparatus will accompany the book.

REPORT OF THE NINTH CENTURY — CHAPTERS 801–900.

803, *Wyandotte, Kans. (A).* We are thinking of building in the spring. We are collecting and studying with a will. We are now taking a course in geology, led by one of our members, and intend to take others as the season advances. We have opened two or three mounds and obtained several fine relics. A question arose concerning archæology. Is it a natural science? Our collection comprises insects, minerals, Indian relics, shells, and a few bird-skins. We have decided not to make collections of birds' eggs.

We hold our meetings in the office of a prominent physician and scientist, but expect to put up our own building in the spring.— C. H. Casebolt, Sec.

811, *Nyack, N. Y. (A).* The first regular meeting of the Agassiz Association in Nyack was held on March 26, 1885. Four members constituted Chapter 811. Since then the society has steadily increased, and now numbers twenty-four members. Our method of work for each evening has been to have two specialists who are appointed by the President at the previous meeting. They are expected to prepare papers on some natural history subject, while all the members are prepared with specimens. Any information they may possess connected with the specimen presented is gladly listened to.

We now propose taking up entomology and, perhaps, other special subjects, which seems to be a better way of gaining information than the promiscuous manner we have been trying.

During the summer we have field meetings which are particularly pleasant.

This summer a party of fourteen, including members and friends of the Association, spent a week at Sag Harbor, where they not only obtained specimens, but had a very pleasant evening with the Agassiz Chapter of that place.— E. Partridge, Sec.

812, *Davenport, Iowa (C).* This Chapter has progressed very much during the last six months, and has made many useful improvements. We have a good attendance at our weekly meetings, and have a good, energetic membership. We have adopted a new constitution; we have two specimen cases and a great many valuable specimens; we have elected honorary members, and have established a new order of business. The average attendance during the past six months is fourteen.— Harold Benefiel, Cor. Sec.

818, *Newark, N. J. (P).* If we are as successful during the coming year as we have been for the last two, we can be thankful. We have ten members. We have a very good cabinet. On the 14th of March we held a celebration of the anniversary of our organization. We hired a hall, and carted our specimens down, and arranged them on tables around the room. About fifty persons were present, among them delegates from Roseville, and the Mayor of Newark. The Mayor made a neat little speech, in which he said he had read in ST. NICHOLAS of the growth of the A. A. with the greatest pleasure. He spoke of our specimens, and said he could remember when blue-birds flew about our streets as plentiful as the common English sparrow. We have begun our labors afresh, and hope that during the coming winter we shall learn more in regard to natural history.— H. Young, Jr., Sec.

819, *Hinsdale, Ill.* We have filled a large cabinet. We are keeping the rules of order that are in your "A. A. Handbook," and find them very useful. One more member has been admitted. We have started a library, and have some valuable volumes in it.— Fred. A. Menge, Sec.

820, *Boston, Mass. (G).* The majority of us are working boys; consequently our time for field work is limited to an occasional holiday and the half Saturdays during the summer. But the little time we have is not wasted; it is too valuable for that. The business at our meetings consists chiefly in comparing notes and observations, and occasionally the reading of an essay. We are now much interested in the Boston Assembly, and are working hard to make it a success.— Thomas H. Fay, Sec., 8 N. Grove street, Boston.

824, *Fall River, Mass. (A).* Our special department is ornithology, and we are doing well in that, and gaining knowledge. We should like to correspond with any interested in ornithology.— J. B. Richards, Sec.

841, *Montclair, N. J. (A).* We hope to be able to get a club-room in a few months. Our chief study is entomology, but we also collect and study specimens of all the other branches. Correspondence with other Chapters is desired.— W. Hollis, Sec., Box 277.

842, *Elizabeth, N. J. (B).* Our Chapter is getting along very nicely. We have now eight members and hope to interest others. We have not many minerals yet, but I hope we shall have a much fuller cabinet when the butterflies and flowers come again.— Ellen R. Jones, Sec.

847, *Washington, Ind. (A).* We have admitted one new member, John Kimball, and others are clamoring for admission. We have worked for four years to get our Chapter into good running order. Once we thought we had succeeded, when, as you know, we had n't. But in all this time, we have studied and worked out solutions, we think, to some of the problems involved in the question, "How to carry on a Chapter in a live manner!" The future will tell.— Ben. W. Clawson, Sec.

849, *Boston, Mass. (H).* When Dr. Lincoln became interested in our Chapter, and finally joined, it took on a new aspect. The teachers became interested, and all but one joined as honorary members. We study mineralogy entirely, and Dr. Lincoln is very liberal, giving us specimens at almost every meeting.— Sara E. Saunders, Sec.

850, *Bangor, Me. (A).* At present I am the only member of our Chapter, but I am working hard for a reorganization, which I hope to effect soon. At any rate, I shall keep the number and name of the Chapter as long as I remain in the city.— Albert G. Davis, Sec.

863, *Prov., R. I. (E).* A few days ago our President shot a red-headed woodpecker, which we added to our collection of skins. We have had several field meetings, and some pleasant meetings at our room. We are about to fit up another room for winter use.

We are all earnest workers, and hope soon to have a collection worth speaking about.— Frederic Gorham, Sec., 103 Knight street.

874, *Lee, Mass. (A).* We have over twenty members, most of whom are active. We hold meetings every other Friday We have a collection of insects, minerals, and a few of the *flora* of the vicinity, making, in all, about three hundred specimens. Each of our members has a private collection, and some of them are quite successful. Our average attendance is about fifteen. We have made several excursions, such as to Monument Mountain. We are now planning to drive down to see Mr. Daniel Clarke's collection of minerals and c ins, said to be the finest in Berkshire County. We keep our collec in the grammar school room in a cabinet made and presented t is by one of our members. Some of our specimens are quite valuable.—Eddie C. Bradley, Sec.

878, *Woodbridge, N. J. (A).* Our work during the past year has been quite satisfactory. We spent the winter in studying zoology together, beginning at the lower forms, and proceeding to the higher. Some well-written papers were read.

On May 28, we gave an entertainment in the public hall for the purpose of raising funds for the purchase of a microscope. We succeeded, and, for sixty-five dollars, secured a fine instrument. Our Chapter numbers twenty-seven members and is growing.—R. Anna Miller, Sec.

883, *Blanchester, O. (A).* With limited resources and facilities for working in the field of Nature, our zeal is nevertheless undiminished, and our first year closes not altogether discouragingly, with brighter prospects for the future.

Being a family Chapter, our meetings have not been regular. We have a botanist, ornithologist, and mineralogist in our Chapter.

It has been our custom to have, at each meeting, a paper read (prepared by one of the members), giving a short sketch of some great naturalist or scientist. We intend taking up the study of the plants and birds of our own neighborhood the coming year.—Homer G. Curles, Sec.

887, *Grinnell, Iowa (A).* The past six months have been very prosperous. We have added five members to our list, and out of seventeen members, our average attendance has been fifteen. We have a good collection. Our library is steadily growing. Our Chapter edits a monthly paper called the *Agassiz Notes* to which every member contributes. Our special study is mineralogy, in which we have instruction once a month. The migration of spiders has been diligently studied. One member has been reporting to the Forestry Department of the United States Government, one working in botany for the American Ornithologists' Union, and all have been studying bird migration for that society. Three of our members took extensive trips North this summer and made some good observations. One member received a diploma for having satisfactorily completed Professor Crosby's course in mineralogy. Six of us attended the general convention at Davenport, and were highly delighted at the work of our sister Chapters.—Cor. Sec. Grinnell Ch., 887. Box 523.

893, *Watertown, N. Y. (B).* Since our Chapter last reported, we have had many interesting meetings. In the spring we postponed the study of the animal kingdom, which we had nearly completed, and took up the study of vegetable life as more suited to the season and to our abilities as collectors. Using Bessey and Gray as authority, we studied the subject topically, at the same time bringing into the class whatever specimens we could for illustration. Several of the class have started herbaria and are much interested in the work of collecting, pressing, and mounting. An herbarium has also been bought for the society and it will be filled with specimens donated by all the members of the Chapter. The study of zoology has now been resumed, and when it is completed, mineralogy and geology will be taken up for the winter.

Some of the younger members have dropped out of the Chapter, so that our number has been reduced, but not our zeal or interest in the Society, of which we more and more appreciate the value.

Our report is brief, for as the study of Nature opens ever wider vistas before us, we feel the slightness of our best achievements, and would rather record our hopes and purposes than what has been done.

When we have finished a preliminary study of the three kingdoms, we intend each to adopt and report on a specialty, and may be able in that way to produce results valuable, at least, to ourselves

Wishing the A. A. continually growing power and usefulness, we remain, very respectfully, Watertown Chap. B.—C. DuBois, Sec.

896, *Lake Forest, Ill. (A).* We began with four members a year ago, and increased the number to six during the winter. We held regular meetings, two weeks, and later, three weeks apart, at which reports were made of work done, papers read, etc.

Our proceedings were conducted in French, as two of our members were French, and we subscribed for a French periodical, "La Science Pour Tous." Among the subjects of our papers were "Bees," "Ants," "Spiders," "The Cactus," "Mushrooms," "Mosses," "Witch-hazel," and "An Eruption of Vesuvius," this last by one who had been an eye-witness of the eruption Several of the members were studying during the winter Morse's Zoölogy, which they found very interesting.

We succeeded in collecting and mounting from seventy to ninety insects, and in filling an herbarium. We made a collection of leaves also, which we varnished and pressed.

Our Chapter is now adjourned *sine die.* Three of the members are together abroad, one is dead, and the remaining two are in this country, but not together, so that no joint work can be done. A recent letter from one of the traveling members, dated from the Valley of Canterets, reports a collection of fifty insects from that region, and the butterfly-net in constant requisition.

Wishing long life to the Association, we remain, yours truly, Lake Forest Chapter, M. W. Plummer, Sec.

898, *Southport, Conn. (A).* Our Chapter is now about fourteen months old. We number at present ten members, and have a cabinet containing nearly two hundred interesting specimens. The cabinet itself is a small one and we are now trying to obtain a new and larger one. We are also starting a library. Among the specimens are: a clover book containing one, two, three, four, five, and six leaved clovers; a specimen of gold from Australia; tourmaline, jasper, and asbestos from Southport, and granite from Mount Agassiz.

There is a paper, published twice a month, and called the *Agassiz Naturalist.* We hold our meetings every month in one of the schoolrooms, where we have our cabinet and charter.

Every week a subject is given out, and the members write or read articles relating to it. The list includes such subjects as crows, coral, gold, sponge, clovers, etc.

I think the Chapter is doing better now than at any time since its founding.— Warren G. Waterman, Pres. and Sec.

EXCHANGES.

Minerals and Indian relics, for same. Please send list and receive ours in exchange.— C. S. Casebolt, Sec. 803, Wyandotte, Kansas.

Fossils, plants, land and fresh-water shells, for same. Correspondence desired.— Kemper Bennett, Cor. Sec., Chapter 834, Wyandotte, Kansas, (B).

Crinoid stems of Indiana, free to any member of the A. A. Geological reports of Indiana to exchange for specimens.—Ch. S. Beachler, Crawfordsville, Ind.

Minerals and a large collection of stamps, for botanical specimens. — R. D. Pope, 177 Congress street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Specimens of *lepidoptera* of N. Y. and N. J., for diversified exchange in same line.—Cæsar Leonhard, Carlstadt, Bergen Co., N. J.

Lepidoptera and a few *coleoptera*, for *lepidoptera* only. Send list.—Albert F. Winn, 1602 Catherine street, Montreal, P. Q.

We should be glad to exchange fossils, of which we have a large variety, for classified minerals, such as rock crystal, rose quartz, amethyst, chalcedony, jasper, opal, or would exchange for books and fossil fishes.— Mrs. F. L. Brown, Shortsville, N. Y.

Correspondence desired with members having well preserved insects to exchange Also minerals.— Frederick C. Barber, 449 W. 23d street, New York City.

CHAPTERS, NEW AND REORGANIZED.

No.	*Name.*	*No. of Members.*	*Address.*
81	Oxford, N. Y. (A)	4	Fred. Bartle.
984	Sycamore, Ill. (B)	12	Arthur Buell, Lock Box 123.
399	New York, N. Y. (I)	7	Mr. Thomas B. Swift, 1440 Lex. Av.
412	Montreal, P. Q. (B)	4	G. M. Edwards, Cote St. Antoine.
44	Chicago, (B)	10	Robert J. Kerr, 10 Bryan Pl.
43	DeKalb, Ill. (A)	12	Jay Lott Warren.
77	Wellsville, Pa. (A)	12	A. Dinsmore Belt.
54	Greensbury, N. Y. (A)	13	Thos. C. Edwards, Irvington-on-Hudson.
842	Elizabeth, N. J. (B)	7	Ellen R. Jones, 531 Madison Av.
70	Philadelphia, (J)	7	S. T. Harkness, 3409 Wallace St., W. Phila.
116	New York, N. Y. (D)	6	Francis J. Tucker, 147 W. 20.
426	La Porte, Ind. (B)	6	Percy L. Cole, Box 1203.
39	San Francisco, (A)	8	Willie Eckart, 2906 California St.
80	Mechanicsburg, O. (A)	20	Miss Alta R. Williams.
151	Brooklyn, N. Y. (C)	9	G. H. Backus, 38 Grace Court.
885	Blanchester, O (A)	7	Homer G. Curles.
606	Crawfordsville, Ind.,	4	Charles Beachler.
719	Phila. (A)		Joined Phila. (A), No. 8.

Secretaries of the first Century, (*i. e.*, Chapters 1–100) will please send in their annual reports by January 1.

All are cordially invited to join the Association. Address all communications to

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Pittsfield, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

EASY PICTORIAL PUZZLE. Shakspere. 1. All's Well that Ends Well. 2. Twelfth Night. 3. Cymbeline. 4. Measure for Measure. 5. Winter's Tale. 6. King Lear. 7. The Tempest. 8. Hamlet. 9. Much Ado About Nothing.

BEHEADINGS. Cohasset. 1. C-ream. 2. O-live. 3. H-aunt 4. A-lone. 5. S-lave. 6. S-hoot. 7. E-vent. 8. T-rail.

Pi.

Hurrah for Father Christmas!
Ring all the merry bells,
And bring the grandsires all around
To hear the tale he tells. ROSE TERRY COOKE.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Color. 2. Olive. 3. Linen. 4. Overt 5. Rents. II. 1. Pagan. 2. Alive. 3. Gibes. 4. Avert. 5. Nests. III. 1. Aware. 2. Wafer. 3. After. 4. Reeve. 5. Erred.

A BIRD-CAGE. Centrals, Partridge. Cross-words. 1. P. 2. jAy. 3. heRon. 4. kesTrel. 5. redgRouse. 6. pelIcan. 7. nodDies. 8. penGuin. 9. promErops.

REBUS. An overgrown, underbred, and overbearing boy in overalls undertook to investigate an overcoat, when an overworked but intent overseer happened to overlook his undertaking; and I understand that he was overpowered in the onset and underwent a strict inspection. The overseer did awe inspire, and the boy was overwhelmed between shame and fear, expecting to incur a few stripes, at least; but he was soon overjoyed to depart under promise of reform.

STAR PUZZLE. From 1 to 2, shingle; 1 to 3, spangle; 2 to 3, eroteme; 4 to 5, brigand; 4 to 6, bugloss; 5 to 6, digress.

CROWDED DIAMONDS. Left-hand Diamond: 1. 2. Cap. 3. Caret. 4. Maracan. 5. Pecan. 6. Tan. 7. N Right-hand Diamond: 1. C. 2. Tan. 3. Tuned. 4. Canteen. 5. Needy. 6. Dey. 7. N.

DOUBLE-ACROSTIC. I. Primals, warder; finals, dearth. Cross-words: 1. Wild. 2. Axle. 3. Rosa. 4. Doer. 5. Emit. 6. Rash. II. Primals, thread; finals, drawer. Cross-words: 1 Tend. 2. Hoar. 3. Roca. 4. Enow. 5. Ache. 6. Deer. III. Primals, reward; finals, hatred. Cross-words: 1. Rush. 2. Etna. 3. Wilt. 4. Aver. 5. Raze. 6. Deed.

PYRAMID. Across: 1. G. 2. Pas. 3. Corks. 4. Hornito 5. Bartering. 6. Timbertrees. DOWNWARD: 1. T. 2. Bi. 3. Ham. 4. Corb. 5. Porte. 6. Garner. 7. Skirt. 8. Stir. 9. One. 10. Ge. 11. S.

TRIPLE-ACROSTIC. I. Magic-lantern. Cross-words: 1. Moot-court. 2. Available. 3. Gormander. 4 Intention. II. Whittentrees. Cross-words: 1. Wealthier. 2. Housewife. 3. Incensive. 4. Taintless.

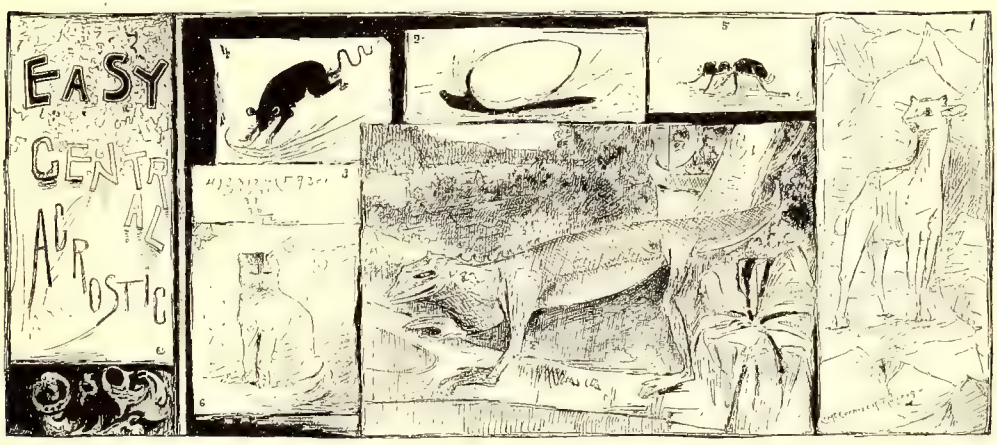
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Be merry all, be merry all,
With holly dress the festive hall;
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,
To welcome merry Christmas.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: In sending answers to puzzles, sign only your initials or use a short assumed name; but if you send a complete list of answers, you may sign your full name. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS, "Letter-Box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 20, from Paul Reese — Maud E. Palmer — "Tiny Puss, Mitz, and Muff" — F. W. Islip — Nellie and Reggie — "Shumway Hen and Chickens" — "Two Cousins" — "Topsy" — Katharine R. Wingate — Allison V. Robinson — C. Marion Edwards — "Judy and Elsy."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 20, from La Belle R., 1 — Pug, 1 — V. Lippincott, 1 — Don, 1 — "Donna Occidenta," 2 — Helen, 1 — M. L. B, 1 — W. Charles, 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 7 — Irene, 4 — "Professor & Co.," 8 — "Ben Zeene," 2 — Sadie Hecht, 1 — "Sally Lunn," and "Johnny Cake," 7 — Grace Seymour, 2 — Birdie Koehler, 7 — Grace E. Silsbee, 1 — Jo and I, 8 — Ida and Edith Swanwick, 4 — Mary P. Farr, 3 — Chester, 1 — C. S. S. and A. M. Y., 7 — "Taghconic," 3 — "Ono," 2 — L. M. B., 7 — Arthur and Bertie Knox, 8 — Jet, 5 — M. G. F. and M. L. G., 7 — "Original Puzzle Club," 5 — Lizzie A. R., 4 — Tommie and Katie, 6 — George M. Brown, 3 — L. A. R., 7 — Eugene Kell, 1 — "Poodle," 4.



EACH of the six small pictures may be described by a word of three letters. When these have been rightly guessed, and arranged one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the central letters will spell the name of the animal shown in the central picture.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A person of wild behavior. 2. To punish by a pecuniary penalty. 3. A stratagem. 4. A very fine, hair-like feather. 5. To agree. 6. Removed the outer covering. "IRONSIDES."

WORD BUILDING.

1. To within add to disembark and make remote from the sea. 2. To an exclamation of triumph add to eat and make a substance obtained from the ashes of sea-weeds. 3. To a mixed mass of type add to estimate and make a sea-robber. 4. To half an em add a band of iron, and make complete. 5. To a Latin word meaning a bone, add to collect spoil and make a long-winged eagle. 6. To the eleventh month of the Jewish civil year add Turkish governors, and make monasteries. 7. To a conjunction add a confederate and make in words, without writing. 8. To a preposition add to try and make to bear witness to. F. L. F.

NOVEL ARITHMETIC.

EXAMPLE: What number becomes even by subtracting one? Answer, S-even.

1. What number becomes heavy by adding one? 2. What number belongs to us by subtracting one? 3. What number increases ten-fold by adding one? 4. What number is elevated by adding one? 5. What number is finished by adding one? 6. What number becomes frequent by adding two? 7. What number becomes animal by adding two? M. A. H.

DOUBLE-LETTER ENIGMA.

TAKE one letter from each of the quoted words and make the name of ornamental cakes distributed among friends on the festival which comes on January 6th. The name by which the festival is called may also be found in the quoted words:

In the "settle" that old folks will charm;
In the "willows" that grow on the farm;
In the "presents" we had at New Year;
In the "yule-log" so full of good cheer;
In the "buffalo" on the broad plain;
In the "mottoes" we sigh for in vain;
In the "rush-light"—a thing of old days;
In the "candles" that all of us praise;
In the "pastimes" we're so loth to leave;
In the "stockings" we hung Christmas Eve;
In the "hearthstone" so spacious and wide;
In the "homestead" where loved ones abide.

GILBERT FOREST.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of one hundred and thirty-six letters, and am a stanza of eight short lines.

My 1-46-8 101-36-75 is a tree having slender, pliant branches. My 53-12-78-23-68-74-115-58-136-92 is one who is sent to spread religion. My 32-17-71-122-3 104-27-85-108 is a recital. My 125-21-64-120-6-131-99 is a shrub used in Great Britain for brooms. My 15-47-44-95-127-89-113-57 is to intrude. My 128-87-19-111-16-116-93-100 is consumption. My 134-25-126-63-60-118-30 is obliteration. My 31-72-29-56-107-62-80-42 is wealthy. My 51-82-98-45-76-[illegible] are themes. My 18-84-48-9-106-50-117-12-35 are concluding speeches. My 110-14-102-5-55-112-135-37 is relating to tragic acting. My 67-24-[illegible]-104-103-41-57 is belonging to this world. My 16-34-79-91-70 is a specter. My 86-121-52-130-92 is to meditate. My 66-96-22-77 is costly. My 88-69-133 is distorted. My 132-28-61-4-43-83 is deserving. My 13-2-94-26-81 is a piece of paper. My 46-124-73-33-20-129 is insignificant. My 105-54-7-97-114 is to interlace. My 16-119-11-49 is cut down.

F. S. F.

A PENTAGON.

.
. .
. .
. . . .
. . .
. .

ACROSS: 1. In ST. NICHOLAS. 2. Conducted. 3. The second mechanical power. 4. Many. 5. To deduce. 6. A bird. 7. To supply on condition of repayment.

This reads the same up and down as across.

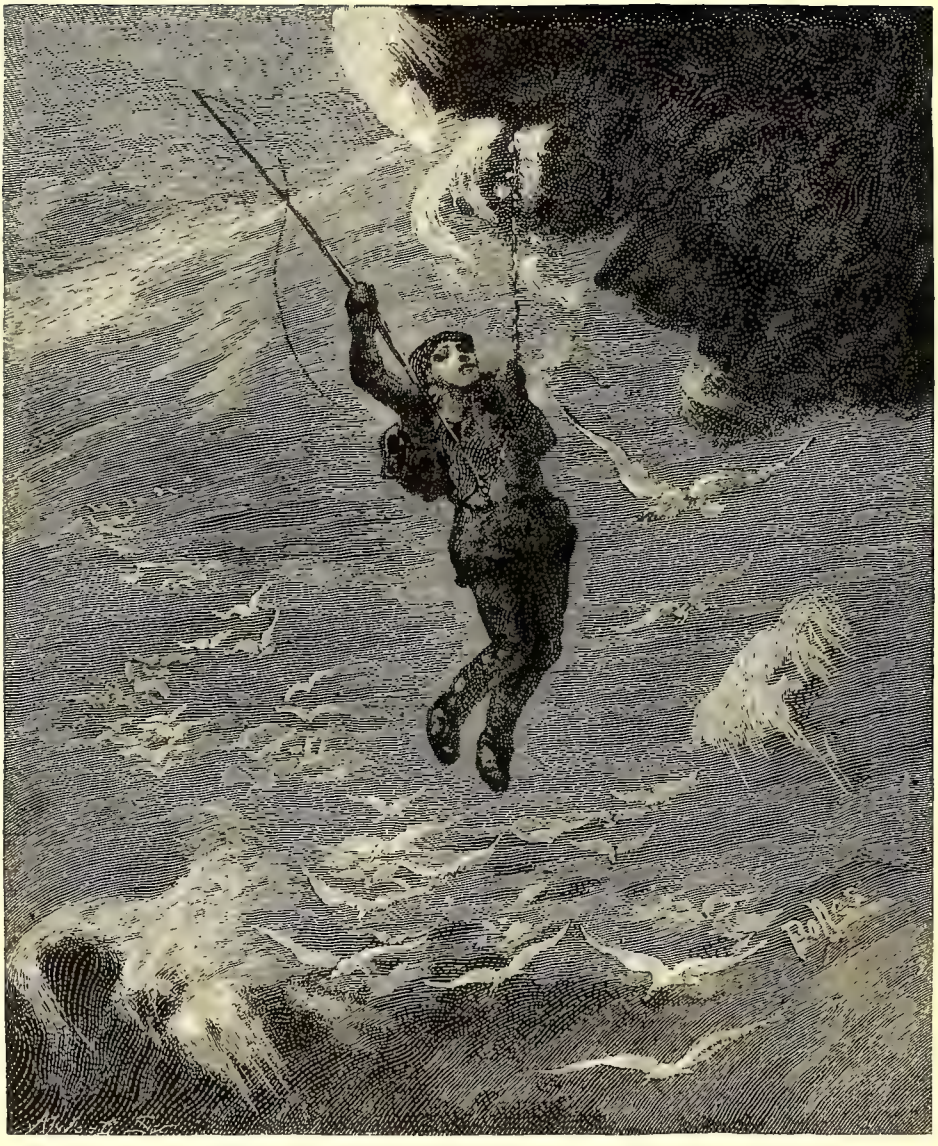
"L. LOS REGNI."



THE above one hundred squares contain the names of forty-five poets (both ancient and modern), which may be spelled out by what is known in chess as the "king's move." This, as all chess-players know, is one square at a time in any direction. The same square is not to be used twice in any one name. In sending answers, indicate the squares by their numbers, thus: Shakspere, 75–86–97–87–78–77–66–65–64. The names of forty-four other poets may be similarly spelled.

R. P. M.

A separate list of solvers of this puzzle will be printed. The names of those sending the longest lists will head the roll. Answers will be received until January 28.

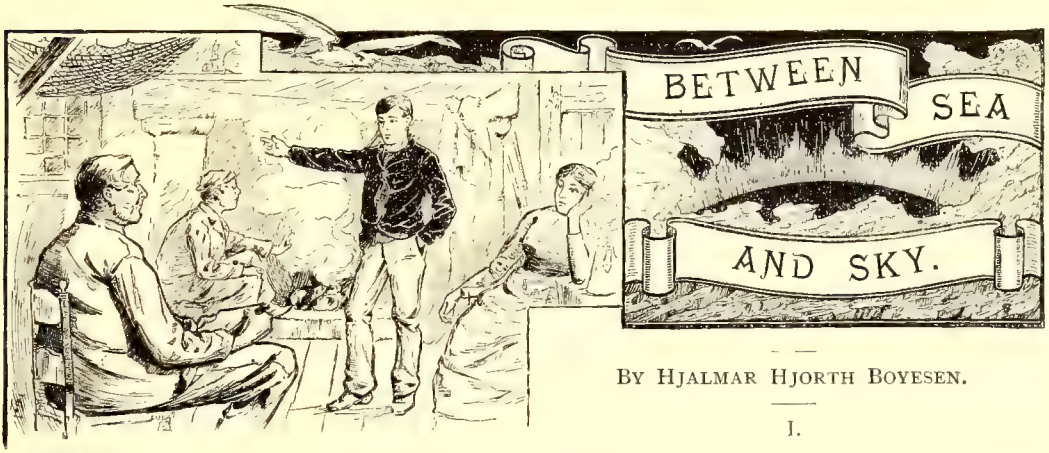


BETWEEN SEA AND SKY.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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I.

ICELAND is the most beautiful land the sun doth shine upon," said Sigurd Sigurdson to his two sons.

"How can you know that, Father," asked Thoralf, the elder of the two boys, "when you have never been anywhere else?"

"I know it in my heart," said Sigurd devoutly.

"It is, after all, a matter of taste," observed the son. "I think, if I were hard pressed, I might be induced to put up with some other country."

"You ought to blush with shame," his father rejoined warmly. "You do not deserve the name of an Icelander, when you fail to see how you have been blessed in having been born in so beautiful a country."

"I wish it were less beautiful and had more things to eat in it," muttered Thoralf. "Salted codfish, I have no doubt, is good for the soul, but it rests very heavily on the stomach, especially when you eat it three times a day."

"You ought to thank God that you have codfish, and are not a naked savage on some South Sea isle, who feeds like an animal on the herbs of the earth."

"But I like codfish much better than smoked puffin," remarked Jens, the younger brother, who was carving a pipe-bowl. "Smoked puffin always makes me sea-sick. It tastes like cod liver oil."

Sigurd smiled, and, patting the younger boy on the head, entered the cottage.

"You should n't talk so to Father, Thoralf," said Jens, with superior dignity; for his father's caress made him proud and happy. "Father works so hard, and he does not like to see any one discontented."

"That is just it," replied the elder brother; "he works so hard, and yet barely manages to keep the wolf from the door. That is what makes me impatient with the country. If he worked so hard in any other country he would live in abundance, and in America he would become a rich man."

This conversation took place one day, late in the autumn, outside of a fisherman's cottage on the northwestern coast of Iceland. The wind was blowing a gale down from the very ice-en-

girdled pole, and it required a very genial temper to keep one from getting blue. The ocean, which was but a few hundred feet distant, roared like an angry beast, and shook its white mane of spray, flinging it up against the black clouds. With every fresh gust of wind, a shower of salt water would fly hissing through the air and whirl about the chimney-top, which was white on the windward side from dried deposits of brine. On the turf-thatched roof big pieces of driftwood, weighted down with stones, were laid lengthwise and crosswise, and along the walls fishing-nets hung in festoons from wooden pegs. Even the low door was draped, as with decorative intent, with the folds of a great drag-net, the clumsy cork-floats of which often dashed into the faces of those who attempted to enter. Under a driftwood shed which projected from the northern wall was seen a pile of peat, cut into square blocks, and a quantity of the same useful material might be observed down at the beach, in a boat which the boys had been unloading when the storm blew up. Trees no longer grow in the island, except the crippled and twisted dwarf-birch, which creeps along the ground like a snake, and, if it ever dares lift its head, rarely grows more than four or six feet high. In the olden time, which is described in the so-called sagas of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, Iceland had very considerable forests of birch and probably also of pine. But they were cut down; and the climate has gradually been growing colder, until now even the hardiest tree, if it be induced to strike root in a sheltered place, never reaches maturity. The Icelanders therefore burn peat, and use for building their houses driftwood, which is carried to them by the Gulf Stream from Cuba and the other well-wooded isles along the Mexican Gulf.

"If it keeps blowing like this," said Thoralf, fixing his weather eye on the black horizon, "we shan't be able to go a-fishing; and Mother says the larder is very nearly empty."

"I wish it would blow down an Englishman or something on us," remarked the younger brother; "Englishmen always have such lots of money, and they are willing to pay for everything they look at."

"While you are a-wishing, why don't you wish for an American? Americans have mountains and mountains of money, and they don't mind a bit what they do with it. That 's the reason I should like to be an American."

"Yes, let us wish for an American or two to make us comfortable for the winter. But I am afraid it is too late in the season to expect foreigners.

The two boys chatted together in this strain, each working at some piece of wood-carving which he expected to sell to some foreign traveler. Thoralf was sixteen years old, tall of growth, but round-shouldered, from being obliged to work when he was too young. He was rather a handsome lad, though his features were square and weather-beaten, and he looked prematurely old. Jens, the younger boy, was fourteen years old, and was his mother's darling. For even up under the North Pole mothers love their children tenderly, and sometimes they love one a little more than another; that is, of course, the merest wee bit of a fraction of a trifle more. Icelandic mothers are so constituted that when one child is a little weaker and sicklier than the rest, and thus seems to be more in need of petting, they are apt to love their little weakling above all their other children, and to lavish the tenderest care upon that one. It was because little Jens had so narrow a chest, and looked so small and slender by the side of his robust brother, that his mother always singled him out for favors and caresses.

II.

ALL night long the storm danced wildly about the cottage, rattling the windows, shaking the walls, and making fierce assaults upon the door, as if it meant to burst in. Sometimes it bellowed hoarsely down the chimney, and whirled the ashes on the hearth, like a gray snowdrift, through the room. The fire had been put out, of course; but the dancing ashes kept up a fitful patter, like that of a pelting rainstorm, against the walls; they even penetrated into the sleeping alcoves and powdered the heads of their occupants. For in Iceland it is only well-to-do people who can afford to have separate sleeping-rooms; ordinary folk sleep in little closed alcoves, along the walls of the sitting-room; masters and servants, parents and children, guests and wayfarers, all retiring at night into square little holes in the walls, where they undress behind sliding trapdoors which may be opened again, when the lights have been put out, and the supply of air threatens to become exhausted. It was in a little closet of this sort that Thoralf and Jens were lying, listening to the roar of the storm. Thoralf dozed off occasionally, and tried gently to extricate himself from his frightened brother's embrace; but Jens lay with wide-open eyes, staring into the dark, and now and then sliding the trapdoor aside and peeping out, until a blinding shower of ashes would again compel him to slip his head under the sheepskin coverlet. When at last he summoned courage to peep out, he could not help shuddering. It was terribly cheerless and desolate. And all the time, his father's words

kept ringing ironically in his ears: "Iceland is the most beautiful land the sun doth shine upon." For the first time in his life he began to question whether his father might not possibly be mistaken, or, perhaps, blinded by his love for his country. But the boy immediately repented of this doubt, and, as if to convince himself in spite of everything, kept repeating the patriotic motto to himself until he fell asleep.

It was yet pitch dark in the room, when he was awakened by his father, who stood stooping over him.

"Sleep on, child," said Sigurd; "it was your brother I wanted to wake up, not you."

"What is the matter, Father? What has happened?" cried Jens, rising up in bed, and rubbing the ashes from the corners of his eyes.

"We are snowed up," said the father quietly. "It is already nine o'clock, I should judge, or thereabouts, but not a ray of light comes through the windows. I want Thoralf to help me open the door."

Thoralf was by this time awake, and finished his primitive toilet with much dispatch. The darkness, the damp cold, and the unopened window-shutters impressed him ominously. He felt as if some calamity had happened or were about to happen. Sigurd lighted a piece of driftwood and stuck it into a crevice in the wall. The storm seemed to have ceased: a strange, tomb-like silence prevailed without and within. On the low hearth lay a small snowdrift which sparkled with a starlike glitter in the light.

"Bring the snow-shovels, Thoralf," said Sigurd. "Be quick; lose no time."

"They are in the shed outside," answered Thoralf.

"That is very unlucky," said the father; "now we shall have to use our fists."

The door opened outward, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that father and son succeeded in pushing it ajar. The storm had driven the snow with such force against it that their efforts seemed scarcely to make any impression upon the dense white wall which rose up before them.

"This is of no earthly use, Father," said the boy; "it is a day's job at the very least. Let me rather try the chimney."

"But you might stick in the snow and perish," objected the father anxiously.

"Weeds don't perish so easily," said Thoralf.

"Stand up on the hearth, Father, and I will climb up on your shoulders," urged the boy.

Sigurd half reluctantly complied with his son's request, who crawled up his father's back, and soon planted his feet on the paternal shoulders. He pulled his knitted woolen cap over his eyes and ears so as to protect them from the drizzling soot which descended in intermittent showers. Then, groping with his toes for a little projection of the wall, he gained a securer foothold, and, pushing boldly on, soon thrust his sooty head through the snow-crust. A chorus as of a thousand howling wolves burst upon his bewildered sense; the storm raged, shrieked, roared, and nearly swept him off his feet. Its biting breath smote his face like a sharp whip-lash.

"Give me my sheepskin coat," he cried down into the cottage; "the wind chills me to the bone."

The sheepskin coat was handed to him on the end of a pole, and seated upon the edge of the chimney, he pulled it on and buttoned it securely. Then he rolled up the edges of his cap in front and cautiously exposed his eyes and the tip of his nose. It was not a pleasant experiment, but one dictated by necessity. As far as he could see, the world was white with snow, which the storm whirled madly around, and swept now earthward, now heavenward. Great funnel-shaped columns of snow danced up the hillsides and vanished against the black horizon. The prospect before the boy was by no means inviting, but he had been accustomed to battle with dangers since his earliest childhood, and he was not easily dismayed. With much deliberation, he climbed over the edge of the chimney, and rolled down the slope of the roof in the direction of the shed. He might have rolled a great deal farther, if he had not taken the precaution to roll against the wind. When he had made sure that he was in the right locality, he checked himself by spreading his legs and arms; then, judging by the outline of the snow where the door of the shed was, he crept along the edge of the roof on the leeward side. He looked more like a small polar bear than a boy, covered, as he was, with snow from head to foot. He was prepared for a laborious descent, and raising himself up he jumped with all his might, hoping that his weight would carry him a couple of feet down. To his utmost astonishment he accomplished considerably more. The snow yielded under his feet as if it had been eider-down, and he tumbled headlong into a white cave right at the entrance to the shed. The storm, while it had packed the snow on the windward side, had naturally scattered it very loosely on the leeward, which left a considerable space unfilled under the projecting eaves.

Thoralf picked himself up and entered the shed without difficulty. He made up a large bundle of peat, which he put into a basket which could be carried, by means of straps, upon the back. With a snow-shovel he then proceeded to dig a tunnel to the nearest window. This was not a very hard task, as the distance was not great. The window

was opened and the basket of peat, a couple of shovels, and two pairs of skees* (to be used in case of emergency) were handed in. Thoralf himself, who was hungry as a wolf, made haste to avail himself of the same entrance. And it occurred to him as a happy afterthought that he might have saved himself much trouble if he had selected the window instead of the chimney, when he sallied forth on his expedition. He had erroneously taken it for granted that the snow would be packed as hard everywhere as it was at the front door. The mother, who had been spending this exciting half-hour in keeping little Jens warm, now lighted a fire and made coffee; and Thoralf needed no coaxing to do justice to his breakfast, even though it had, like everything else in Iceland, a flavor of salted fish.



"HE CLIMBED OVER THE EDGE OF THE CHIMNEY."

III.

FIVE days had passed, and still the storm raged with unabated fury. The access to the ocean was cut off, and, with that, access to food. Already the last handful of flour had been made into bread, and of the dried cod which hung in rows under the ceiling only one small and skinny specimen remained. The father and the mother sat with mournful faces at the hearth, the former reading in his hymn-book, the latter stroking the hair of her youngest boy. Thoralf, who was carving at his everlasting pipe-bowl (a corpulent and short-legged Turk with an enormous mustache), looked up suddenly from his work and glanced questioningly at his father.

"Father," he said abruptly, "how would you like to starve to death?"

"God will preserve us from that, my son," answered the father devoutly.

"Not unless we try to preserve ourselves," retorted the boy earnestly. "We can't tell how long this storm is going to last, and it is better for us to start out in search of food now, while we are yet strong, than to wait until later, when, as likely as not, we shall be weakened by hunger."

"But what would you have me do, Thoralf?" asked the father sadly. "To venture out on the ocean in this weather would be certain death."

"True: but we can reach the Pope's Nose on our skees, and there we might snare or shoot some auks and gulls. Though I am not partial to that kind of diet myself, it is always preferable to starvation."

*Skees are a kind of snowshoe, four to six feet long, bent upward in front, with a band to attach it to the foot in the middle.

"Wait, my son, wait," said Sigurd earnestly. "We have food enough for to-day, and by to-morrow the storm will have ceased, and we may go fishing without endangering our lives."

"As you wish, Father," the son replied, a trifle hurt at his father's unresponsive manner; "but if you will take a look out of the chimney, you will find that it looks black enough to storm for another week."

The father, instead of accepting this suggestion, went quietly to his book-case, took out a copy of Livy, in Latin, and sat down to read. Occasionally he looked up a word in the lexicon (which he had borrowed from the public library at Reykjavik), but read nevertheless with apparent fluency and pleasure. Though he was a fisherman, he was also a scholar, and during the long winter evenings he had taught himself Latin and even a smattering of Greek.* In Iceland the people have to spend their evenings at home; and especially since their millennial celebration in 1876, when American scholars † presented the people with a large library, books are their unfailing resource. In the case of Sigurd Sigurdson, however, books had become a kind of dissipation, and he had to be weaned gradually of his predilection for Homer and Livy. His oldest son especially looked upon Latin and Greek as a vicious indulgence, which no man with a family could afford to foster. Many a day when Sigurd ought to have been out in his boat casting his nets, he staid at home reading. And this, in Thoralf's opinion, was the chief reason why they would always remain poor and run the risk of starvation, whenever a stretch of bad weather prevented them from going to sea.

The next morning — the sixth since the breaking of the storm — Thoralf climbed up to his post of observation on the chimney top, and saw, to his dismay, that his prediction was correct. It had ceased snowing, but the wind was blowing as fiercely as ever, and the cold was intense.

"Will you follow me, Father, or will you not?" he asked, when he had accomplished his descent into the room. "Our last fish is now eaten, and our last loaf of bread will soon follow suit."

"I will go with you, my son," answered Sigurd, putting down his Livy reluctantly. He had just been reading for the hundredth time about the expulsion of the Tarquins from Rome, and his blood was aglow with sympathy and enthusiasm.

"Here is your coat, Sigurd," said his wife, holding up the great sheepskin garment, and assisting him in putting it on.

"And here are your skees and your mittens and your cap," cried Thoralf, eager to seize the moment when his father was in the mood for action.

Muffled up like Eskimos to their very eyes, armed with bows and arrows and long poles with nooses of horse-hair at the ends, they sallied forth on their skees. The wind blew straight into their faces, forcing their breaths down their throats and compelling them to tack in zigzag lines like ships in a gale. The promontory called "The Pope's Nose" was about a mile distant; but in spite of their knowledge of the land, they went twice astray, and had to lie down in the snow, every now and then, so as to draw breath and warm the exposed portions of their faces. At the end of nearly two hours, they found themselves at their destination, but to their unutterable astonishment, the ocean seemed to have vanished, and as far as their eyes could reach, a vast field of packed ice loomed up against the sky in fantastic bastions, turrets, and spires. The storm had driven down this enormous arctic wilderness from the frozen precincts of the pole; and now they were blockaded on all sides, and cut off from all intercourse with humanity.

"We are lost, Thoralf," muttered his father, after having gazed for some time in speechless despair at the towering icebergs; "we might just as well have remained at home."

"The wind, which has blown the ice down upon us, can blow it away again too," replied the son with forced cheerfulness.

"I see no living thing here," said Sigurd, spying anxiously seaward.

"Nor do I," rejoined Thoralf; "but if we hunt, we shall. I have brought a rope, and I am going to pay a little visit to those auks and gulls that must be hiding in the sheltered nooks of the rocks."

"Are you mad, boy?" cried the father in alarm. "I will never permit it!"

"There is no help for it, Father," said the boy resolutely. "Here, you take hold of one end of the rope; the other I will secure about my waist. Now, get a good strong hold, and brace your feet against the rock there."

Sigurd, after some remonstrance, yielded, as was his wont, to his son's resolution and courage. Stepping off his skees, which he stuck endwise into the snow, and burrowing his feet down until they reached the solid rock, he tied the rope around his waist and twisted it about his hands, and at last, with quaking heart, gave the signal for the perilous enterprise. The promontory, which rose ab-

* Lord Dufferin tells, in his "Letters from High Latitudes," how the Icelandic pilots conversed with him in Latin, and other travelers have many similar tales to relate.

† Prof. Willard Fiske, of Cornell University, was instrumental in collecting in the United States a library of several thousand volumes, which he presented to the Icelanders on the one thousandth birthday of their nation.

ruptly to a height of two or three hundred feet from the sea, presented a jagged wall full of nooks and crevices glazed with frozen snow on the windward side, but black and partly bare to leeward.

"Now, let go!" shouted Thoralf; "and stop when I give a slight pull at the rope."

"All right," replied his father.

And slowly, slowly, hovering in mid-air, now yielding to an irresistible impulse of dread, now brave, cautious, and confident, Thoralf descended the cliff, which no human foot had ever trod before. He held in his hand the pole with the horse-hair noose, and over his shoulder hung a foxskin hunting-bag. With alert, wide-open eyes he spied about him, exploring every cranny of the rock, and thrusting his pole into the holes where he suspected the birds might have taken refuge. Sometimes a gust of wind would have flung him violently against the jagged wall if he had not, by means of his pole, warded off the collision. At last he caught sight of a bare ledge, where he might gain a secure foothold; for the rope cut him terribly about the waist, and made him anxious to relieve the strain, if only for a moment. He gave the signal to his father, and by the aid of his pole swung himself over to the projecting ledge. It was uncomfortably narrow, and, what was worse, the remnants of a dozen auk's nests had made the place extremely slippery. Nevertheless, he seated himself, allowing his feet to dangle, and gazed out upon the vast ocean, which looked in its icy grandeur like a forest of shining towers and minarets. It struck him for the first time in his life that perhaps his father was right in his belief that Iceland was the fairest land the sun doth shine upon; but he could not help reflecting that it was a very unprofitable kind of beauty. The storm whistled and howled overhead, but under the lee of the sheltering rock it blew only in fitful gusts with intermissions of comparative calm. He knew that in fair weather this was the haunt of innumerable seabirds, and he concluded that even now they could not be far away. He pulled up his legs, and crept carefully on hands and feet along the slippery ledge, peering intently into every nook and crevice. His eyes, which had been half-blinded by the glare of the snow, gradually recovered their power of vision. There! What was that? Something seemed to move on the ledge below. Yes, there sat a long row of auks, some erect as soldiers, as if determined to face it out; others huddled together in clusters, and comically woe-begone. Quite a number lay dead at the base of the rock, whether from starvation or as the victims of fierce fights for the possession of the sheltered ledges could scarcely be determined. Thoralf, delighted at the sight of anything eatable (even though it was poor eating), gently lowered the end of his pole, slipped the noose about the neck of a large, military-looking fellow, and, with a quick pull, swung him out over the ice-field. The auk gave a few ineffectual flaps with his useless wings,* and expired. His picking off apparently occasioned no comment whatever in his family, for his comrades never uttered a sound nor stirred an inch, except to take possession of the place he had vacated. Number two met his fate with the same listless resignation; and numbers three, four, and five were likewise removed in the same noiseless manner, without impressing their neighbors with the fact that their turn might come next. The birds were half-benumbed with hunger, and their usually alert senses were drowsy and stupefied. Nevertheless, number six, when it felt the noose about its neck, raised a hubbub that suddenly aroused the whole colony, and, with a chorus of wild screams, the birds flung themselves down the cliffs or, in their bewilderment, dashed headlong down upon the ice, where they lay half stunned or helplessly sprawling. So through all the caves and hiding-places of the promontory the commotion spread, and the noise of screams and confused chatter mingled with the storm and filled the vault of the sky. In an instant, a great flock of gulls was on the wing, and circled with resentful shrieks about the head of the daring intruder who had disturbed their wintry peace. The wind whirled them about, but they still held their own, and almost brushed with their wings against his face, while he struck out at them with his pole. He had no intention of catching them; but, by chance, a huge burgomaster gull* got its foot into the noose. It made an ineffectual attempt to disentangle itself, then, with piercing screams, flapped its great wings, beating the air desperately. Thoralf, having packed three birds into his hunting-bag, tied the three others together by the legs, and flung them across his shoulders. Then, gradually trusting his weight to the rope, he slid off the rock, and was about to give his father the signal to hoist him up. But, greatly to his astonishment, his living captive, by the power of its mighty wings, pulling at the end of the pole, swung him considerably farther into space than he had calculated. He would have liked to let go both the gull and the pole, but he perceived instantly that if he did, he would, by the mere force of his weight, be flung back against the rocky wall. He did not dare take that risk, as the blow might be hard

* The auk can not fly well, but uses its wings for swimming and diving.

* The burgomaster gull is the largest of all gulls. It is thirty inches long, exclusive of its tail, and its wings have a span of five feet.

enough to stun him. A strange, tingling sensation shot through his nerves, and the blood throbbed with a surging sound in his ears. There he hung suspended in mid-air, over a terrible precipice — and a hundred feet below was the jagged ice-field with its sharp, fiercely-shining steeples! With a powerful effort of will, he collected his senses, clenched his teeth, and strove to think clearly. The gull whirled wildly eastward and westward, and he swayed with its every motion like a living pendulum between sea and sky. He began to grow dizzy, but again his powerful will came to his rescue, and he gazed resolutely up against the brow of the precipice and down upon the projecting ledges below, in order to accustom his eye and his mind to the sight. By a strong effort he succeeded in giving a pull at the rope, and expected to feel himself raised upward by his father's strong arms. But to his amazement, there came no response to his signal. He repeated it once, twice, thrice; there was a slight tugging at the rope, but no upward movement. Then the brave lad's heart stood still, and his courage well-nigh failed him.

"Father!" he cried, with a hoarse voice of despair; "why don't you pull me up?"

His cry was lost in the roar of the wind, and there came no answer. Taking hold once more of the rope with one hand, he considered the possibility of climbing; but the miserable gull, seeming every moment to redouble its efforts at escape, deprived him of the use of his hands unless he chose to dash out his brains by collision with the rock. Something like a husky, choked scream seemed to float down from above, and staring again upward, he saw his father's head projecting over the brink of the precipice.

"The rope will break," screamed Sigurd. "I have tied it to the rock."

Thoralf instantly took in the situation. By the swinging motion, occasioned both by the wind and his fight with the gull, the rope had become frayed against the sharp edge of the cliff, and his chances of life, he coolly concluded, were now not worth a sixpence. Curiously enough, his agitation suddenly left him, and a great calm came over him. He seemed to stand face to face with eternity; and as nothing else that he could do was of any avail, he could at least steel his heart to meet death like a man and an Icelander.

"I am trying to get hold of the rope below the place where it is frayed," he heard his father shout during a momentary lull in the storm.

"Don't try," answered the boy; "you can't do it, alone. Rather, let me down on the lower ledge, and let me sit there until you can go and get some one to help you."

His father, accustomed to take his son's advice, reluctantly lowered him ten or twenty feet until he was on a level with the shelving ledge below, which was broader than the one upon which he had first gained foothold. But — oh, the misery of it! — the ledge did not project far enough! He could not reach it with his feet! The rope, of which only a few strands remained, might break at any moment and — he dared not think what would be the result! He had scarcely had time to consider, when a brilliant device shot through his brain. With a sudden thrust he flung away the pole, and the impetus of his weight sent him inward with such force that he landed securely upon the broad shelf of rock.

The gull, surprised by the sudden weight of the pole, made a somersault, strove to rise again, and tumbled, with the pole still depending from its leg, down upon the ice-field.

It was well that Thoralf was warmly clad, or he could never have endured the terrible hours while he sat through the long afternoon, hearing the moaning and shrieking of the wind and seeing the darkness close about him. The storm was chilling him with its fierce breath. One of the birds he tied about his throat as a sort of scarf, using the feet and neck for making the knot, and the dense, downy feathers sent a glow of comfort through him, in spite of his consciousness that every hour might be his last. If he could only keep awake through the night, the chances were that he would survive to greet the morning. He hit upon an ingenious plan for accomplishing this purpose. He opened the bill of the auk which warmed his neck, cut off the lower mandible, and placed the upper one (which was as sharp as a knife) so that it would inevitably cut his chin in case he should nod. He leaned against the rock and thought of his mother and the warm, comfortable chimney-corner at home. The wind probably resented this thought, for it suddenly sent a biting gust right into Thoralf's face, and he buried his nose in the downy breast of the auks until the pain had subsided. The darkness had now settled upon sea and land; only here and there white steeples loomed out of the gloom. Thoralf, simply to occupy his thought, began to count them. But all of a sudden one of the steeples seemed to move, then another — and another.

The boy feared that the long strain of excitement was depriving him of his reason. The wind, too, after a few wild arctic howls, acquired a warmer breath and a gentler sound. It could not be possible that he was dreaming. For in that case he would soon be dead. Perhaps he was dead already, and was drifting through this strange icy vista to a better world. All these imaginings flit-

ted through his mind, and were again dismissed as improbable. He scratched his face with the foot of an auk in order to convince himself that he was really awake. Yes, there could be no doubt of it; he was wide awake. Accordingly he once more fixed his eyes upon the ghostly steeples and towers, and — it sent cold shudders down his back — they were still moving. Then there came a fusilade as of heavy artillery, followed by a salvo of lighter musketry; then came a fierce grinding, and cracking, and creaking sound, as if the whole ocean were of glass and were breaking to pieces. "What," thought Thoralf, "if the ice is breaking to pieces!" In an instant, the explanation of the whole spectral panorama was clear as the day. The wind had veered round to the south-east, and the whole enormous ice-floe was being driven out to sea. For several hours — he could not tell how many — he sat watching this superb spectacle by the pale light of the aurora borealis, which toward midnight began to flicker across the sky and illuminated the northern horizon. He found the sight so interesting that for a while he forgot to be sleepy. But toward morning, when the aurora began to fade and the clouds to cover the east, a terrible weariness was irresistibly stealing over him. He could see glimpses of the black water beneath him: and the shining spires of ice were vanishing in the dusk, drifting rapidly away upon the arctic currents with death and disaster to ships and crews that might happen to cross their paths.

It was terrible at what a snail's pace the hours crept along! It seemed to Thoralf as if a week had passed since his father left him. He pinched himself in order to keep awake, but it was of no use; his eyelids would slowly droop and his head would incline — horrors! what was that? Oh, he had forgotten; it was the sharp mandible of the auk that cut his chin. He put his hand up to it, and felt something warm and clammy on his fingers. He was bleeding. It took Thoralf several minutes to stay the blood — the wound was deeper than he had bargained for; but it occupied him and kept him awake, which was of vital importance.

At last, after a long and desperate struggle with drowsiness, he saw the dawn break faintly in the east. It was a mere feeble promise of light, a remote suggestion that there was such a thing as day. But to the boy, worn out by the terrible strain of death and danger staring him in the face, it was a glorious assurance that rescue was at hand. The tears came into his eyes — not tears of weakness, but tears of gratitude that the terrible trial had been endured. Gradually the light spread like a pale, grayish veil over the eastern sky, and the ocean caught faint reflections of the presence of the unseen sun. The wind was mild, and thousands of birds that had been imprisoned by the ice in the crevices of the rocks whirled triumphantly into the air and plunged with wild screams into the tide below. It was hard to imagine where they all had been, for the air seemed alive with them, the cliffs teemed with them; and they fought, and shrieked, and chattered, like a howling mob in times of famine. It was owing to this unearthly tumult that Thoralf did not hear the voice which called to him from the top of the cliff. His senses were half-dazed by the

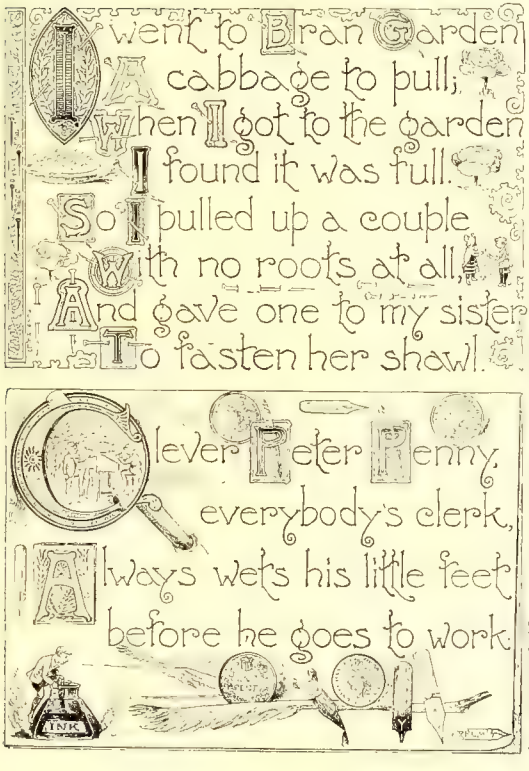


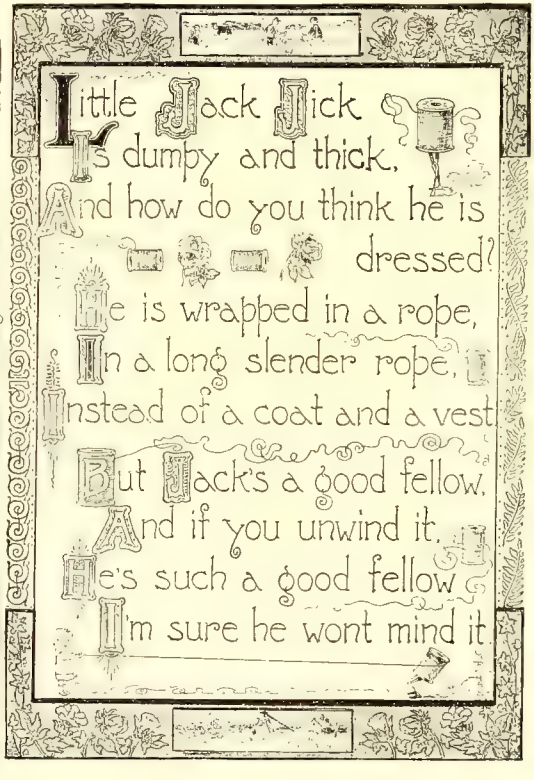
"A STOUT ROPE WAS DANGLING IN MID-AIR AND SLOWLY APPROACHING HIM."

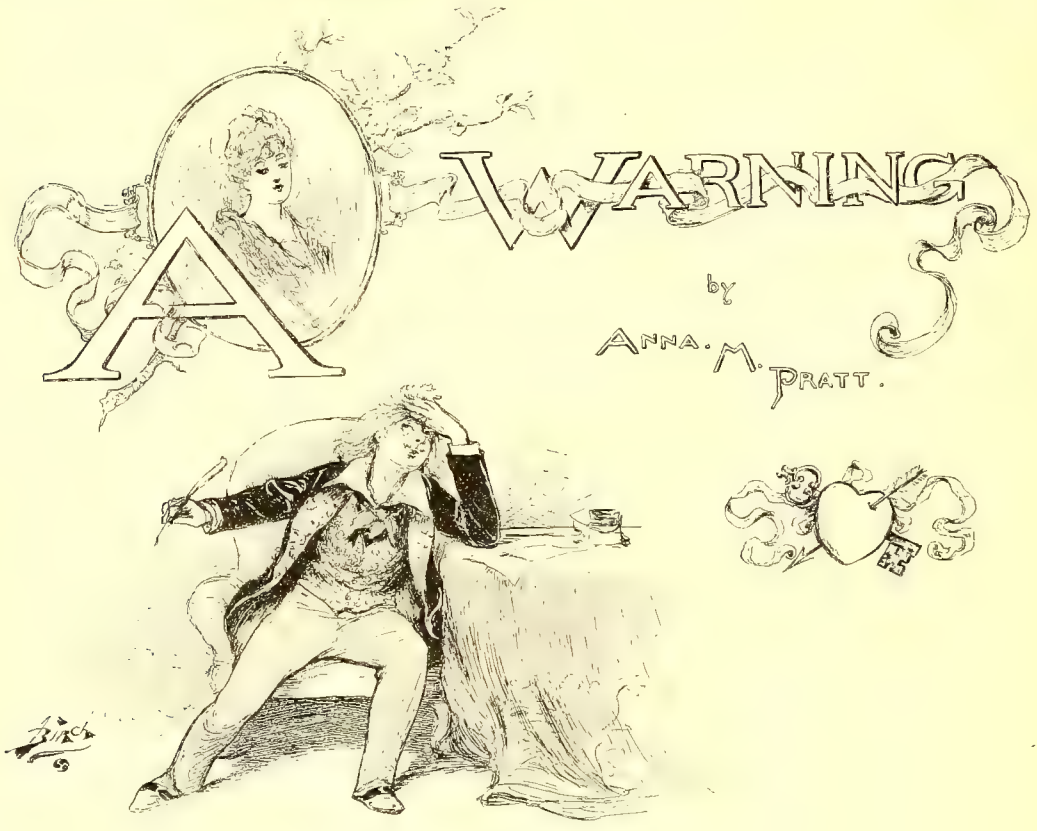
noise and by the sudden relief from the excitement of the night. Then there came two voices floating down to him — then quite a chorus. He tried to look up, but the beetling brow of the rock prevented him from seeing anything but a stout rope, which was dangling in mid-air and slowly approaching him. With all the power of his lungs he responded to the call; and there came a wild cheer from above — a cheer full of triumph and joy. He recognized the voices of Hunding's sons, who lived on the other side of the promontory; and he knew that even without their father they were strong enough to pull up a man three times his weight. The difficulty now was only to get hold of the rope, which hung too far out for his hands to reach it.

"Shake the rope hard," he called up; and immediately the rope was shaken into serpentine undulations; and after a few vain efforts, he succeeded in catching hold of the knot. To secure the rope about his waist and to give the signal for the ascent was but a moment's work. They hauled vigorously, those sons of Hunding — for he rose, up, along the black walls — up - up — up — with no uncertain motion. At last, when he was at the very brink of the precipice, he saw his father's pale and anxious face leaning out over the abyss. But there was another face too! Whose could it be? It was a woman's face. It was his mother's. Somebody swung him out into space; a strange, delicious dizziness came over him; his eyes were blinded with tears; he did not know where he was. He only knew that he was inexpressibly happy. There came a tremendous cheer from somewhere,— for Icelanders know how to cheer,— but it penetrated but faintly through his bewildered senses. Something cold touched his forehead; it seemed to be snow; then warm drops fell, which were tears. He opened his eyes; he was in his mother's arms. Little Jens was crying over him and kissing him. His father and Hunding's sons were standing with folded arms, gazing joyously at him.

ANSWERED RIDDLE JINGLES.







MR. ZERUBBABEL SMYTH DE KLYN
Resolved he would write a valentine
To a maiden he thought both fair and fine.

"I 'll write it in flowing verse," quoth he;
"Her heart is like ice, but 't will melt for me,
When I vow that I write on my bended knee."

He took paper and ink and a new stub pen,
And to quicken his fancy he counted ten,
While he made a few flourishes now and then.

He rolled up his eyes and wrote, "Evermore";
Arose and said, as he walked the floor,
"Methinks that with motion my mind will soar."

Then he thought, "To excitement I seem inclined;
I 'd better sit down to calm my mind,"
And he whistled for thought as do sailors for wind.

He patted his brow and he petted his chin,
With a pensive smile that resembled a grin;
He was sure that now he 'd begun to begin.

He heaved a sigh and scribbled, "My lass";
Then mournfully went to watch in the glass
His feelings over his features pass.

He could hear the rat-tat-tat of his heart,
And almost the thoughts he wished to impart.
"If I only," said he, "could get a good start!"

For inspiration he tore his hair
And gazed at the ceiling, but naught was there.
He groaned, "Can this calm be the calm of despair?"

Thus he wore the hours of the night away,
But he wrote not a line for Saint Valentine's day —
For, you see,—— he had nothing at all to say.

To the maiden he thought so fair and fine,
The post brought many a valentine,
But never a word from Z. S. De Klyn.



WIZARD FROST.

By Frank Dempster Sherman.

Wondrous things have come to pass
On my square of window-glass:
Looking in it I have seen
Grass no longer painted green,—
Trees whose branches never stir,—
Skies without a cloud to blur,—
Birds below them sailing high,—
Church-spires pointing to the sky,
And a funny little town
Where the people, up and down
Streets of silver, to me seem
Like the people in a dream,
Dressed in finest kinds of lace;
'T is a picture, on a space
Scarcely larger than the hand,
Of a tiny Switzerland,
Which the wizard Frost has drawn
'Twixt the nightfall and the dawn;
Quick, and see what he has done,
Ere 't is stolen by the sun!



A GOOD DAY FOR SKATING.

THE STORY OF PRINCE FAIRYFOOT.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

PART III.

"WHAT pool—and what red berries?" asked the second nightingale.

"Why, my dear," said the first, "is it possible you don't know about the pool where the red berries grow—the pool where the poor, dear Princess Goldenhair met with her misfortune?"

"Never heard of it," said the second nightingale rather crossly.

"Well," explained the other, "you have to follow the brook for a day and three-quarters and then take all the paths to the left until you come to the pool. It is very ugly and muddy, and bushes with red berries on them grow around it."

"Well, what of that?" said her companion; "and what happened to the Princess Goldenhair?"

"Don't you know that, either?" exclaimed her friend.

"No."

"Ah!" said the first nightingale, "it was very sad. She went out with her father, the King, who had a hunting party; and she lost her way and wandered on until she came to the pool. Her poor little feet were so hot that she took off her gold-embroidered satin slippers, and put them into the water,—her feet, not the slippers,—and the next minute they began to grow and grow, and to get larger and larger, until they were so immense she could hardly walk at all; and though all the physicians in the kingdom have tried to make them smaller, nothing can be done, and she is perfectly unhappy."

"What a pity she does n't know about this pool!" said the other bird. "If she just came here and bathed them three times in the water, they would be smaller and more beautiful than ever, and she would be more lovely than she has ever been."

"It is a pity," said her companion; "but you know if we once let people know what this water will do, we should be overrun with creatures bathing themselves beautiful, and trampling our moss and tearing down our rose-trees, and we should never have any peace."

"That is true," agreed the other.

Very soon after, they flew away, and Fairyfoot was left alone. He had been so excited while they were talking that he had been hardly able to lie still. He was so sorry for the Princess Goldenhair, and so glad for himself. Now he could find

his way to the pool with the red berries, and he could bathe his feet in it until they were large enough to satisfy Stumpinghame; and he could go back to his father's court, and his parents would perhaps be fond of him. But he had so good a heart that he could not think of being happy himself and letting others remain unhappy, when he could help them. So the first thing was to find the Princess Goldenhair, and tell her about the nightingales' fountain. But how was he to find her? The nightingales had not told him. He was very much troubled, indeed. How was he to find her?

Suddenly, quite suddenly, he thought of the ring Gauzita had given him. When she had given it to him she had made an odd remark.

"When you wish to go anywhere," she had said, "hold it in your hand, turn around twice with closed eyes, and something queer will happen."

He had thought it was one of her little jokes, but now it occurred to him that at least he might try what would happen. So he rose up, held the ring in his hand, closed his eyes, and turned around twice.

What did happen was that he began to walk, not very fast, but still passing along as if he were moving rapidly. He did not know where he was going, but he guessed that the ring did, and that if he obeyed it, he should find the Princess Goldenhair. He went on and on, not getting in the least tired, until about daylight he found himself under a great tree, and on the ground beneath it was spread a delightful breakfast which he knew was for him. He sat down and ate it, and then got up again and went on his way once more. Before noon he had left the forest behind him and was in a strange country. He knew it was not Stumpinghame, because the people had not large feet. But they all had sad faces, and once or twice, when he passed groups of them who were talking, he heard them speak of the Princess Goldenhair, as if they were sorry for her and could not enjoy themselves while such a misfortune rested upon her.

"So sweet, and lovely, and kind a princess!" they said; "and it really seems as if she would never be any better."

The sun was just setting when Fairyfoot came in sight of the palace. It was built of white marble and had beautiful pleasure-grounds about it, but somehow there seemed to be a settled gloom in the air. Fairyfoot had entered the great pleasure-garden and was wondering where it would be best to go first, when he saw a lovely white fawn, with a golden collar around its neck, come bounding over the flower-beds, and he heard, at a little distance, a sweet voice saying sorrowfully, "Come back, my fawn; I can not run and play with you as once I used to. Do not leave me, my little friend."

And soon from behind the trees came a line of beautiful girls, walking two by two, all very slowly; and at the head of the line, first of all, came the loveliest princess in the world, dressed softly in pure white, with a wreath of lilies on her long golden hair, which fell almost to the hem of her white gown.

She had so fair and tender a young face, and her large, soft eyes yet looked so sorrowful, that Fairyfoot loved her in a moment, and he knelt on one knee, taking off his cap and bending his head until his own golden hair almost hid his face.

"Beautiful Princess Goldenhair, beautiful and sweet Princess, may I speak to you?" he said.

The princess stopped and looked at him, and answered him softly. It surprised her to see one so poorly dressed kneeling before her, in her palace-gardens, among the brilliant flowers; but she always spoke softly to every one.

"What is there that I can do for you, my friend?" she said.

"Beautiful Princess," answered Fairyfoot, blushing, "I hope very much that I may be able to do something for you."

"For me!" she exclaimed. "Thank you, friend; what is it you can do? Indeed, I need a help I am afraid no one can ever give me."

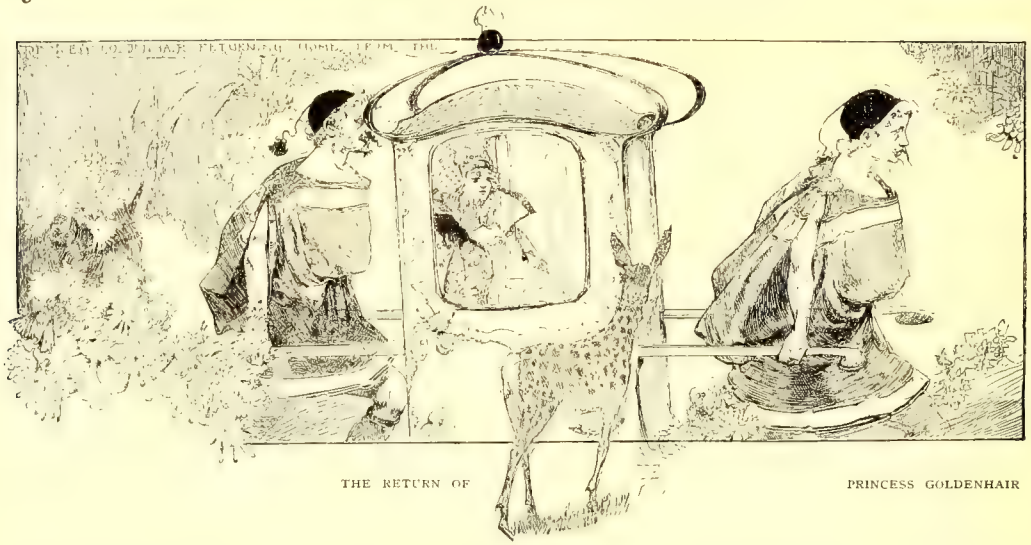
"Gracious and fairest lady," said Fairyfoot, "it is that help, I think — nay, I am sure — that I bring to you."

"Oh!" said the sweet princess. "You have a kind face and most true eyes, and when I look at you,— I do not know why it is, but I feel a little happier. What is it you would say to me?"

Still kneeling before her, still bending his head modestly, and still blushing, Fairyfoot told his story. He told her of his own sadness and loneliness, and of why he was considered so terrible a disgrace to his family. He told her about the fountain of the nightingales and what he had heard there, and how he had journeyed through the forest, and beyond it into her own country, to find her. And while he told it, her beautiful face changed from red to white, and her hands closely clasped themselves together.

"Oh!" she said when he had finished, "I know that this is true, from the kind look in your eyes. And I shall be happy again. And how can I thank you for being so good to a poor little princess whom you had never seen?"

"Only let me see you happy once more, most sweet Princess," answered Fairyfoot, "and that will be all I desire — only if, perhaps, I might once — kiss your hand."



THE RETURN OF PRINCESS GOLDENHAIR

She held out her hand to him with so lovely a look in her soft eyes that he felt happier than he had ever been before, even at the fairy dances. This was a different kind of happiness. Her hand was as white as a dove's wing and as soft as a dove's breast. "Come," she said; "let us go at once to the King."

Within a few minutes the whole palace was in an uproar of excitement. Preparations were made to go to the fountain of the nightingales immediately. Remembering what the birds had said about not wishing to be disturbed, Fairyfoot asked the King to take only a small party. So no one was to go but the King himself, the Princess, in a covered chair carried by two bearers, the Lord High Chamberlain, two Maids of Honor, and Fairyfoot.

Before morning they were on their way; and the day after, they reached the thicket of roses, and Fairyfoot pushed aside the branches and led the way into the dell.

The Princess Goldenhair sat down upon the edge of the pool, and put her feet into it. In two minutes, they began to look smaller. She bathed them once, twice, three times, and, as the nightingales had said, they became smaller and more beautiful than ever. As for the Princess herself, she really could not be more beautiful than she had been; but the Lord High Chamberlain,— who had been an exceedingly ugly old gentleman,— after washing his face, became so young and handsome that the first Maid of Honor immediately fell in love with him. Whereupon she washed her face, and became so beautiful that he fell in love with her, and they were engaged upon the spot.

The Princess could not find any words to tell Fairyfoot how grateful she was and how happy. She could only look at him again and again with her soft, radiant eyes, and again and again give him her hand that he might kiss it.

She was so sweet and gentle that Fairyfoot could not bear the thought of leaving her; and when the King begged him to return to the palace with them and live there always, he was more glad than I can tell you. To be near this lovely Princess, to be her friend, to love and serve her and look at her every day was such happiness that he wanted



THE MARRIAGE



FROM THE FOUNTAIN OF THE NIGHTINGALES.

nothing more. But first he wished to visit his father and mother and sisters and brothers in Stumpinghame; so the King and Princess and their attendants went with him to the pool where the red berries grew; and after he had bathed his feet in the water, they were so large that Stumpinghame contained nothing like them, even the King's and Queen's seeming small in comparison. And when, a few days later, he arrived at the Stumpinghame Palace, attended in great state by the magnificent retinue with which the father of the Princess Goldenhair had provided him, he was received with unbounded rapture by his parents. The King and Queen felt that to have a son with feet of such a size was something to be proud of, indeed. They could not admire him sufficiently, although the whole country was illuminated and feasting continued throughout his visit.

But though he was glad to be no longer a disgrace to his family, it can not be said that he enjoyed the size of his feet very much on his own account. Indeed, he much preferred being Prince Fairyfoot, as fleet as the wind and as light as a young deer, and he was quite glad to go to the fountain of the nightingales after his visit was at an end, and bathe his feet small again, and to return to the palace of the Princess Goldenhair with the soft and tender eyes. There every one loved him, and he loved every one, and was four times as happy as the day is long.

He loved the Princess more dearly every day, and of course, as soon as they were old enough, they were married. And of course, too, they used to go in the summer to the forest and dance in the moonlight with the fairies, who adored them both.

When they went to visit Stumpinghame, they always bathed their feet in the pool of the red berries; and when they returned, they made them small again in the fountain of the nightingales.

They were always great friends with Robin Goodfellow, and he was always very confidential with them about Gauzita, who continued to be as pretty and saucy as ever.

"Some of these days," he used to say severely, "I 'll marry another fairy, and see how she 'll like that — to see some one else basking in my society! *I 'll* get even with her!"

But he *never* did. THE END.



OF PRINCE FAIRYFOOT AND PRINCESS GOLDENHAIR.

EFFIE'S REALISTIC NOVEL.

By Alice Wellington Rollins.

"MAMMA, I don't see why I could n't write a novel, now that it is the fashion to put into novels just the plain things that everybody sees every day. You know we have been studying recent literature in Miss Owen's class at school, and it seems as if it would be ever so easy to write a story like those Mr. Howells writes."

"But why do you try to make a novel out of it, Effie? Perhaps you would not find it quite so easy after all. Why not take just a simple story?"

"Why, Mamma, a realistic novel *is* just a simple story. That 's why I like it, and why I think I can do it. It 's just an account of what real people do every day of their lives, and you don't have to invent anything at all. It 's very absurd, Mr. Howells says, to put troubadours and knights and all sorts of unnatural adventures into a story nowadays. People are tired of such things."

"Well, but what will it be, Effie? A love story?"

"No; I think not a love story."

"How are you going to write a novel without a love story in it?"

"Why, Mamma, that 's just it again! A realistic novel does n't have to have lovers. Indeed, it must n't have lovers. All that sort of thing is very old-fashioned in a novel."

"But, Effie," objected Lilian, Effie's older sister, "I 'm quite sure Mr. Howells has lovers in his. Why, don't you remember, one of his stories was called 'Their Wedding Journey,' and I think somebody is always married in all of them."

"Well," said Effie, thoughtfully, "I 'll tell you how I think it is: You can have people engaged and married, if you can't think of anything better for them to do, only you must n't make a great fuss about it. There must n't be all sorts of objections from the parents, and they must n't turn pale with passion, and rave at each other in sonnets, and all that sort of thing. They must just get engaged sensibly and then go and get married, the way people really do."

"But what will you have your heroine do, if she does n't fall in love or get married?"

"I don't know yet; I have n't made up my mind; but I think I shall have her go into a convent."

"Oh, Effie! Mr. Howells would n't do that. He would n't use a convent at all!"

"Why not? There *are* convents. It is perfectly realistic to take things that really do exist."

"But then there are so few convents; and comparatively few girls go into them nowadays. I think, if you are going to be realistic, you will have to tell just what the average girl, and not the exceptional girl, does."

"Oh, well; of course there are lots of other things she can do," said Effie. "I only happened to think of a convent just then."

A few days afterward, Effie brought her first chapter to her mother.

"The name of the novel is 'Margaret P. Wharton,'" she explained. "Don't you think it was very realistic, Mamma, to put in that 'P'? They don't generally, you know. They just call their heroine 'Margaret Wharton,' or 'Helen Rainsford,' or 'Priscilla Remington'; but real girls almost always have an initial, so I put one in."

"And what made you decide on a 'P'?" asked Papa, who was supposed to be reading the paper, but who was evidently listening.

"Why, because her middle name was Patterson!" answered Effie, promptly. "You would n't have me put in an 'A' or a 'G' or an 'R,' would you, to stand for Patterson?"

"Not for worlds," answered Papa, gravely. "But, you see, I did n't know it was Patterson, and in a realistic novel you ought not to leave anything to the imagination. I might have supposed, you know, that her middle name was Porter or Prentice. But go on, my dear."

"'Margaret Wharton was not what you would call a beauty,'" read Effie from her manuscript.

"Wait a minute, Effie; you forgot the 'P.'"

"Oh, well, Papa," exclaimed Effie, impatiently, "of course you don't have to put in the 'P' every time. 'Margaret Wharton was not what you would call a beauty.' You see, Papa," she explained, "in a realistic novel you must never go to extremes about anything. In the old-fashioned stories the heroine was always perfectly beautiful; but real girls are not perfectly beautiful, and so I could n't let Margaret Wharton ——"

"With a 'P,' Effie,——"

"—— be as handsome as I should have liked to make her. 'Margaret Wharton,'" she began again, "'was not what you would call a beauty. Yet there was something singularly attractive about her.'"

"Her clothes?" inquired Papa. But Effie continued, without deigning to notice the interruption—"'Her hair, which was of the most beauti-

ful golden color, waved over her forehead in little, short, lovely curls; while at the back it was coiled into a shining knot that seemed to have caught the sunbeams and imprisoned them in its toils. Her eyes, which were gloriously black in color, were full of infinite expression and dreamy loveliness, enhanced in effect by the beautifully arched eyebrows, and by the long lashes that swept a cheek almost marble in its pallor, yet tinged at times with rosy blushes, like an exquisitely tinted shell.'"

"And her nose?" inquired Papa.

"I have n't come to her nose yet," answered Effie with dignity. "'Her dainty little ears peeped out from her luxuriant tresses as if they wanted to hear the pretty things people were sure to say about so lovely a face ——'"

"Brava, Effie!" interrupted Papa, clapping his hands. "That 's capital! — even if it is n't realistic," he added, under his breath.

"'—— while the pure, sweet mouth, arched in the most exquisite curves, hid from view teeth that were like a row of shining pearls.'"

"How do you know they were like pearls, Effie, if they were hid from view?" Papa suggested.

"'Her complexion,'" continued Effie, undismayed, "'was of the purest rose and white, while her graceful head was poised on a throat like that of a swan. Her ——' Oh, dear!" interrupted the young author, looking helplessly at her manuscript, "I do believe I forgot her nose after all; I 'm so glad you reminded me of it. I can slip it in right here. Give me a pencil, please. 'Her nose ——'"

"Is that her nose?" inquired Papa, pointing to the ∧ with which Effie was inserting her new sentence about the nose.

"'Her nose,'" repeated Effie, with a glance of terrible scorn at her father, "'was of the purest Grecian type; while over all her exquisite features floated an expression of dreamy thought, of tender charm, which added tenfold to their inexpressible loveliness.'"

"Quite a pretty girl," murmured Papa, "for one who was not a beauty."

"Yes," said Effie, complacently. "She *was* pretty. There 's no harm in her being pretty, you know, for lots of real girls are ever so pretty. And you could n't expect me to make a heroine out of an ugly old poke."

"Certainly not," said Papa with emphasis. "And now I understand the full significance of the 'P' in the middle of her name; it is to remind us that she was only Pretty, and not Beautiful, if we are in danger of forgetting it after your description."

"But, Effie," said her mother, "I don't think realistic people talk much about tresses when they mean hair."

"And *I* don't think," said Lilian, emphatically, "that they ever describe people at all. I 'm sure Mr. Howells does n't. He never tells you how people look, or what they wear; he just begins and goes right ahead with letting them do something."

"Oh, no, no, indeed, Lilian!" answered Effie, with full confidence that here, at least, she had unanswerable arguments for her methods. "That is just exactly what he does n't do. All the critics say so. Mr. Howells's people *never* do anything. Why, Miss Owen told us that was the great objection that many people made to his work; that there is so little action in it, and his characters never seem to be doing anything in particular."

"What do they do, if they don't do anything?" inquired Papa.

"I said they did n't do anything *in particular*. They don't stab villains, nor jump overboard, nor get into railway accidents, nor have to marry a rich man they hate, to save their father's fortune, nor do all sorts of things that nobody ever really did do — except in the old-fashioned novels."

"Well, is n't it time, by the way, that we found out what Miss Margaret P. was doing? That will give us the right clew, perhaps. What was your realistic heroine doing, Effie, with her beaut——, I mean her pretty complexion and her bright eyes?"

"She was walking down Beacon street."

"Ah! that sounds more like it. On the right side, or the left side?"

"On the right side, of course, Papa; *nobody* ever walks on the left side of Beacon street, going down."

"I see. In the old-fashioned novel, Margaret would have walked on the left side of the street, and so, by her eccentricity, at once have excited a suspicion that she was about something unusual, which must not be in the modern work of art. Go on, my dear; this is very interesting. *Why* was this pretty girl walking down Beacon street on the right side, that lovely day? By the way, Effie, I am assuming that it *was* a lovely day because Miss Margaret was out; but is it well to leave even so much as that to our imagination? Ought you not to *say*, briefly but unmistakably, that it was a lovely day?"

"I 'm coming to that," said Effie, apologetically. "But there is one more paragraph first. 'Her dress was of the costliest velvet, made simply but elegantly, and looped most gracefully at the back.' Don't you remember, Lilian, how nicely Mr. Howells always describes the way girls loop up their overskirts?" asked Effie, interrupting herself for sake of the sympathy she felt sure of at last.

"Ye-s," said Lilian, doubtfully. "But your description does n't seem just like his. I think it 's because you describe the wrong thing; you describe the velvet, and he described the looping."

"But, of course, I could n't say just the same thing he did, could I?"

"N-o; but, you see, Mr. Howells is always so funny."

"Well, don't you think what I said about her little ears listening to hear what people said about her face was funny?"

"Yes, of course, it was funny; but then, you see, it was n't *very* funny."

"And it ought not to be!" said Effie, triumphantly. "Nothing in a realistic novel ought to be *very* anything. You must never go to extremes. If it 's a little funny, that 's enough. Now I shall go on. 'Around her neck she wore the costliest fur; her little hands were cased in the daintiest gloves to be had at Hovey's ——.' I think Hovey's makes it very realistic, don't you, Papa? — 'while a long and dainty feather curled lovingly around her little hat, as if it liked to be there.'"

"I 'm very glad she wore only a feather in her hat," replied Effie's father, adding, "though a severe critic might object that a realistic girl usually wears the whole bird. I am more than ever persuaded that it was an exceedingly fine day; still, Effie, don't you think it is time you told us something about the weather? I infer, from there being no mention of an umbrella in Miss Wharton's very complete outfit, that it was not raining; still, in a realistic novel, nothing ought to require an effort of the imagination."

"I am just coming to that, Papa. 'It was a lovely afternoon, towards the close of July,——'"

"July! Why, I thought she had on furs?"

"Oh dear, so she had! I must have the furs, so I 'll just change July to January — they both begin with a J — 'It was a lovely afternoon near the close of January. A splendid sunset glowed in the west ——'"

"Did you ever know a sunset to glow in the east?"

"Oh, Papa! what a terrible critic you are! I don't believe you like Mr. Howells's style."

"Oh, yes, I like Mr. Howells's style very much; but this does n't seem exactly in his style. For instance, Mr. Howells never speaks of sunsets."

"But, Papa, a sunset is just as real as a person. There *are* sunsets; it is n't anything I invented out of my own head."

"I know there are sunsets, and I have no doubt Mr. Howells likes a real genuine sunset to look at, very much; but he does n't think sunsets belong to fiction. They are to look at, not to read about. Now I should n't wonder if you had a page or two there about the sunset."

"Yes, there are three pages of it, and it is just lovely!. And I thought it must be realistic because it is a description of the very sunset you and I saw last summer at Mount Desert."

"But do you think a sunset at Mount Desert in August would be likely to be very similar to the sunsets on Beacon street in January?"

"Oh, dear! Then I might as well give it up. But, Papa, what do you suppose Mr. Howells would have said if he had been writing this story?"

"Well, I have n't a very clear idea as yet of your plot and general scope; but I should say, with what material you have exhibited as yet, Mr. Howells would have said just about this: 'Near five o'clock on a pleasant afternoon in January, Miss Margaret Wharton was walking on Beacon street.'"

"But, Papa, how does he ever fill up a whole novel with such short sentences as that?"

"Ah, there is his art! It is very easy to say what Mr. Howells does n't put in; but it is n't so easy to say in advance what he does."

"Well," said Effie, with a sigh, "I don't see but it 's just as hard to be realistic as it is to be artistic. I shall give up my novel, and try a story of adventure."

"But don't leave Margaret P. Wharton in the lurch quite yet, Effie. All I know about her so far is that she was n't a beauty, though she wore elegant clothes; but, as you say, there is something singularly attractive about her, and I want to find out what it is. What were you going to have her do? Was it a case for 'aspirations'?"

"I was n't going to have her do anything. In realistic novels, people don't have aspirations. Or, if they do have them," with a sudden recollection, "they don't amount to anything. I was just going to let her go to some teas and theatricals, and perhaps try to do a little artistic work, or something, and find she could n't ——"

"But is n't that very discouraging to your readers, Effie?"

"Yes, of course it 's discouraging; but, then, it ought to be discouraging. In real life, people don't find they can do everything they desire; and it is very silly to do as the old-fashioned novelists did, and represent heroes and heroines as accomplishing everything they undertake without any trouble at all, and undertaking, too, the most unheard-of and difficult things. I was just going to let my heroine go to Mount Desert in the summer, and to Washington in the winter, and put in a few clever little sketches of society life, and then stop. A realistic novel does n't have to come to a climax, you know."

"But what do you know yet about society, Effie? And how can you write about Washington when you have never been there? Would n't that require too much imagination for an author who means to be purely realistic?"

"No; because, you see, the things I should imagine would be real. I should n't invent dragons and duels and knights and talismans, and all sorts of things that never existed ——"

"Oh, but, Effie!" interrupted Lilian, "knights and duels did exist once."

"Yes, *once;* but they were never very common, and they were never worth writing about anyhow. It 's perfectly proper to invent things, because, of course, our imagination is a real thing, too, and it must be meant for something; only we must invent things just like those we see every day."

"Then I don't see where the invention comes in," remarked Lilian, promptly. "I don't think it takes much imagination to write about a girl's going to a tea; and, as you say, it seems to me we were meant to use our imagination for something."

"I 'll come to your help, Effie, this time," said her father. "It 's all right about using our imagination for common things; only you make a mistake in thinking that imagination is inventing things. Imagination is not *inventing* things; it is *seeing* things; but it is seeing things that are out of sight — it is seeing intellectual and spiritual things, just as the eye sees really visible things."

"Then, Papa," said Effie, triumphantly, "you ought not to have found fault with my imagination when I said Margaret Wharton's teeth were like pearls. They were 'hid from view,' but I could see with my imagination perfectly well what they were like."

"Quite true; and I did n't find fault with you for telling us they were like pearls. I only said that, from your own point of view, you ought not to tell us, because you said when you started out that you were only going to describe what you saw. I think you will find out, as you go on, that it requires a great deal more imagination to write a realistic novel than to write a fairy-tale; because the object of a realistic story is not to repeat common things, but to interest people in common things; not to create uncommon things, but to show people that common things are not by any means so uninteresting as they seem at first sight. The realistic writer must see, not new things, but new qualities in things; and to do that, he must have plenty of imagination. He must understand not only what his heroine's teeth are like, though they are 'hid from view,' but what her thoughts are like, though they also are hid from view. This is the difference, Effie: those whom you call the 'old-fashioned writers' imagined that they must describe the thoughts and looks and clothes and actions of a princess, or some creature out of the range of every-day life; but the realistic writers have discovered that the thoughts and clothes and looks and actions of a little beggar-girl can be made just as interesting to people, if only you can *see what is unseen* about them with your mind's eye. Now, which would you say had really the nobler imagination — a man who went into his library and wrote a remarkable poem about the golden apples of the Hesperides, that were pure creations of his fancy, or Sir Isaac Newton when he went and sat down under a common apple-tree, and set his imagination to work to find out what made the apple fall to the ground? The realistic writer is satisfied with the every-day apple-tree — that is quite certain; but here is your mistake about him, Effie: He *is n't* satisfied with telling you that the apples fell; he shows you how they fell, and what a great, beautiful, wonderful law of the universe caused them to fall; and he makes you feel that the law was all the more beautiful and wonderful for not applying merely to one particular apple, or even to the whole class of apple-trees, but to everything."

"Only that sounds, Papa, as if the realists went into long and elaborate paragraphs about things, and I 'm sure they don't. They never stop long enough to talk about a thing, or describe a law; they just make you see things, and they always seem to be the same old things you have always seen before."

"But with a difference, Effie; with a difference. A little while ago you spoke of one of Mr. Howells's heroines who tried to do something and could n't. I suppose you mean the poor rich girl who lost all her money, and found that all her fine education did not help her a bit when it came to earning her living. Now if Mr. Howells had merely meant by that to show girls how absurd it was for them to try to do anything, it would have been a very cruel story; but I think he merely meant to show the parents what scrappy sort of education they were giving their daughters, with all the money they were spending for it."

"But don't you think you are very cruel to me now, Papa, when I am trying to do something, and you are doing all you can to discourage me?"

"You said a little while ago, Effie, that it was a good thing to discourage people; that that was what the realistic novel was for."

Effie smiled through her tears.

"But only to discourage people from expecting too fine results, Papa; not to discourage them from *trying*."

"And I don't wish to discourage you from try-

ing. Only I wish you to try the right thing. When I said a common apple-tree was better than the Hesperides, I did n't mean to deny that the Hesperides are good in their way. I like realistic novels, *really* realistic novels, very much; but I like wholly imaginative stories too; and I think those pretty and delicate touches of yours about Margaret Wharton's little ears listening to what people said about her face, and the little feather that curled around her hat as if it liked to be there, show that you have a genuine gift at fancy; and if I were you, I would n't despise fancy, for it is really a very good trait in an author."

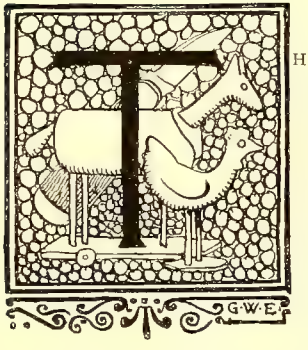
So it happened that next day at recess, Effie informed her friends:

"I've given up my novel, and I'm just going to try fairy-tales." And she added, with a little sigh, "Papa says that I may write very good fairy-tales, but that I have n't imagination enough to be a realistic writer."

THE PORCELAIN STOVE.

BY AVERY MCALPINE.

PART I.



THERE was once a little boy by the name of Hans, who lived with his father — whose name also was Hans — in a small house in the Black Forest. This forest is in Germany, and it is called "black" because the trees have very black trunks and branches, and because they stand so near together that even on a bright day it is dark in the forest, and one always feels, when one is there, as though the night were coming on.

In this forest dwell many poor peasants who are able to make enough money to furnish themselves with black bread and a coarse kind of cheese, by carving all kinds of curious things out of wood.

Often these wood-carvers are very good artists; for they all, from father to son, learn to use their knives as they sit by their firesides during the long, dark, winter evenings; and by that flickering light they shape many wonderful and beautiful figures.

Thus had the little boy Hans sat night after night by his father's side, fashioning wood into odd shapes and giving to the figures which he made more of reality than ever his father could give, though he had worked at the craft for many long years.

Little Hans could scarcely remember his delicate mother. She had found the Black Forest too dark and drear for her southern brightness, and when he was a very little child, she had given Hans her last kiss, and gone where the sun always shines.

Thus the father and son had become inseparable companions.

Hans knew that they had not always been so poor; that sometime — ever so long before — his father had been young like himself; that at that time his father had lived a long way off in a village of many houses — perhaps forty altogether; that there was a church, and a grand castle on the hill, and that very grand people lived therein; that his father's father had lived in one of the houses belonging to the castle, and had been the trusted steward of the lord of the castle. All this and much more had Hans often heard, for his father loved to talk of those good old times: and often the elder Hans did not know when his little son had gone quite asleep in front of the fire, or had stolen off to the shelf in the wall, which he called his bed.

But there was one story that never lost its interest for little Hans, that could arouse him even after the first sleepy nods, and that was the story of the porcelain stove. The porcelain stove was the only relic of "those better days," of which they loved to talk, that his father had been able to keep; but in spite of want, almost of suffering, he had never been willing to part with the porcelain stove.

It was large and beautiful. So large that it quite touched their humble ceiling, and it was of a design so rare that many a time an artist or traveler, who had stopped to buy some curiously carved wooden image and had espied this stove in its poor surroundings, had offered to buy it from Father Hans for a good round sum.

But, no! — The thought of his boyhood and his old home, with its comforts and associations,

always prevented him from parting with this curious heirloom.

Many an hour had little Hans stood before this great white stove, with its pictures of beautiful women and gallant gentlemen, with its scenes of country life and city fashion, and had woven for himself wonderful fancies that seemed to make the painted people live.

He would play that he was the gay "milord" in powdered wig, lace ruffles, satin coat and waistcoat; and then he would imagine what the fair dame was saying, who, in hoop and stately satin, received with so much grace and condescension her fan from milord's taper fingers.

There was one other picture that claimed even more of Hans's attention than did the gallant lords and dainty ladies, and that was one of a deep green forest. There he saw trees such as he had known ever since his eyes had opened upon the real forest. There was the very sunlight falling aslant the black tree-trunks, just as Hans had often seen it shine before it disappeared altogether on their longest summer days. What could make him feel the warmth of the sunlight, and yet, when he put his hand upon it, was after all only some color laid on a cold porcelain stove?

Much did the boy marvel, and always the mystery was unsolved. Hans wondered what the world could be like outside the Black Forest, and above all where did the wonderful artists live who could on cold porcelain make glow such living pictures.

All the artistic nature within the child grew and developed, as he gazed and longed for the secret by which he, too, could create like marvels.

He knew that there was something within him that could not find its full expression with only his knife and a block of wood for tools. He could carve a leaf with all its delicate veinings and wonderful variety of indentation; but how could he produce the tree with its branches clothed in myriad leaves, all fluttering, and dipping, and turning, as the wind swayed and rocked the branches?

Well he knew that there was a way to express even the ever-changing light that played upon the mosses that grew, a soft carpet, under his feet.

All these thoughts and longings did Hans keep shut up within his own breast; for how could his father, who toiled each day to provide their bread, and who looked upon wood-carving only as a means to this end — how could he understand what the child only knew, as he knew some of the legends of the forest, to dream over and yet to doubt their reality.

Often had the lad tried to find out some of the wonders of the great world from his father; but the reply was always, "What has that to do with thee, my child? There is no need for thee to know aught but how to earn thy bread — and what have we poor peasants to do with cities and grand folk, unless it be to carve so well that some of their good gold will come to us and keep the 'angry wolf' from the door?"

And thus the child grew until the age of ten — in his mind living the life the pictures made for him, and in his real life suffering privation and distress.

Often, when on summer nights some neighbors lingered to speak a word to his father, he would hear them say:

"Of what use is it to thee to keep a great stove like that?"

"It might bring thee fifty marks, and then no more wouldst thou have to give thy boy only half enough black bread."

"Who of us can keep anything for remembrance, that can he turned into honest marks?"

All this did Hans hear and remember, too, although no one dreamed that he cared for the porcelain stove.

At last came a very severe winter, the frost keeping the peasants housed, and with scant provision.

Hans the father kept on carving wooden figures, and Hans the child had the best of their scanty fare. It was a cruel winter for the poor. Germany will long remember it.

One day there came a traveler who was walking through the forest, for even in those days of frost and cold there would be now and then a traveler who would stop with them for rest and refreshment.

He talked much, as he ate the good luncheon he had brought in his wallet, and examined with interest the carvings of father and son. At length he asked why one who seemed so poor should possess so beautiful and rare a stove?

The story was told, and with many sighs the father said he feared the time had come when he must part with it.

"Run, Hans, to the loft!" he said, "and carve thy block of wood until I call thee."

The boy climbed the ladder, but he had heard too much not to wish to hear more, and so he laid himself down near the door, with his block of wood in his hand, indeed, but with his knife quite idle by his side.

He could hear the stranger speak of a great artist in a distant city who would gladly give a large sum for a stove so rare and well preserved.

He heard his father's reply:

"The parting would be like a farewell spoken to a parent or a child; but necessity conquers the poor. We can not guard affection like the rich."

Then the traveler proposed to have the stove removed on a certain day, and reluctantly the poor

carver gave his consent. The bargain was made. But little did the father think of the dreams passing and forming in his child's mind.

Inspired only by his love for beautiful things, and his desire to learn from a master, somewhere, how to create pictures as lovely as those upon the stove, this was the plan the boy formed — to travel, unknown to any one, inside of the stove, all the way to the artist who had bought it, and to beg the master to take him and teach him to be a great painter like himself!

It was all that Hans could do to prevent himself from running to tell his father at once. Never before had he kept anything secret from his good father.

Nevertheless, something told him that his father would not approve of his plan, and in this way he would lose his one chance for getting out into the world and becoming a great artist.

For great he always dreamed of being, could he but reach the far city and the master to whom he and the stove would belong.

PART II.

AT last came the seventh night since Hans's resolve was taken; and he knew that the next morning the stove would commence its journey.

He said very little to his father that evening, but kissed him more than once before going to his bed in the wall.

He waited quietly until all was still and he could hear his father's heavy breathing from his room in the loft. Then he arose. Quietly he went to the door, and pushed it open. He stood for a moment almost terror-stricken with the thought of what he was about to do. Then he crept softly out to the cattle-shed, where he found a bundle of straw. With this he returned, and put it inside the stove, making as good a bed as he could in the dark.

Then he brought a part of the loaf left from their evening meal, and a little cheese, for he did not know how long the journey would be, or how hungry he might become.

These were all his preparations; and then he went once more to bed to wait for the dawn, when he knew the carriers would arrive.

At the faint warning light that comes before the dawn, Hans arose. As he passed his father, he could scarcely keep from crying out, "I am going from thee, my father! Dost thou not know thy little son is leaving thee?" But he kept silent, and soon crept into the stove, and pulled the door shut after him.

Soon there was the sound of men's heavy tread outside, and Hans, the father, arose to let the carriers in, and to see his beloved stove taken from its corner, borne out, placed in a cart, and started on its long journey.

Little did he dream of his real loss, as he returned with downcast look to his poor house.

The roads were very rough from frost and thaw, and little Hans had a wearying ride.

He could hear from his companions who walked by the side of the cart, that this was the first stage of the trip. They were then on their way to the nearest railway station. Thence the journey would be made all the way by train.

Many conjectures had Hans as to what this part of the traveling would be like. He had heard of a wonderful machine that could carry people along at a great rate, faster than any horse could run; that it could fly over rivers and under mountains, and that one need do nothing but sit still and be carried. He had often wondered what it could be like, and now he was to try it. He was really on his way to life in the world! Yet he could think of nothing very quietly, or as he used by the fire at home; for the cart was ever jolting on, and but for his straw, Hans would have been badly bruised.

It was getting quite late in the afternoon when Hans knew from the conversation of his companions that he must be approaching the village where he was to be consigned to the train.

"This turn to the left to avoid the hill and we shall be at the station," he overheard from his concealment.

When the cart was brought to a stop near the platform, the men once more took hold of the stove and lifted it with its weary little occupant to its place in the train.

Before long they were in motion, and Hans realized what flying through the air might mean. But cramped up in a white porcelain stove, he found it a very miserable means of progress. He ate a piece of his loaf, however, and from great weariness at last fell asleep.

Some time during the night, while it was still perfectly dark, he was awakened by the very absence of motion and noise. He opened the stove door wide and looked out. All was dark and perfectly still. Not a person, not a thing moved. Not a voice was heard. Where he was, or what it could mean, Hans did not know. And for the first time he forgot that he meant to be a great artist, and wished himself back in the cottage in the Black Forest. Apparently the stove — and Hans inside the stove — had been forgotten.

At last the dawn came, the sun rose. Men appeared, talked, and went about their several occupations. Trains came whizzing past; some stopping, and some going on, on, as though they were indeed fiery monsters.

Hans ate more of his bread, and wondered where the city could be to which he was going.

Late in the afternoon a donkey was fastened by a chain to his car, and was led off, down one track and up another, until finally, with a loud clank, the car was attached to a long train of cars, all looking alike. Then, after much bustle and confusion, the locomotive gave a warning shriek, the bell was rung, Hans felt the stove once more begin to sway as it had done the day before — and they were off. Hans prayed that it might not now be far; for his cramped position and the want of food were giving him a strange feeling, which never in his life had he felt before.

On, on, all night long! Sway, sway, and pound, pound, over the rails. Sometimes the lad dozed and dreamed strange, fantastic dreams of grotesque wooden figures that could walk and talk; now they were as tall as the forest trees and quite as black, again they were little and gnarled like the dwarfs of which he had heard.

Many of the legends of the forest came back in troubled dreams to his wearied brain.

Then he would awaken, frightened, and put out his hand, and it would come in contact with something hard and cold; and he would remember the stove, and where he was, and what the motion meant.

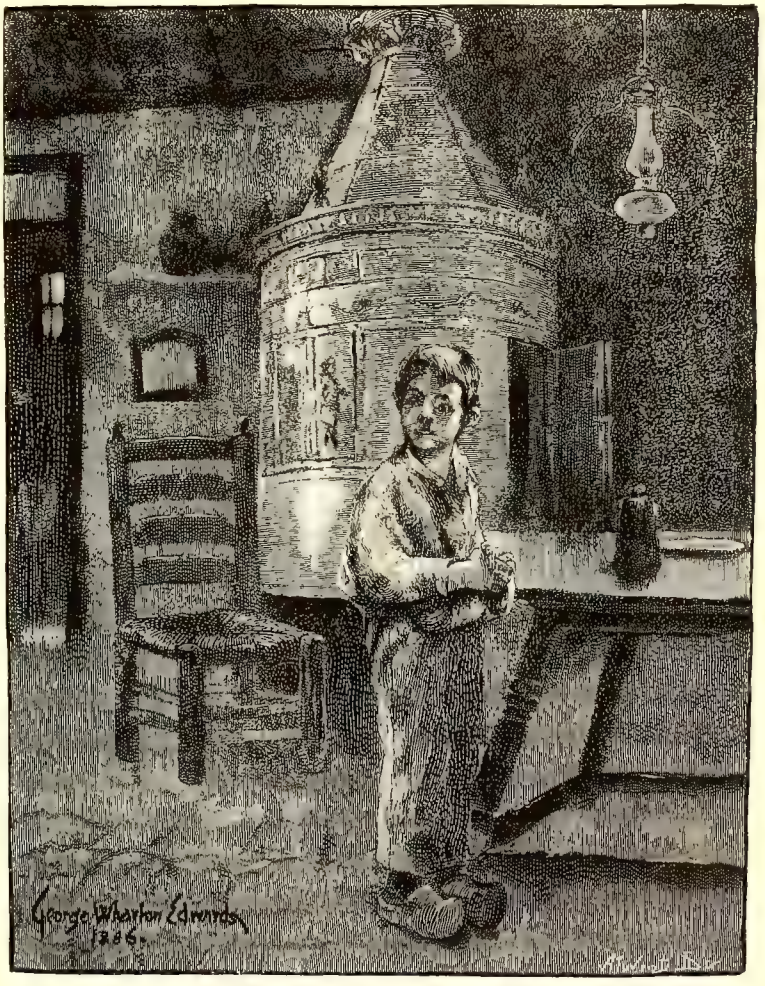
He ate the morsel of bread that remained, but it was so tiny that he only became hungrier. At last he sank down in a half stupor and dreamed more fantastic dreams, until he was aroused by the train's stopping.

Hans was in a large station, and many men were busily working to clear the train of merchandise.

Soon Hans felt the stove lifted and placed on a solid foundation, which seemed to be the station platform.

No one paid any regard to the stove, except to gaze at it curiously now and then, and no one came to claim it.

Hans felt that he could not be silent much longer — he would have to scream, or jump out of the stove, or do something to show he was there, or else perish with fatigue.



"HANS KEPT SILENT, AND SOON CREPT INTO THE STOVE."

When he felt that he could bear no more, he heard a man ask:

"Is this stove for my master, Herr Makart?" and the station master answered:

"It is so addressed."

Then there was a pause, and soon after, four men came and carried the stove to a cart. The

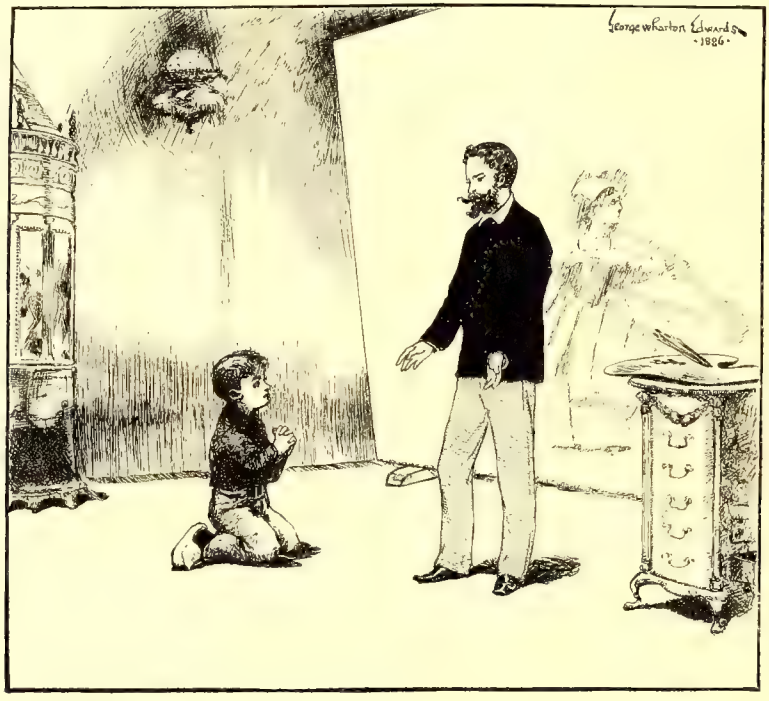
messenger got up in front, and with a cheerful chirrup to his horses, they started on the last stage of the journey.

Up hill and down, through what seemed miles and miles to the tired prisoner, they took their course. It was not far beyond the city, but to the child — poor little artist! — how did he support his weariness?

At last, a long, straight drive, a sharp turn, and the horses are drawn up before a tall, stately villa, and Hans heard many voices, but one sweet and melodious above the rest.

Then Hans sat up and said:

"Oh, dear master, do not send me away! I have come leagues and leagues from my home in the Black Forest to be with you. Will you teach me to be a great artist like you, dear master? The pictures on the white stove are beautiful, but I can learn to paint those for which you will care more, if only you will let me live with you. I have come all the way in the white stove to be with you."



"LITTLE HANS SPRANG FROM THE STOVE AND THREW HIMSELF AT THE MASTER'S FEET."

"Oh! my beautiful stove! you have come at last! Carry it straight to my studio, that I may look at and enjoy it in its place."

Up stairs the stove was carried — and Hans too, wishing all the time that he might be alone with the gentle voice, for he felt sure it was the master's.

At last the stove was placed, the master directing, and sometimes laying his hand on the perfect work of art. The men were dismissed, and with one cry of weariness and appeal for care, little Hans sprang from the stove and threw himself at the master's feet.

The master stooped to lift the child, but found him quite fainted away. He gave him water, lifted him in his strong arms, and soon saw the little fellow's eyes open and gaze into his own with perfect confidence.

The master gave the child one word of promise, laid him on the sofa to rest, and then bade his servants prepare a room for the "little artist."

And by this name he was ever afterwards called in the house of the master until many years had passed. For Hans's father, when he learned all that his son had undergone for the sake of the art that he loved, resigned him — not without many pangs — into the gentle protection of his famous friend. And in later years the father's self-sacrifice was well repaid by the son, who had, indeed, become "great" — greater than he ever dreamed of being when as a little child he planned the journey in the porcelain stove.

IF I WERE A BOY.

By Washington Gladden.



One cold winter day, not long ago, I was sitting in the study of a minister, up in Connecticut. He is a rather sober-faced man, but one who knows something about boys and girls; and in our talk he told me that he had just been giving his young friends two lectures on these subjects: "What I would do if I were a Boy," and "What I would do if I were a Girl."

"Capital!" I said. "Are those titles copyrighted?"

"No," he answered.

"Very well," I said; "I 'll use them, then, some time."

"You 're welcome to them," was his reply.

So that is where I got the hint out of which this article has grown. I don't know what my friend said to his boys and girls; no doubt it was sensible and kindly counsel; but he has given me a good handle for my talk (and for a talk, as well as for a tool, a handle is sometimes very important), and I have given him these few words of acknowledgment, as a royalty on his invention. But I must get to work, or you may think that the tool that I have fitted to this handle is going to be an auger.

I suppose that there is not a man alive who ever was a boy, nor any woman neither, who never was a boy (no, nor any girl, for that matter), who is not often thinking (and speaking out the thought, too, very often) of what he or she would do if he or she were a boy. Men often wish that they were boys. There was a song I used to hear them sing: "I would I were a Boy again!"

That feeling comes over most men very strongly, now and then. And the reason why men sometimes wish that they were boys again is, I suppose, that they see many mistakes that they made when they were boys, and think that if they could try it over again, they could do better — that they would shun some of the errors that have marred their lives. But, then, if they were boys again, they would be nothing but boys, just as liable to make mistakes the second time as the first, just as ignorant, and just as headstrong. And, for my part, after soberly thinking the matter over, I have come to the conclusion that I would not try it over again if I had the chance. I have made some sad mistakes, but the second time I might make sadder ones. If I could take my experience back with me to boyhood, if I could start at ten or twelve with all or even part of the lessons learned that I have spent all these years in learning, then I would gladly try it over again. I know that I should avoid many serious errors, that I should make much more of life the second time. It is idle for me to think of that; that can not be. But I believe that we are placed together as we are, in families and in society, the old and the young together, in order that the experience of those who are older may be of use to those who are younger.

Suppose that I have been climbing a certain mountain. The paths are blind and wholly unfamiliar to me, and I meet with several mishaps; losing my way more than once, and having to retrace my steps, but succeeding, at length, in gaining the summit. On my return, at the foot of the mountain I meet you, and some such conversation as this takes place:

"Hullo! Going up the mountain?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ever climbed it?"

"No, sir."

"Don't know the road then?"

"No; but I guess I 'll find it easy enough. Lots of people have found the way up, and I 'm sure I can."

"Oh, yes; you 'll find it, I hope. Though, for that matter, a great many people have missed it too. But, look here! I can tell you something. You keep right on this path, and by and by you 'll come to a big bowlder, and then the path divides; the one that goes to the left looks the best and the most direct, but it is n't; I tried it and it landed me in a swamp in which I came near being stuck. The right road, then, *is* the right road."

"All right! Thank you! I 'll remember that."

"Then just above, half a mile or so, there 's a big spruce-tree across the path; there you must turn to the left. I went off to the right and was

lost in the woods, and it was two hours before I found my way back."

"Thank you! Big spruce tree across the path; turn to the left. I 'll remember."

"Yes. And then, when you come to a spring, a mile or so further on,— a spring at the root of a beech-tree,— don't go straight on past the spring, as the path seems to lead you; turn, there, sharp up the bank. It will be something of a scramble, but you will strike a better path then that will take you up to a view of the South Valley, that they all say is the finest view on the mountain. I missed it, but you don't want to."

"No; of course not! Much obliged. Good-morning!"

"Good-morning!"

Such talk as that would be sensible enough, would it not? You would not object in the least to having me give you points, in that way, about the best path up the mountain. You would take my word without hesitation. Well, those of us who are a little older have been up the mountain of life ahead of you, and we have got out of the path now and then, and have learned a great deal, by bitter experience, about right turnings and wrong turnings, about swamps and thickets and pitfalls and precipices; and we sometimes feel very anxious to give you, who are now on your way up, a few hints from our own experience — warnings and directions that we know would be of use to you. And, though boys are sometimes headstrong and conceited, and think they know a great deal more about the road than their fathers and uncles and grandfathers ever knew, yet most of them are sometimes willing to hear what we have to say, and are thankful to be told. I believe that you are willing, and, therefore, I have stopped you for a few minutes at the foot of the mountain, to tell you some of the walks that I *would n't* take, and some of the roads that I *would* take, if I were going up again.

1. If, then, I were a boy again, and knew what I know now, I would not be quite so positive in my opinions as I used to be. Boys generally think that they are very certain about many things. A boy of fifteen is a great deal more sure of what he thinks he knows than is a man of fifty. You ask the boy a question and he will answer you right off, up and down; he knows all about it. Ask a man of large experience and ripe wisdom the same question, and he will say, "Well, there is much to be said about it. I am inclined, on the whole, to think so and so, but other intelligent men think otherwise."

When I was eight years old I traveled from Central Massachusetts to Western New York, crossing the river at Albany, and going by canal from Schenectady to Syracuse. On the canal-boat a kindly gentleman was talking to me one day, and I mentioned the fact that I had crossed the *Connecticut* River at Albany. How I got it in my head that it was the Connecticut River I do not know, for I knew my geography very well then; but in some unaccountable way I had it fixed in my mind that the river at Albany was the Connecticut, and I called it so.

"Why," said the gentleman, "that is the Hudson River."

"Oh, no, sir!" I replied, politely, but firmly. "You 're mistaken. That is the Connecticut River."

The gentleman smiled and said no more. I was not much in the habit, I think, of contradicting my elders; but in this matter, I was perfectly sure that I was right, and so I thought it my duty to correct the gentleman's geography. I felt rather sorry for him that he should be so ignorant. One day, after I reached home, I was looking over my route on the map, and lo! there was Albany standing on the Hudson River, a hundred miles from the Connecticut. Then I did not feel half so sorry for the gentleman's ignorance as I did for my own. I never told anybody that story until I wrote it down on these pages the other day; but I have thought of it a thousand times, and always with a blush for my boldness. Nor was it the only time that I was perfectly sure of things that really were not so. It is hard for a boy to learn that he may be mistaken; but, unless he is a fool, he learns it after a while. The sooner he finds it out, the better for him.

2. If I were a boy, I would not think that I and the boys of my time were exceptions to the general rule — a new kind of boys, unlike all who have lived before, having different feelings and different wants, and requiring to be dealt with in different ways. That is a tone which I sometimes hear boys taking. To be honest, I must own that I used to think so myself. I was quite inclined to reject the counsel of my elders by saying to myself, "That may have been well enough for boys thirty or fifty years ago, but it is n't the thing for me and my set of boys." But that was nonsense. The boys of one generation are not different from the boys of another generation. If we say that boyhood lasts fifteen or sixteen years, I have now known three generations of boys, some of them city boys and some of them country boys, and they all are substantially alike — so nearly alike that the old rules of industry and patience and perseverance and self-control are as applicable to one generation as to another. The fact is, that what your fathers and teachers have found by experience to be good for boys will

be good for you; and what their experience has taught them is bad for boys will be bad for you. You are just boys, nothing more nor less.

3. If I were a boy, I would not speak disrespectfully or contemptuously of or to a woman. Women and girls are different from men and boys; as a rule, they are not so strong physically; their ways of thinking and of judging are somewhat different from those of men; but they may be different without being inferior. The fact that they are different is no reason why you should think of them slightingly or treat them rudely. The nobler gentleman he is, the less possible it is for a man to think or speak disrespectfully of woman. You have read about the knights of chivalry and of the honor they always paid to women; they had rather far-fetched and fantastic ways of showing their respect, but the thing they stood up for was the manly thing. And if I were a boy, I should want to be a chivalrous boy in my treatment of women, and all the more if the woman were my sister or my mother. Some time or other, my boy, if you live to be an old man, you will stand where I have stood, at the grave of your mother; and, if there is any "man" in you, you will be sorry then for every word of disrespect you have ever spoken of a woman.

4. For much the same reasons, if I were a boy, I would never tease or abuse a smaller boy; and I would never ridicule any person, male or female, old or young, because he or she was lame or deformed or homely or awkward or ill-dressed, or unfortunate in any way. In fact, I do not believe that real boys ever do anything of this sort.

5. Another thing I would be careful about, if I were a boy, would be letting my love of fun lead me into trespassing upon other people's rights. Boys like a rousing good time, and they ought to have it; they enjoy making a noise, and they should have plenty of chances to make a noise; but they ought always to be careful lest their rough pleasure cause pain to some one else. That, you see, would be sheer selfishness. I have seen boys carry boisterous fun into places where everybody but the boys wanted it kept orderly and quiet, so that the enjoyment of others was spoiled that the boys might have a merry time. That is not fair play; and no thoughtful and manly boy will want to have his fun at such expense to the feelings of others. For this reason and for other reasons, if I were a boy, I would never play or whisper in any orderly public assembly, especially in a place of worship. I would be quiet and attentive and respectful always in prayer time, and in every devotional exercise, because I should remember that disorderly behavior at such times is not only irreverent, but that it is a great trespass upon the rights of others, who do not wish to have their attention distracted by such disturbances.

6. If I were a boy, I would not lie. I would suffer much before I would tell a falsehood or knowingly make a statement which would convey a falsehood. I would take great care not to fall into the habit of misstating or overstating the truth — of telling big stories. I would feel that the bottom fact of character is truthfulness, and that a boy who has habits of untruthfulness, who has fallen into the way of deceiving or concealing or coloring his statements, is a boy who needs to put right about, or he will soon be on the rocks. A boy whose word is good for nothing is in a very critical condition. He would better pull himself together and make up his mind very firmly to think twice before he speaks, and not to say a word that is not exactly true.

7. If I were a boy, I would not use profane words or foul words of any sort. Boys sometimes think it smart and manly to use bad language and to tell vile stories, but it is not. No gentleman ever defiles his lips in that way.

8. If I were a boy, I would not read such books and newspapers as I sometimes see boys reading. Much of this reading furnished for boys is positively bad — unclean, immoral, corrupting. I am told that books of this character are sometimes secreted and read stealthily; but the misguided and foul-minded fellows who could do a thing like this are not, I am sure, enrolled among the glorious company of manly chaps who read ST. NICHOLAS. Many of the books and papers of which I am speaking are not vile, as a rule, but they are hurtful, nevertheless, to the minds and the morals of the boys who read them. I know boys who have read so much flashy fiction that they can not take any sober and sensible views of life; they seem to have lost the power to study: they never read anything but fiction, and that of the lightest sort; the most entertaining book of history or science is a bore to them; their minds are so feeble and so feverish that they are wholly unfitted for the work of life. If you want to keep your mental grip and your moral soundness, never abuse your minds by feeding them on this sensational fodder.

9. If I were a boy, I would not use tobacco in any way. There are men who think it right to smoke, and I am not going to discuss the question as respects men; but whatever may be said of them, there is no intelligent man anywhere, whether he himself smokes or does not smoke, whether he thinks it right or wrong for men to smoke, who does not think it always wrong for a boy. It might be right for your father and utterly wrong for you. There is a great difference between the effects of tobacco upon a growing person and its effects upon one who has got his

growth. It hurts a growing boy a great deal more than it hurts a grown man. I have my doubts whether any one ever uses it habitually without being injured by it; but it is perfectly certain — all the doctors agree on this — that it is always injurious for boys. Here, for example, is the word of one doctor who thinks it no harm for some men to use it: "To young persons," he says, "*under twenty-five years or so*, tobacco, even in small quantities, is so apt to disorder health, in some way or other, that for such it should be considered generally harmful."

10. For the same reason, if I were a boy, I would not drink beer or wine or any kind of alcoholic liquor. Here, too, there is a dispute among the doctors, some of them saying that men may sometimes drink wine or beer without harm; but here, too, they all are perfectly agreed that for boys such drinks are always harmful. A great many boys in this country are learning to drink beer. Some of them think that there is no harm in it. But in thousands of cases, it has brought a deadly train of misery along with it. It has crippled many a man's best powers; it has been the beginning of drunkenness and of blighted lives. And not only because of the probable harm to yourselves, but because of the trouble and poverty and sorrow that it causes all over the land, have nothing to do with it.

I have used much of my time in telling you what I would not do if I were a boy; let me say a few words about what I would do.

1. I would have a good time, if I could. I do not put this first because it is the main thing; nevertheless, it is an important thing. There are some little fellows who are not able to have a very good time. Sometimes a boy's father dies, or there is sickness and trouble in his family, and he is compelled to go to work in early boyhood, and to work hard all the time, with small chance for fun. When such a duty is laid upon a boy, of course he must do it, and if he is the right sort of fellow, he will do it bravely and cheerfully; many a boy has shown his manliness in this way. The courage and devotion of some boys whom I have known, in shouldering such burdens as these, are beyond all praise. But this is not the kind of life that we would choose for a boy. He ought to work, no matter what his circumstances may be; he ought to spend in some useful way a considerable portion of his time out of school hours; but then he ought to play, as well as to work; to be a lively, merry, hearty lad. If I were a boy, I would be expert, if I could, at all right manly sports; I would be glad to be the strongest, swiftest, jolliest fellow on the playground. But I would do my work thoroughly first, and take my pastime afterward with a good conscience.

2. I would have my outdoor fun, too, in the daytime, and stay at home in the evening. Home is the right place for boys in the evenings. The boy who stays at home evenings is not only safest, he is also happiest. The kind of diversion he gets by roaming the streets of a city after dark is a kind that makes him restless and miserable; it unfits him for any quiet and reposeful life. Now the truth is, boys, that it is just as necessary for you to learn how to enjoy a quiet time, as it is to learn how to enjoy a noisy and exciting time; and evening is the time, and home is the place, for you to cultivate this gentler part of your nature, the part that will make you a gentleman.

3. If I were a boy, I would consider it a large part of a boy's business to learn to work. Work is not naturally pleasant to many of us; the taste for it has to be acquired. Youth is the time to acquire it. You can learn to take a tough problem in arithmetic, or an abstruse chapter in physics, or a long Greek conjugation, and put everything else out of your mind, and think right at it, just as intently as if it were a ball game, until it is finished. You can learn to take any other difficult and troublesome job, and fasten your thought and energy upon it, and do it thoroughly. This power of concentration and perseverance is one main thing to learn. Knowing what I now know about life, I am sure that if I were a boy again, this would be one of the things that I should try hardest to learn.

4. I would learn, too, to obey. That is one of the manliest traits of character, after all — obedience. It is what makes a soldier. To be able promptly and cheerfully to conform to all rightful authority, to bend your will to the wills of those who are directing your work — this is a noble virtue. It is a great part of discipline to acquire it. The time to acquire it is boyhood.

5. I would learn self-control. Boys are generally creatures of impulse. What they feel like doing they are apt to rush ahead and do, without stopping to consider whether it is wise or not. In the craving for pleasure of one sort or another, they are not always willing to hear reason. But, unless he is going to make shipwreck of life, every boy must learn to draw the rein, not only over temper, but over desire, and to say to himself now and then, "Hold on! *I 'm* doing this, and I 'm not going to be a fool; let 's see what is right and best before we go any further." The power to pull himself up in this way and use his reason and his judgment, instead of letting impulse determine his conduct, is a power that, if I were a boy again, I should begin to cultivate very early in life.

PINE-NEEDLES.

By William H. Hayne.

If Mother Nature patches
The leaves of trees and vines,
I 'm sure she does her darning
With needles of the pines!

They are so long and slender;
And sometimes, in full view,
They have their thread of cobwebs,
And thimbles made of dew!

GRIZEL COCHRANE'S RIDE



(Founded on an incident of the Monmouth Rebellion.)

By Elia W. Peattie.

In the midsummer of 1685, the hearts of the people of old Edinburgh were filled with trouble and excitement. King Charles the Second, of England, was dead, and his brother, the Duke of York, reigned in his stead to the dissatisfaction of a great number of the people.

The hopes of this class lay with the young Duke of Monmouth, the ambitious and disinherited son of Charles the Second, who, on account of the King's displeasure, had been living for some time at foreign courts. On hearing of the accession of his uncle, the Duke of York, to the throne, Monmouth yielded to the plans of the English and Scottish lords who favored his own pretensions, and prepared to invade England with a small but enthusiastic force of men.

The Duke of Argyle, the noblest lord of Scotland, who also was an exile, undertook to conduct the invasion at the north, while Monmouth should enter England at the west, gather the yeomanry about him and form a triumphant conjunction with Argyle in London, and force the "usurper," as they called King James the Second, from his throne.

Both landings were duly made. The power of Monmouth's name and rank rallied to his banner at first a large number of adherents; but their defeat at Sedgemoor put an end to his invasion. And the Duke of Argyle, a few days after his landing in Scotland, was met by a superior force of the King's troops. Retreating into a morass, his soldiers were scattered and dispersed. Many of his officers deserted him in a panic of fear. The brave old nobleman himself was taken prisoner, and beheaded at Edinburgh, while all the people secretly mourned. He died without betraying his friends,

though the relentless King of England threatened to compel him to do so, by the torture of the thumb-screw and the rack.

Many of his officers and followers underwent the same fate; and among those imprisoned to await execution was a certain nobleman, Sir John Cochrane, who had been made famous by other political intrigues. His friends used all the influence that their high position accorded them to procure his pardon, but without success; and the unfortunate baronet, a moody and impulsive man by nature, felt that there was no escape from the terrible destiny, and prepared to meet it in a manner worthy of a follower of the brave old duke. But he had one friend on whose help he had not counted.

In an upper chamber of an irregular, many-storied mansion far down the Canongate, Grizel Cochrane, the imprisoned man's daughter, sat through the dread hours waiting to learn her father's sentence. There was too little doubt as to what it would be. The King and his generals meant to make merciless examples of the leaders of the rebellion. Even the royal blood that flowed in the veins of Monmouth had not saved his head from the block. This proud prince, fleeing from the defeat of Sedgemoor, had been found hiding in a ditch, covered over with the ferns that flourished at the bottom. Grizel wept as she thought of the young duke's horrible fate. She remembered when she had last seen him about the court at Holland, where she had shared her father's exile. Gay, generous, and handsome, he seemed a creature born to live and rule. What a contrast was the abject, weeping coward covered with mud and slime, who had been carried in triumph to the grim Tower of London to meet his doom! The girl had been taught to believe in Monmouth's rights, and she walked the floor trembling with shame and impatience as she thought of his bitter defeat. She walked to the little dormer window and leaned out to look at the gray castle, far up the street, with its dull and lichen-covered walls. She knew that her father looked down from the barred windows of one of the upper apartments accorded to prisoners of state. She wondered if a thought of his little daughter crept in his mind amid his ruined hopes. The grim castle frowning at her from its rocky height filled her with dread; and shuddering, she turned from it toward the street below to let her eyes follow absently the passers-by. They whispered together as they passed the house, and when now and then some person caught a glimpse of her face in the ivy-sheltered window, she only met a look of commiseration. No one offered her a happy greeting.

"They all think him doomed," she cried to herself. "No one hath the grace to feign hope." Bitter tears filled her eyes, until suddenly through the mist she was conscious that some one below was lifting a plumed hat to her. It was a stately gentleman with a girdled vest and gorgeous coat and jeweled sword-hilt.

"Mistress Cochrane," said he, in that hushed voice we use when we wish to direct a remark to one person, which no one else shall overhear, "I have that to tell thee which is most important."

"Is it secret?" asked Grizel, in the same guarded tone that he had used.

"Yes," he replied, without looking up, and continuing slowly in his walk, as if he had merely exchanged a morning salutation.

"Then," she returned, hastily, "I will tell Mother; and we will meet thee in the twilight, at the side door under the balcony." She continued to look from the window, and the man sauntered on as if he had no care in the world but to keep the scarlet heels of his shoes from the dust. After a time Grizel arose, changed her loose robe for a more ceremonious dress, bound her brown braids into a prim gilded net, and descended into the drawing-room.

Her mother sat in mournful state at the end of the lofty apartment. About her were two ladies and several gentlemen, all conversing in low tones such as they might use, Grizel thought to herself, if her father were dead in the house. They all stopped talking as she entered, and looked at her in surprise. In those days it was thought very improper and forward for a young girl to enter a drawing-room uninvited, if guests were present. Grizel's eyes fell before the embarrassing scrutiny, and she dropped a timid courtesy, lifting her green silken skirts daintily, like a high-born little maiden, as she was. Lady Cochrane made a dignified apology to her guests and then turned to Grizel.

"Well, my daughter?" she said, questioningly.

"I pray thy pardon, Mother," said Grizel, in a trembling voice, speaking low, that only her mother might hear; "but within a few moments Sir Thomas Hanford will be secretly below the balcony, with news for us."

The lady half rose from her seat, trembling.

"Is he commissioned by the governor?" she asked.

"I can not tell," said the little girl; but here her voice broke, and regardless of the strangers, she flung herself into her mother's lap, weeping: "I am sure it is bad news of Father!" Lady Cochrane wound her arm about her daughter's waist, and, with a gesture of apology, led her from the room. Half an hour later she re-entered it hurriedly, followed by Grizel, who sank unnoticed in the deep embrasure of a window, and shivered there behind the heavy folds of the velvet hangings.



"SOME ONE BELOW WAS LIFTING A PLUMED HAT TO HER."

"I have just received terrible intelligence, my friends," announced Lady Cochrane, standing, tall and pale, in the midst of her guests. "The governor has been informally notified that the next post from London will bring Sir John's sentence. He is to be hanged at the Cross." There was a perfect silence in the dim room; then one of the ladies broke into loud sobbing, and a gentleman led Lady Cochrane to a chair, while the others talked apart in earnest whispers.

"Who brought the information?" asked one of the gentlemen, at length. "Is there not hope that it is a false report?"

"I am not at liberty," said Lady Cochrane, "to tell who brought me this terrible news; but it was a friend of the governor, from whom I would not have expected a service. Oh, is it too late," she cried, rising from her chair and pacing the room, "to make another attempt at intercession? Surely something can be done!"

The gentleman who had stood by her chair — a gray-headed, sober-visaged man — returned answer:

"Do not count on any remedy now, dear Lady Cochrane. I know this new King. He will be relentless toward any one who has questioned his right to reign. Besides, the post has already left London several days, and will doubtless be here by to-morrow noon."

"I am sure," said a gentleman who had not yet spoken, "that if we had a few days more he might be saved. They say King James will do anything for money, and the wars have emptied his treasury. Might we not delay the post?" he suggested, in a low voice.

"No," said the gray-headed gentleman; "that is utterly impossible."

Grizel, shivering behind the curtain, listened with eager ears. Then she saw her mother throw herself into the arms of one of the ladies and break into ungoverned sobs. The poor girl could stand no more, but glided from the room unnoticed and crept up to her dark chamber, where she sat, repeating aimlessly to herself the words that by chance had fixed themselves strongest in her memory: "Delay the post — delay the post!"

The moon arose and shone in through the panes, making a wavering mosaic on the floor as it glimmered through the wind-blown ivy at the window. Like a flash, a definite resolution sprang into Grizel's mind. If, by delaying the post, time for intercession with the King could be gained, and her father's life so saved, then the post *must* be delayed! But how? She had heard the gentleman say that it would be impossible. She knew that the postboy went heavily armed, to guard against the highwaymen who frequented the roads in search of plunder. This made her think of the wild stories of masked men who sprung from some secluded spot upon the postboys, and carried off the letters and money with which they were intrusted.

Suddenly she bounded from her seat, stood still a moment with her hands pressed to her head, ran from her room, and up the stairs which led to the servants' sleeping apartments. She listened at a door, and then, satisfied that the room was empty, entered, and went straight to the oaken wardrobe. By the light of the moon she selected a jacket and a pair of trousers. She looked about her for a hat and found one hanging on a peg near the window; then she searched for some time before she found a pair of boots. They were worn and coated with mud.

"They are all the better," she said to herself, and hurried on tiptoe down the corridor. She went next to the anteroom of her father's chamber. It was full of fond associations, and the hot tears sprung into her eyes as she looked about it. She took up a brace of pistols, examined them awkwardly, her hands trembling under their weight as she found at once to her delight and her terror that they were loaded. Then she hurried with them to her room.

Half an hour later, the butler saw a figure which he took to be that of Allen, the stable-boy, creeping down the back stairs, boots in hand.

"Whaur noo, me laddie?" he asked. "It 's gey late for ye to gang oot the nicht."

"I hae forgot to bar the stable door," replied Grizel in a low and trembling voice, imitating as well as she could the broad dialect of the boy.

"Hech!" said the butler. "I ne'er hear ye mak sae little hammer in a' yer days."

She fled on. The great kitchen was deserted. She gathered up all the keys from their pegs by the door, let herself quietly out, and sped across the yard to the stable. With trembling hands she fitted first one key and then another to the door until she found the right one. Once inside the stable, she stood irresolute. She patted Bay Bess, her own little pony.

"Thou wouldst never do, Bess," she said. "Thou art such a lazy little creature." The round, fat carriage-horses stood there. "You are just holiday horses, too," said Grizel to them, "and would be winded after an hour of the work I want you for to-night." But in the shadow of the high stall stood Black Ronald, Sir John Cochrane's great, dark battle-horse, that riderless, covered with dust and foam, had dashed down the Canongate after the terrible rout of Argyle in the bogs of Leven-side, while all the people stood and stared at the familiar steed, carrying, as he did, the first silent message of disaster. Him Grizel unfastened and led out.

"Thou art a true hero," she said, rubbing his nose with the experienced touch of a horsewoman; "and I 'll give thee a chance to-night to show that thou art as loyal as ever." Her hands were cold with excitement, but she managed to buckle the saddle and bridle upon him, while the huge animal stood in restless expectancy, anxious to be gone. She drew on the boots without any trouble, and slipped the pistols into the holsters.

"I believe thou knowest what I would have of thee," said Grizel as she led the horse out into the yard and on toward the gateway. Frightened, as he half circled about her in his impatience, she undid the fastening of the great gates, but her strength was not sufficient to swing them open.

"Ronald," she said in despair, "I can not open the gates!" Ronald turned his head about and looked at her with his beautiful eyes. He seemed to be trying to say, "*I* can."

"All right," said Grizel, as if he had spoken. She mounted the black steed, laughed nervously as she climbed into the saddle. "Now," she said, "go on!" The horse made a dash at the gates, burst them open, and leaped out into the road. He curveted about for a moment, his hoofs striking fire from the cobble-stones. Then Grizel turned his head down the Canongate, away from the castle. She knew the point at which she intended to leave the city, and toward that point she headed Black Ronald. The horse seemed to know he was doing his old master a service, as he took his monstrous strides forward. Only once did Grizel look backward, and then a little shudder, half terror, half remorse, struck her, for she saw her home ablaze with light, and heard cries of excitement borne faintly to her on the rushing night wind. They had discovered her flight. Once she thought she heard hoof-beats behind her, but she knew she could not be overtaken.

Through the streets, now narrow, now broad, now straight, now crooked, dashed Black Ronald and his mistress. Once he nearly ran down a drowsy watchman who stood nodding at a sharp corner, but horse and rider were three hundred yards away before the frightened guardian regained his composure and sprang his discordant rattle.

Now the houses grew scarcer, and presently the battlements of the town wall loomed up ahead, and Grizel's heart sank, for there were lights in the road. She heard shouts, and knew she was to be challenged. She firmly set her teeth, said a little prayer, and leaned far forward upon Black Ronald's neck. The horse gave a snort of defiance, shied violently away from a soldier who stood by the way, and then went through the gateway like a shot. Grizel clung tightly to her saddle-bow, and urged her steed on. On, on they went down the firm roadway lined on either side by rows of noble oaks — on, on, out into the country-side, where the sweet odor of the heather arose gracious and fragrant to the trembling girl. There was little chance of her taking a wrong path. The road over which the postboy came was the King's highway, always kept in a state of repair.

She gave herself no time to notice the green upland farms, or the stately residences which stood out on either hand in the moonlight. She concentrated her strength and mind on urging her horse forward. She was too excited to form a definite plan, and her only clear idea was to meet the postboy before daylight, for she knew it would not be safe to trust too much to her disguise. Now and then a feeling of terror flashed over her, and she turned sick with dread; but her firm purpose upheld her.

It was almost four in the morning, and the wind was blowing chill from the sea, when she entered the rolling woodlands about the Tweed. Grizel was shivering with the cold, and was so tired that she with difficulty kept her place in the saddle.

"We can not hold out much longer, Ronald," she said; "and if we fail, we can never hold up our heads again." Ronald, the sure-footed, stumbled and nearly fell. "It is no use," sighed Grizel; "we must rest." She dismounted, but it was some moments before her tired limbs could obey her will. Beside the roadway was a ditch filled with running water, and Grizel managed to lead Ronald down the incline to its brink, and let him drink. She scooped up a little in her hand and moistened her tongue; then, realizing that Ronald must not be allowed to stand still, she, with great difficulty, mounted upon his back again, and, heartsick, fearful, yet not daring to turn back, coaxed him gently forward.

The moon had set long before this, and in the misty east the sky began to blanch with the first gleam of morning. Suddenly, around the curve of the road where it leaves the banks of the Tweed, came a dark object. Grizel's heart leaped wildly. Thirty seconds later she saw that it was indeed a horseman. He broke into a song:

> "The Lord o' Argyle cam' wi' plumes and wi' spears,
> And Monmouth he landed wi' gay cavaliers!
> The pibroch has caa'd every tartan thegither,
> B' thoosans their footsteps a' pressin' the heather;
> Th' North and the Sooth sent their bravest ones out,
> But a joust wi' Kirke's Lambs put them all to the rout"

By this time, the horseman was so close that Grizel could distinguish objects hanging upon the horse in front of the rider. They were the mail-bags! For the first time she realized her weakness and saw how unlikely it was that she would be

able to cope with an armed man. The blood rushed to her head, and a courage that was the inspiration of the moment took possession of her. She struck Black Ronald a lash with her whip.

"Go!" she said to him shrilly, while her heart-beats hammered in her ears, "Go!"

The astonished and excited horse leaped down the road. As she met the postboy, she drew Black Ronald, with a sudden strength that was born of the danger, back upon his haunches. His huge body blocked the way.

"Dismount!" she cried to the other rider. Her voice was hoarse from fright, and sounded strangely in her own ears. But a wild courage nerved her, and the hand that drew and held the pistol was as firm as a man's. Black Ronald was rearing wildly, and in grasping the reins tighter, her other hand mechanically altered its position about the pistol.

She had not meant to fire, she had only thought to aim and threaten, but suddenly there was a flash of light in the gray atmosphere, a dull reverberation, and to the girl's horrified amazement she saw the horse in front of her stagger and fall heavily to the ground. The rider, thrown from his saddle, was pinned to the earth by his horse and stunned by the fall. Dizzy with pain and confused by the rapidity of the assault, he made no effort to draw his weapon.

The mail-bags had swung by their own momentum quite clear of the horse in its fall, and now lay loosely over its back, joined by the heavy strap.

It was a painful task for the exhausted girl to dismount, but she did so, and, lifting the cumbersome leathern bags, she threw them over Black Ronald's neck. It was yet more painful to her tender heart to leave the poor fellow she had injured lying in so pitiable a condition, but her father's life was in danger, and that, to her, was of more moment than the postboy's hurts.

"Heaven forgive me," she said, bending over him. "I pray this may not be his death!" She clambered over the fallen horse and mounted Ronald, who was calm again. Then she turned his head toward Edinboro' Town and hurriedly urged him forward. But as she sped away from the scene of the encounter, she kept looking back, with an awe-struck face, to the fallen postboy. In the excitement of the meeting and in her one great resolve to obtain her father's death-warrant, she had lost all thought of the risks she ran or of the injuries she might inflict; and it was with unspeakable relief, therefore, that she at last saw the postboy struggle to his feet, and stand gazing after her. "Thank Heaven, he is not killed!" she exclaimed again and again, as she now joyfully pressed Ronald into a gallop. Throughout the homeward journey, Grizel made it a point to urge him to greater speed when nearing a farmhouse, so that there would be less risk of discovery. Once or twice she was accosted by laborers in the field, and once by the driver of a cart, but their remarks were lost upon the wind as the faithful Ronald thundered on. She did not feel the need of sleep, for she had forgotten it in all her excitement, but she was greatly exhausted and suffering from the effects of her rough ride.

Soon the smoke in the distance showed Grizel that her native town lay an hour's journey ahead. She set her teeth and said an encouraging word to the horse. He seemed to understand, for he redoubled his energies. Now the roofs became visible, and now, grim and sullen, the turrets of the castle loomed up. Grizel felt a great lump in her throat as she thought of her father in his lonely despair.

She turned Ronald from the road again and cut through a clump of elms. She came out in a few minutes and rode more slowly toward a smaller gate than the one by which she had left the city. A stout soldier looked at her carelessly and then turned to his tankard of ale, after he had noticed the mail-bags. Grizel turned into a crooked, narrow street lined on each side with toppling, frowning buildings. She drew rein before a humble house, and slipped wearily from her saddle and knocked at the door. An old woman opened the heavy oaken door and Grizel fell into her arms.

"The bags—the mail," she gasped, and fainted. When she recovered consciousness, she found herself on a low, rough bed. The old woman was bending over her.

"Losh keep me!" said the dame. "I did na ken ye! Ma puir bairnie! Hoo cam' ye by these?" and she pointed to the clothes of Allen.

"The bags?" said Grizel, sitting bolt upright—

"Are under the hearth," said the old woman.

"And Ronald?" continued Grizel.

"Is in the byre wi' the coos," said the other with a knowing leer. "Not a soul kens it. Ne'er a body saw ye come."

Breathlessly Grizel explained all to her old nurse, and then sprung off the bed. At her request the old dame locked the door and brought her the bags. By the aid of a sharp knife the pair slashed open the leathern covering, and the inclosed packets fell upon the floor. With trembling hands Grizel fumbled them all over, tossing one after another impatiently aside as she read the addresses. At last she came upon a large one addressed to the governor. With beating heart she hesitated a moment, and then tore the packet open with shaking fingers. She easily read the bold handwriting. Suddenly everything swam before her, and again she nearly fell into her companion's arms.

It was too true. What she read was a formal



"GRIZEL SAW THE HORSE IN FRONT OF HER FALL HEAVILY TO THE GROUND."

warrant of the King, signed by his majesty, and stamped and sealed with red wax. It ordered the governor to hang Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree at the Cross in Edinburgh at ten o'clock in the morning, on the third day of the following week. She clutched the paper and hid it in her dress.

The disposition of the rest of the mail was soon decided upon. The old lady's son Jock—a wild fellow—was to put the sacks on the back of a donkey and turn it loose outside the gates, at his earliest opportunity. And then Grizel, clad in some rough garments the old lady procured, slipped out of the house, and painfully made her way toward the Canongate.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when she reached her home. The porter at the gate could scarcely be made to understand that the uncouth figure before him was his young mistress. But a moment later her mother was embracing her, with tears of joy.

All the male friends of Sir John were hastily summoned, and Grizel related her adventure, and displayed the death-warrant of her father. The hated document was consigned to the flames, a consultation was held, and that night three of the gentlemen left for London.

The next day, the donkey and the mail-sacks were found by a sentry, and some little excitement was occasioned; but when the postboy came in later, and related how he had been attacked by six stalwart robbers, and how he had slain two of them and was then overpowered and forced to surrender the bags, all wonderment was set at rest.

The Cochrane family passed a week of great anxiety, but when it was ended, the three friends returned from London with joyful news. The King had listened to their petition, and had ordered the removal of Sir John to the Tower of London, until his case could be reconsidered. So to London Sir John went; and after a time the payment of five thousand pounds to some of the King's advisers secured an absolute pardon. His lands, which had been confiscated, were restored to him; and on his arrival at his Scottish home, he was warmly welcomed by a great concourse of his friends. He thanked them in a speech, taking care, however, not to tell who was so greatly instrumental in making his liberation possible. But we may be sure that he was secretly proud of the pluck and devotion of his daughter Grizel.



JENNY'S BOARDING-HOUSE.

By James Otis.

Chapter I.

A PLAN AND A BABY.

"But it would cost more 'n a hundred dollars, an' I tell you what it is, fellers, we never could do it in the world."

"How do you know, Pin White? You never saw so much money, an' you never owned a house, so what 's the use tryin' to break it up before you find out what it is?"

"Oh, I don't know what it is, don't I? Well, what were you talkin' 'bout when you said you wanted us to help Jenny Wren start a boardin'-house? An' if I have n't found out about it, Ikey Jarvis, after all you 've said, s'pose you begin an' tell us what you mean?"

As Pinney White — whose name, by the way, when properly pronounced, was Alpenna — made these few remarks, which he believed to be in the highest degree sarcastic, he placed his thumbs where the armholes of his vest would have been if he had been wearing any such garment, and looked about at his companions in a satisfied and triumphant manner.

"Of course I did n't mean that," said Ikey quickly, understanding that by the use of such strong language he had given Pinney at least a temporary advantage over him. "What I say is, that you don't know anything 'bout startin' this kind of a boardin'-house."

"Well, what do *you* know of it?" asked Tom Downing, smiling in a manner that Ikey thought very disagreeable.

"I know what Jenny has told me," replied Master Jarvis almost angrily; and he then added more softly, "Now, fellers, this is jest the way Jenny talks, an' I tell you she has more sense in her little finger, even if she is only fifteen years old, than the whole of us together. Her mother owns fifty dollars, an' is so rheumatic that she won't be able to go out to work very much this winter, so she 's got to scare up some way of earnin' a livin'. So, Jenny says that if we fellers would come to board with her, an' bring all the others we know, there could be good deal of money made. She 's found a house over on Carpenter street that she can have for forty dollars a month, and it 'll hold pretty near every feller in town what sells papers. She won't have any money to buy furniture with, after she pays the rent, an' she says that if each one of us five boys will put in ten dollars, that 'll be fifty dollars, an' we 'll own half the place, an' get our share of all she makes."

"Oh, that 's different from what you said before," added Tom; and believing now that it was an opportunity to make money, instead of some charitable scheme, he began to look upon the matter with more favor.

"Then if we put in ten dollars, we can stay jest as long as we want to without payin' anything for board, can we?" asked Sam Tousey, his eyes opening wide as he believed he saw an opportunity of indulging his love of indolence.

"Of course not," replied Ikey quickly, and looking at Sam as scornfully as he dared. "S'posen we did that, how would Jenny have any money to run the house with? We 've got to pay our board jest the same as the others; but when she makes anything out of the place, we five will get half of it. Now do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand that part of it," said Jack Phinney quickly, and then he added in a tone of painful indecision, "What I 'd like to know is where we fellers are goin' to get the money that she wants?"

"Earn it, of course," replied Ikey, who was looked upon as the wealthy member of the party. "You 're allers talkin' 'bout not havin' any money, an' you an' Sam oughter be pardners. If you 'd both work every day like the rest of us, an' took care of what you made, you 'd have ten dollars now."

"We would, would we? Well, now that you 're so smart about it, I don't believe you 've got that much," retorted Jack.

"If I had all the fellers owe me I would, an' a good deal more," replied Ikey; "but I 've got pretty nigh enough anyhow."

"Let 's turn to an' find out jest how much we can raise; then we 'll know what we 're talkin' about," said Tom, who evidently had become deeply interested in the plan.

The boys had been standing in front of one of the large newspaper offices in New York City, where they had met after the morning's work was finished; and now, in accordance with Tom's proposition, they adjourned to the City Hall Park to count their treasure. Out of the way of any too officious policeman, and far enough from one another to prevent the slightest possibility of ques-

tion that any one could take up more than he put down, the small newsdealers began what was a protracted, and in some cases an almost painful, time of mental calculation. Sam, in particular, had a severe struggle to count correctly the pennies he had spread out on the bench in front of him; and if he had not called upon Ikey for assistance, the business of the day would have been even more seriously delayed.

It was found that Sam had but forty-nine cents, although he insisted that every fellow who counted it must have made a mistake, for he was positive that he had very much more.

Jack had one dollar and fifty-six cents. Pinney was the proud owner of four dollars and twenty-three; Tom had twenty-eight cents more than Pinney; and Ikey triumphantly displayed seven dollars and ninety cents.

"That 's as much as the whole thing makes," Ikey said, as he added the several amounts together, and wrote down the total in very shaky-looking figures. "Not half what Jenny wanted," he went on, "but, if we agree to go into the thing, we can soon get enough. Now, what do you say?"

"Who 's to be the boss of the house?" asked Sam, looking at his small amount of money as if he thought it sufficient to entitle him to the position of president of the corporation, at the very least.

"Why, Jenny is, of course!" said Ikey. "It will be her boardin'-house, an' we won't have any more to do with it than the other fellers what lives there, 'cept that, if any money 's made, we get our shares."

"But we 've got to take hold an' keep the thing goin', or else we 'd better not have anything to do with it," said Tom. "I don't b'lieve she 'll make much for a good while, p'rhaps not for this winter, an' we 're the ones that 'll have to see that she gets along all right."

"That 's it, that 's jest it!" cried Ikey, delighted because Tom was really showing some enthusiasm in the matter. "We 've got to work hard till she gets started, an' then we 'll stand a good chance to make some money."

"But don't we have a hand in runnin' the house?" persisted Sam, doubtful as to whether he would better part with his wealth unless he could at least be one of the directors.

"Jenny says that our work is to get all the fellers we can to board with us, an' to make 'em behave theirselves decent," answered Ikey. "We 're to have rules for the place, an' we can fix 'em up to suit ourselves."

"Then every one of us brings a rule, eh?" and Sam looked relieved, now that he knew he could at least have a voice in the management.

"Yes, every one does that," assented Ikey. "Now, what do you say? Will you all come in?"

"But what about my havin' only forty-nine cents?" asked Sam, beginning to fear that he might not be received as a member of the corporation with so little cash at his command.

"Why, you 'll have to scurry 'round an' get the money as quick as you can. Put in all you 've got but jest enough to buy your papers with, this afternoon, an' then work as hard as you know how."

There was no necessity for Ikey to ask again if the others were willing to join him in the enterprise, for every one showed, as plainly as the most sceptical could have desired, how eager he was to become a stockholder in Jenny's boarding-house. One trifling detail of business alone remained to be settled, and they were reminded of this by Tom Downing, who said:

"Of course it 'll be all right for us to give our money to you or Jenny, 'cause we know it 'll be put into the house; but you oughter fix up somethin' to tell how much each one pays, and what it 's for."

Pinney nodded his head vigorously to show that he thought such a course would be the only correct way of transacting the business, and Ikey asked in almost a sad tone:

"Do you fellers think I oughter write out a paper for each one?"

"Of course we must all have the same thing," said Sam positively; and considering the fact that, after deducting the fifteen cents needed to lay in his afternoon stock, Master Tousey had only thirty-four cents toward starting a boarding-house, Ikey thought he was asking for almost more than was fair.

"It 'll take me 'bout all the afternoon to write em," he said with a sigh; "but I can do it, I s'pose. You fellers give me your money so 's I can show Jenny I 've got it. She 'll hire the house right away, and I 'll meet you here to-night 'bout seven o'clock to go round to see it, then I 'll have the writin's fixed."

The boys gave their cash into Ikey's keeping, all save Sam doing so without a murmur. He appeared to think that he ought to have a receipt then and there, lest the custodian of the money, tempted by the possession of so much wealth, might prove unfaithful to the trust, and flee to some foreign country. Sam succeeded, after quite a mental struggle, in stifling his suspicions, and Ikey started away at full speed to find Jenny, leaving the directors of the proposed boarding-house to discuss the different questions that began to arise, relative to the responsibilities they had so recently assumed.

Jack Phinney had considerable to say about fel-

lows who were willing to risk their entire wealth in an enterprise, and then were debarred from exercising any governing powers. No one save Sam paid much attention to his plaint, and the two sympathized with each other, while Pinney and Tom tried to decide what rules they could make which would be most beneficial to the inmates of Jenny's boarding-house.

"There 's one thing we 'll get Jenny to say, every one of us owes part of what Jenny wanted us to pay."

"Now see here, Pinney White, we 'd better fix this thing at the start. I 'm not goin' to live with a lot of fellers that want ter set down to dinner without washin' their faces, an' you know it. I would n't put in a cent toward openin' a place that would be like some, an' you 'll find out that Jenny will say 'bout the same thing. It won't hurt you a



"THE SMALL NEWSDEALERS BEGAN A PAINFUL TIME OF MENTAL CALCULATION."

an' that is that no feller can come to the table till he 's washed his face."

Tom spoke very decidedly, as indeed he should have done, since he was overparticular, his intimate friends thought, on the subject of cleanliness.

Pinney looked distressed. He was a boy who did not believe in the useless waste of soap necessary to wash a fellow's face even once a day, and he knew of several, whom he had intended to introduce as boarders, who were quite as economical in this particular as himself.

"I would n't have that rule, Tom," he said, almost imploringly. "I know a good many of the fellers who would kick if you did, an', besides, you 'd have to buy soap and towels. I go in for havin' things jest as comfortable as you do; but there is n't any use throwin' money away when bit to wash up every day, an' it 'll make you feel a sight better, too. Besides, how 'd you look bein' one of the bosses of a reg'lar house, with your face as dirty as it is now?"

Pinney seemed concerned at this last suggestion. He knew very well that there could be no pleasure in exerting himself to be cleanly; but as one of the stockholders it did really seem as if he should change his personal appearance a trifle; therefore he said:

"Well, we 'll let it go that way an' see how the fellers will take it: but I 'm 'fraid we 'll have trouble with some of 'em."

"I 'll fix that," replied Tom, decidedly. "Now let 's all see how many boarders we can get before the evenin' papers come out."

Recognizing the necessity of interesting their friends and acquaintances in the plan so that

Jenny's boarding-house might, at the very commencement, be on a paying basis, the stockholders started out to make the scheme known to the public, and to solicit patronage. In the delightful occupation of news-bearers Sam and Jack forgot their supposed grievances; or rather, they soothed their wounded feelings by representing to their particular circle of acquaintances that they were in reality the very head and front of the enterprise, but had allowed a few friends to appear as if clothed with equal authority.

As the directors had expected, the statement that Jenny Parsons, otherwise known as Jenny Wren, was about to open a boarding-house, caused no small amount of excitement among those who were acquainted with her or any of the directors.

Some of the boys were highly delighted with the scheme, believing that it would be more pleasant to live together in that way, than to remain at the News-boys' Lodging-house; but at the same time, they doubted very seriously whether the enterprise would be a paying one. Others objected to the plan in every detail. Others publicly stated that it could not succeed if Jenny depended upon two so notoriously lazy fellows as Sam Tousey and Jack Phinney for any portion of the necessary capital. Several declared that they would not become inmates of Jenny's boarding-house for the same reason that they objected to a larger establishment, which was that they would not allow others to lay down rules for them to follow, and that "if Tom Downing thought he could make the fellows wash their faces as often as he did his, he was mistaken."

Thus it was that the business community of which the stockholders of Jenny's boarding-house were members was divided in opinion as to the success of the plan; but there were so many who had promised, under certain stipulations, to engage board, that Tom and Pinney were perfectly satisfied with these first results, even though Sam and Jack had already begun to grow discouraged.

Ikey met his friends according to agreement, and was in a high state of excitement regarding the scheme. He had gone with Mrs. Parsons and Jenny to inspect and afterward to lease the house.

"It 's jest about as nice as it can be for forty dollars a month, an' when we get it fixed up the way Jenny's mother says, it 'll knock the spots out of anything this crowd has ever seen."

"I don't believe we can make it go," Sam said disconsolately. "A good many of the fellers think it 'll bust us all up."

"It can't hurt you but thirty-four cents' worth if it smashes right away," replied Tom quickly; "besides, we can get all the boarders the house 'll hold. Most of the fellers you an' Jack was talkin' with are jest the kind we don't want anyhow."

"What do they say about it?" asked Ikey eagerly.

Pinney repeated all the comments he had heard, whether they were favorable or not, and even before he had finished Sam asked Ikey: "Did you bring the papers you said you 'd write?"

By way of reply Ikey drew from his pocket, with an air of triumph, four business cards he had begged from some store, and on the back of the one he handed Sam was the following inscription:

"SAM TOSEY HAS PAID
34 SENTS FOR THE BODING HOUSE.
HE OWS 9 DOLERS & 66 SENTS."

"Jenny has got all the money," Ikey said, after he had given his friends sufficient time for them to admire the specimens of his skill as an accountant, "an' she an' her mother are off now buyin' a lot o' things. They 'll have the place fixed up so 's we can sleep there to-night, an' I 'm goin' to get the things for a big supper."

The idea of a feast was enough to revive all Sam's former enthusiasm for the scheme, and, without bringing up again the question of individual authority, he displayed the greatest eagerness to start at once for the boarding-house.

The business of the day was nearly ended; Pinney had one paper left from his afternoon's stock, and when that had been disposed of by the united efforts of all the directors, there was nothing to prevent them from going to their new home.

Carpenter street, although it may not be found on any of the maps of New York City, is located not far from the principal newspaper offices, and in less than ten minutes from the time the boys left Printing House Square they were in front of a not overcleanly-looking building, which Ikey pointed out as their future home.

"That's the place," he said in a tone of admiration, while they were yet some distance away—"Not so very swell lookin' outside, but it 'll be mighty nice inside, after it 's fixed up."

"What 's the bundle on the steps?" Tom asked when they were sufficiently near the building to admit of their seeing the boarding-house more distinctly by the light of a street lamp.

"I guess that 's some of the things Jenny has been buyin'," replied Ikey. "She must be back, though she said she was afraid they could n't get through at the store till pretty late."

"If she 's goin' to leave bundles outdoors in that way, she won't have anything very long," said Sam as he mentally resolved that it was his duty, as one of the directors, to read the young landlady a lecture on carelessness.

Tom was slightly in advance of the others when

he went up the steps, and he lifted the bundle by one corner roughly, almost dropping it a second afterward, as a noise very like that of a baby crying was heard from beneath the ragged shawl which covered the package.

"What 's that?" cried Sam, nearly tumbling down the steps, so startled was he by what he had heard.

After the first surprise, which had caused Tom to lower the bundle quickly, he raised it again, and this time no one felt any alarm, although all were in a complete state of bewilderment, for there was no longer any question about the matter. There *was* a baby in the bundle, and it was crying as vigorously as if it had the best pair of lungs in the city.

"Unroll it, Tom, so we can see what it looks like," said Ikey, while all the boys crowded around to see Tom undo the wrappings as awkwardly as only a boy can, regardless alike of the baby's now almost piercing screams, and the chill winter wind to which he was about to introduce the unfortunate infant.

"It is a reg'lar young one, an' no mistake!" he said as he held the chubby little youngster so that the wind blew directly upon it.

Ikey was already trying the door; but, to his great surprise, he could not arouse any one. The house was evidently without occupants, since no reply was made to his vigorous knocking, and not a light could be seen from any of the windows.

"They have n't come home at all," he said, turning around just as Tom was trying to persuade the very cold-looking baby to have a bite of a half-frozen apple. "Now, who does that belong to?"

By "that," Ikey meant the infant; but none of his companions could answer the question, and for some moments every one remained silent, while the baby screamed its protests against being thus exposed to the cold.

"Better tie it up agin, Tom," suggested Jack, with an air of wisdom. "It does n't want any apple, and p'rhaps the wind 's a little too strong for it. My aunt don't let any of her babies go outdoors bareheaded in the winter."

"But where did this one come from? That 's what I want to know," persisted Ikey, as he looked about him in perplexity.

"I 'll tell you jest how it is," replied Tom, as he spread the shawl on the doorstep, and, laying the screaming child upon it, rolled the little thing up much as if it had been some article of merchandise. "This baby did n't come here all by itself, did it?"

"Of course not!" assented the others.

"Then it 's been left here by somebody too poor to take good care of it. Likely its folks will turn up before long," said Tom.

"But what 'll we do with it?" asked Sam.

"We 'll wait a while and see," said Tom, sagely. "One of you fellers go an' buy a whole slat of candy, so 's to make it stop hollerin', an' I 'll take care of it till Jenny comes. We agreed that every one should make a rule, an' this one is mine: 'We 'll all own the baby as we own the boardin'-house'; an', if nobody turns up to claim him, we can have no end o' fun with him before winter 's over."

Just then it seemed to all the stockholders as if it would be a very pleasant thing to own a baby, and Ikey started at once to buy some candy for their new property, while Tom sat on the doorstep, trying to still its cries.



(To be continued.)

JUAN AND JUANITA.

By Frances Courtenay Baylor.

Chapter IV.

When at last the strain of the day's alarms and exertions was over, and was succeeded by darkness, stillness, and temporary safety, poor little Nita became quite hysterical and sobbed herself to sleep on Juan's shoulder. She refused to eat anything, and was as weary, footsore, and entirely exhausted a child as can be imagined. But for the protecting arms that encircled her, the confidence that Juan's cleverness and daring had inspired, and her belief that they were to stay in their tree of refuge for some time, she would have been utterly miserable. As it was, Juan had to scold her a little for being so sure that they would never see their mother again, and so certain that they would eventually be recaptured. He told her that she must expect to undergo a great deal of hardship, that she must be brave, that he had a capital plan that would put the Indians off the scent, and finally, that she must go to sleep. He made a hearty meal from the wallet and threw down something now and then to Amigo, who had stretched himself out at the foot of the tree, and who richly deserved to feast after his admirable conduct on that eventful day.

"A sensible dog that; not once did he bark after the Indians appeared, and he only gave one growl in the thicket. I believe he knows as well as I what to do." This was Juan's last thought before he, too, fell asleep.

Amigo's whines awakened him before daylight; and he was not sorry, for after the fatigue he had undergone the previous day he would certainly have slept late—a dangerous indulgence under the circumstances. He aroused Nita, who awoke greatly refreshed and much more cheerful. She was quite ready for breakfast now, and all the party ate with immense relish of what the wallet afforded.

"It is lucky that I held on to this yesterday," said Juan, "in spite of the way we were chased. If I had lost it, we should now have nothing at all to eat. Well, Nita, this is what I am going to do. I am going to travel due south all to-day, instead of southwest, so as to puzzle the Indians, who will be sure that I am traveling toward Mexico. Let us start at once."

On hearing this, Nita lost no time in getting down from her perch, and they set off. She was so stiff at first that she could hardly move, but the soreness disappeared in great measure as they walked on. They were not yet "out of the woods," however, and they did not dare to feel too glad, while as yet they were uncertain whether their foes had lost or followed up their trail.

They faced south, toward a mountain from which Juan thought he could get a good view of possible pursuers, and where they could perhaps find water. Owing to the extraordinary purity of the atmosphere of that region, it seemed to him to be only about three miles distant, but it proved to be almost ten. A long walk it seemed under a burning midday sun, and when they arrived at the mountain, there was still the ascent to be made. As soon as they had come within sight of the woods that covered it, Juan's eyes had eagerly roved from spot to spot, until they discerned one piece near the top, where the trees were of a dark rich green, in decided contrast with those about them.

"There is water, unfailing water!" he exclaimed delightedly. "But you are dreadfully tired, Nita. You must have a good rest under that large oak before you begin to climb the mountain. We will take that ravine, and follow it up." They both were very weary, and were consumed with thirst. Nita could only stagger forward a few more steps; she sank down on the grass, but rose up again presently, and managed to reach the tree.

When they had rested in the grateful shade of the oak for about an hour, they began the ascent, lured by the thought of the water they needed and craved. The ravine was dry, and edged by foliage so pathetically burnt and blighted that one would not have thought there was a drop of water within fifty miles of it. But, convinced that he was right, Juan struggled on, up the steep ascent, and pushed his way through the brush, encouraging Nita all the while and helping her when her courage failed or her strength gave out, which happened again and again. The heat was intolerable, and her poor little feet were bleeding, her throat parched, her lips swollen, her whole frame one great ache.

When they had been toiling along in this way for some hours, the ravine made a sudden turn to the left, a refreshing breeze struck them, there was a little stretch of shade before them, and the brother and sister sat down to rest. They were too exhausted to talk, and in the stillness they presently heard a sound sweeter than any that

could be made by Thomas's entire orchestra — the faint silvery tinkle of falling waters! Amigo heard it, too, and bounded off, and after a time came back dripping, and evidently delighted. The children gave a cry of joy, but could not move just then. As soon as they had recovered a little, they pushed on again, and though they had some hard climbing that tried them sorely, the delicious, rippling, gushing music that grew louder every moment so animated them that they felt almost brisk, and marched on until they were brought up suddenly by a cliff of rock. Juan followed along its base until he found a tree, the top branches of which were nearly on a level with the ground above. By means of this ingenious natural staircase — they did not stop to look for the one by which Amigo had ascended — Juan and Juanita mounted safely into the upper regions, and set off in a sort of limping run that brought them to what seemed at the time the loveliest spot that had ever met their eyes. It was a second, lower cliff of gray stone to which the winds and storms of thousands of years had given an exquisite bloom, an infinite variety of soft neutral tints. From under a ledge issued "a thing of life" — a beautiful little stream of clear, cold water, that danced out and away from the overhanging canopy of fine old walnut, pecan, and pollard-willows, sparkled in the sunshine like the jewel it was, and fell over the edge of the plateau beyond. About the spring was a green circle of mosses and aquatic plants, starred with water-lilies, and fringed with quantities of maiden-hair fern.

The two children dimly felt the charm of the place; they reveled in the coolness of the shade, bathed luxuriously in the water, and drank as freely of it as they dared, after so long a fast. Juan had to pull Nita bodily away from the spring, and to insist on her taking only a mouthful at a time. They both bathed their feet, quenched their thirst gradually, and ate their frugal dinner; and then both enjoyed a good long rest, stretched out at full length in the shade.

"This is such a nice place, and I am so tired, and so are you, Juan! Casteel will never find us now. Let us stay here for several days," said Nita. But Juan shook his head, and, getting up, reconnoitered the neighborhood in true Indian style. He was gone some little time, and Nita was beginning to feel anxious, when she saw him coming back with something in each hand, she could not tell what, at first.

"See! See! Here is a piece of good fortune!" he called out, waving in the air his treasure-trove — a pair of old boots and a battered tin canteen. He was in high spirits. "We need not suffer again as we have done to-day," he said. "These have doubtless been left by some scouting party of *Texicanos*.* And, Nita, I am going to make you a pair of stout moccasins out of the tops of these boots, so that your poor feet won't be cut by the stones when we start off again."

"Oh, don't talk of traveling any more to-day, Juan! I can't. A bird can't fly with a broken wing," expostulated Nita. "I can not stir. You are very good to think of making *zapatos*† for me, brother mine. Can't you make a pair for yourself?"

"You shall see," replied Juan; and with his knife he soon improvised shoes for both, made Nita pick the thorns out of her feet, cut strips of leather and bound on her sandals, filled the canteen, and announced that he was ready to go.

"This is evidently a well-known watering-place," he said. "White men have been here, and Indians. I find deer-runs leading to it, plenty of turkey-tracks, deer-tracks, some bear-tracks, a few buffalo-tracks. We will not go very far, but it won't do to stay here. Do you see those blue peaks over there? I am going there, and when I get there, I shall change my course to southwest again, and shall soon snap my fingers at Casteel and every Comanche in the tribe. I know they are working on a wrong scent to-day, and now that I am thus far ahead of them, I ought to be able to keep out of their reach forever."

They both took another drink before leaving, and Nita gave a lingering look at the merry little mountain stream and the dense shade, as she hobbled off obediently behind Juan, with Amigo reluctantly bringing up the rear. Night found them plodding along a deer-run, single file, through the brush; and before the light quite faded, Juan built a sort of bower of branches, in a protected spot where some large rocks also afforded partial shelter, by forming an angle that had only to be roofed to make a very respectable sentry-box. Into this the brother and sister crept, while Amigo mounted guard outside. They were not accustomed to being in the woods alone at night, and Nita thought the hooting of the owls a sinister sound, the perpetual plaint of the whip-poor-will very melancholy, the whole situation alarming. She lay awake for some time, expecting she knew not what — but something dreadful.

With Amigo on guard, and with his bow and arrows at his side, Juan felt none of his sister's nervous terrors. He talked as if his bower were an impregnable fortress, he took some food, made Nita do the same, and after throwing some small scraps to Amigo and promising to knock over a rabbit for him next day, the young brave stretched himself out comfortably on the ground and slept the sleep of a very tired and perfectly healthy boy.

* Texans.

† Shoes.

Neither he nor Nita felt the want of soft beds or downy pillows. They were quite used to doing without such luxuries, and were far less restless than the Princess in the fairy-tale, who slept on forty feather-beds.

As for their appetite next morning, it was so vigorous that they could almost have breakfasted on tenpenny nails. But alas! and alack! there was nothing left in the wallet excepting a little corn that had been parched in the ashes. Even Amigo only took this under protest, and sniffed at it in a very ill-bred way. Uncertain when they should again find water, they were afraid to drink much from the canteen which they had filled, knowing that they might have to depend for their very existence on the precious fluid it contained. One small mouthful, each, they allowed themselves before beginning the day's journey, which lay for the most part, after they had descended the mountain, across an open stretch of shadeless prairie.

As on the previous day, the heat was intense, the glare almost blinding. Breeze there was none; the very earth seemed ready to blister under the fierce heat that rayed down from the sun. But for the shoes that Juan had manufactured, the children could scarcely have borne that walk. Amigo called a halt whenever they passed a tree of any kind, and lingered in its shade as long as he could. Once only did they permit themselves the luxury of a sip of water, but happening to turn, they caught the wistful expression of Amigo's face, which said, as plainly as words could have done, "Can't you spare me a drink from that canteen—just one?" And they stopped several times to relieve his thirst. It was very unselfish in them, for they greatly coveted every drop, but they were doubly repaid; first by the dog's gratitude, and the very evident benefit he derived from the drink, and then by an occurrence of which I shall speak presently.

But even that trying, almost unbearable day, which realized the force of the Arabian proverb likening great heat to the wrath of God, came to an end at last. Nita, almost fainting under the fiery trial, had thought it as endless as it was cruel; while poor Juan, burdened with his bow and blanket, more than once had felt ready to drop by the wayside.

How thankful they were when the shadows began to lengthen, and they saw that the sun had almost run its course! Before it set, Juan, who seemed to have eyes set all around his head like a fly, caught sight of a faint cloud on the horizon—a thin pillar of smoke, very distant, and so indistinct that it was some moments before Nita could make it out.

"There, there! off to the right! Don't you see it?" said Juan eagerly. "It is the Comanches! I knew they would think I had gone that way."

The smoke of that camp-fire lifted a great dread from the minds of both, and with the effusiveness of their race, they fell into each others' arms, and embraced and kissed each other, while tears of joy streamed down their cheeks.

"Ah!" said Juan, as he drew a long, free breath, and continued to gaze at the smoky monument of his deliverance from the house of bondage, "I have given you the dodge! Catch me now if you can, Casteel!"

His eyes sparkled gayly as he spoke, and he walked as though his day's march had just begun. As for Nita, her face more than reflected his happiness, and tired as she was, she actually danced for joy.

"*Adios*, Casteel! *Adios todos!*"* she cried out, waving her little brown hand toward the camp; and then with a note of regret in her voice she added, "*Adios*, Shaneco!—Shaneco was kind to us, Juan. I shall never forget that."

"We shall never see them any more," said Juan. "We can walk where we please now, on hard ground or soft, in sand or mud. And we can take our own time, and need not travel in the middle of the day. And do you say *now* that we shall never see our mother, Nita? *Viva! Viva! Viva!*" † Nita joined in this shout, and Amigo, not understanding the demonstration, barked once or twice by way of question; then seeing from the children's faces that the excitement was a joyous one, he tried feebly to frisk, whereupon both the children embraced him, and declared that he was the dearest dog in the world, the most intelligent, the most affectionate, and the handsomest. When Amigo had duly responded to these flattering speeches, Juan remembered that he had seen a creek just before this great discovery, and that he had meant to explore it.

"It looks very dry," he said, when they reached it, "but it is running in the direction of our route, and we may have the luck to find some water. I would give a buffalo-robe, if I had it, for a good drink. I am almost choked, Nita."

He spoke cheerfully, but had little expectation of coming upon a pool, and what hope he had dwindled as he went on and saw that the shallow stream had disappeared as completely as though it had never existed. All at once, when Juan had grown very serious under the gravity of the responsibility he had assumed, and was thinking with dismay of his empty canteen and wallet, Amigo bounded past him and began trotting along with his nose close to the ground, sniffing excitedly here and there.

* "Farewell, Casteel! Farewell, all!"

† "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

"What is he after?" asked Nita; but before Juan could reply, Amigo had stopped near some big rocks, and had begun scratching in the sand with all his might and main.

"Water!" shouted Juan. And he was right; for, when he and Nita fell on their knees, and began scooping out the sand from the hole Amigo had made, they found in a little while that the sand was no longer dry, but wet, a fact that put so much energy into their efforts that they soon dug down to fresh water. Amigo's instinct had divined the hidden spring and had saved them, as they had saved him, much suffering. Hunger was far more endurable, now that thirst no longer tormented them; and, infinitely refreshed, if woefully hungry, they betook themselves to bed — not a bed of roses, but one of dried grasses.

How their fond mother's heart would have yearned over them if she could have seen those two little figures lying out there, under the stars, in tranquil sleep, completely at the mercy of the world, environed by a thousand dangers, yet for the time as safe in that lonely wilderness as in the most populous city!

Whether it was that Amigo did not arouse them, or that the fear of Comanches no longer troubled their dreams, the sun was quite high before either Juan or Nita stirred. Their breakfast was not a very elaborate one, consisting only of a drink of water apiece, and they were detained only until the canteen could be filled.

"We shall get to the peak before sunset," said Juan, "and I am sure there is plenty of game in the hills. I will kill enough to last us for many days; so cheer up, *mi hermanita*.* We are not going to starve while I have Shaneco's bow and so much as a single arrow left."

"I am not so *very* hungry, Juan. I shall do very well to-day. I had more than you did from the wallet, and I feel quite strong," said Nita brightly. "I don't mind anything, now that Casteel is not behind us."

"Oh, that is all right! They will not follow us any farther, but will go home," replied Juan. And this was what happened.

The Indians probably thought that their rebellious captives would certainly die in the wilderness, either by violence or from starvation; and, content with this vengeance, they gave up the chase, and returned to their encampment on the clear forks of the Brazos. If they had not been under treaty just then with the United States, they might have made the search for Juan and Nita a side-issue of one of their raids. In that event, the children would almost certainly have been recaptured; but as it was, it did not seem worth their pursuers' while to go to any more trouble to catch and kill two children who, as the vengeful Casteel declared, were sure to perish if left to themselves.

There was a kind of rivalry between the brother and sister all that morning as to which should seem least to have felt the fatigue and deprivations of the last few days. It was well for both that they had learned fortitude in a severe school, or they would certainly have broken down under an exact repetition of the previous days' experience. They never could have borne it if they had been accustomed to a life of luxury and indulgence, and had been tenderly nurtured.

A feature of Comanche discipline was to make the older children do without sleep or food for as long as their instructors thought necessary; another consisted in making them perform arduous tasks and run or walk great distances while deprived of their natural rest, or while fasting. The warriors of the future, of course, underwent more severe tests than the girls, whose lives were to be more inglorious and homely; but all were in some measure subjected to these disagreeable educational influences.

So now, although our poor babes in the woods were footsore, weary and hungry, they made no complaint, but with great patience and courage trudged on, hour after hour, under the burning sun, stopping when they could go no farther and taking such refreshment as the sickening warm water in the canteen afforded.

By noon they had made their way to a small thicket of mesquite about five miles from the peak. This offered a relief from the distressing glare of the plain rather than anything that could be called shade; and here the children dropped down on the hot earth, without strength enough to have carried them another yard — every vital force completely exhausted for the time. The confidence with which Juan had started out had vanished like the morning dew under that terrible sun. It seemed to him that they had lain down to die. How was he to know that there was game in the hills? How were they ever to get there? What were they to do for water, now that the canteen was again empty?

Too proud to express his dejection, and not in the least understanding that it arose from physical causes, Juan turned his back on poor little Nita, threw his arm up over his head, and lay perfectly motionless for so long that she became seriously uneasy. When she could stand this strange conduct no longer, she pulled anxiously at her brother's sleeve, saying, "Juan! Juan! What is the matter with you? Are you ill? Open your eyes! Look at me! Answer me!"

But Juan would not answer, and still hid his face. He did not know that he was distressing

* "My little sister."



"JUAN HAD TO PULL JUANITA AWAY FROM THE SPRING." (SEE PAGE 285.)

Nita, and he wished to be as miserable as he pleased. Presently a wail of despair reached him, and, turning over, he saw Nita weeping piteously, overcome by visions of Juan dying and dead, leaving her alone in the wilderness.

"Oh, oh! *Mi madre! Mi madre! Quiero mi madre!*"* sobbed the unhappy child. Her love for Juan and her admiration of him were unbounded; she had perfect faith in his ability to do anything and everything; but when that sup-

* "My mother! My mother! I want my mother!"

port failed her, she collapsed altogether, so accustomed was she to lean her whole weight on him. Juan was evidently hopeless or very ill, and, in either event, she was miserable. The sight of his dear little sister's wretchedness appealed so strongly to Juan's manly and generous nature, that he sat up at once and affected a great deal more liveliness than he felt.

"*Pobrecita!* (Poor little girl!) what is it? Don't cry. You will see our mother soon; what afflicts you?" he demanded, soothingly. "Ah! you are starved, poor child! You are thirsty, and tired to death. Oh, if I only had some water and food for you!" And he threw himself down again on his back with a deep sigh. Now it was Nita's turn to comfort him, but although he got some strength from her affection, her assurances that all would yet be well did not find much of an echo.

It was now getting a little cooler, and the world was less like a vast oven. Amigo, who had been stretched out comfortably under a tree, and had stood the day's journey better than they had expected, came up to Juan and snuffed about him restlessly, doubtless with the intention of admonishing him that they ought to be off again. But Juan did not move, and had not the energy to respond to any such demand. Even when the afternoon had almost all gone, he continued to lie there, inert, a prey to gloomy doubts and fears.

When he did get up, it was with a bound that brought him to his feet at once (and of which he would not have believed himself capable a moment before). "Look! look!" he cried, pointing above them. Obeying, Nita saw overhead, beautifully outlined against a deep-blue sky, a large flock of snow-white doves flying toward the peak.

"It is near sundown; they are seeking water and a place to roost. See how straight they are flying toward the hills! We will follow. I was right. It can't be very far. Come on, Nita," said Juan, all his interest excited now. "I will help you, if you can't get along by yourself."

Led by this lovely band of birds, the children struggled bravely and hopefully on for another mile, when they were still further cheered to see, about a half mile beyond them, a long line of pine-trees, which they knew must be growing on the banks of a stream or lake. Amazed now at the frame of mind that had produced his recent profound depression, and delighted to know that succor was so close at hand, Juan never stopped, except to encourage his companions, until they had reached one of those clear, swift, charming streams in which that region abounds.

As they approached it, a deer occasionally bounded off in front of them, or a drove of turkeys went whirring aside out of their way; but although both Juan and Nita strung their bows, neither could get near enough for a shot. Amigo started a rabbit and gave it a close race, but with no better result. There seemed little chance of their getting a supper, and they were blue enough about it; but when they reached the river, what should they see but quantities of fish almost asking to be caught.

Scarcely stopping to bathe his face or get a drink, Juan promptly cut a willow pole, fastened his line to it, found a grasshopper, baited his hook, and cast out into the stream, while Nita, sure of the result, ran about with surprising alacrity picking up dry wood for a fire. Juan had not to wait long for a bite; for such was the touching primeval innocence of the fish, that no sooner did the grasshopper light on the water, than there was a grand rush and scramble among them to get it.

A large, fine trout was soon flopping about on the gravelly margin of the river. Two others joined it in swift succession; and, too hungry to wait another moment, Juan dropped his pole, seized these, cleaned them, cut them up, ran sticks through each morsel, and, with Nita's help, soon had them in front of the fire.

It seemed to them that the fish would never be cooked, but at last they were done. And oh, how brown, crisp, delicious, incomparable they were, and what a feast it was to these hungry wanderers!

(To be continued.)



THE MINISTERING CHILDREN'S LEAGUE.



A LADY in England was reading a book called "Ministering Children." As she read, she thought: "This tells me of only a few young people who tried to think of others rather than of themselves, and who were happiest when helping poor, sad folk who needed to have sunshine broughtintotheir dark houses. We must not have *few*," said she, "but *many* such young helpers. Where shall they be found?"

When this lady thinks, she very quickly begins to act. There is so much to be done in this big, busy world, that she believes there is not one moment to lose.

"Yes," she thought, "there is much to do, but there are many loving hearts, clever fingers, and ready feet willing to work. I will try to have an army of young volunteers to fight againt selfishness, idleness, sickness, and poverty, who shall 'go about doing good.' The name of the corps shall be the 'Ministering Children's League'—a band of helpers! On their banner shall be the words, 'No day without a deed to crown it,' and this shall be the rule of their lives."

Before very long a number of recruits were gathered together, who came to be drilled at the lady's house in London. Soldiers must, of course, first be taught their duty; and these young soldiers were very eager to learn, and they all had the same wondering question to ask:

"What are we to do?"

They heard this simple answer:

"Deeds of kindness!"

It sounded so cheery and pleasant, that a smile beamed on every face. We all like to be kind—shall I say, now and then?—Sometimes we all like to be cross and disagreeable, but young warriors must fight against *self* and conquer their selfish thoughts. This, however, is a difficult task, and the kind commanding officer knew how hard her army would find it, and had, therefore, provided a very short prayer to be used every Sunday morning, and very often besides. Every one then received a card of membership to prove that he or she had joined the happy League. Plain words that all could understand were spoken. Kind friends suggested first one thing, and then another; and at last, with many hearty good wishes for success and victory, the "marching orders" were given, and the band was dismissed. The members left regretfully, yet went eagerly to their different homes to begin the work of love, with the promise of a "grand review" at the same house at some future time.

There is a work for all to do; for the big and for the little people, for boys and for girls. Do you ask what work? Think for one moment. You probably have comfortable homes, with every breakfast, dinner, and tea nicely prepared for you; you have warm clothing provided for you; you have loving parents and friends filling your lives with gladness. Ah! but not very far away from you, men, women, and children live, who have very little to eat, very little to wear, and very few to love them. Why are they there, so near your doors? I think for you to help, to cheer, to comfort. If you have not paid them a visit, you do not yet know what true pleasure is. In those humble homes warm welcomes and pleasant smiles are always ready for the ministering child who has given a little time from play, a little money, a little thought to add to the happiness of others. If you can not go yourselves, you can send or bring your offerings to what is called a "Branch meeting," which means a gathering of some of the members of the "Ministering Children's League," held at some house where they meet together and bring their work, and hear what is to be done in the future. And this reminds me of the "grand review" of the young volunteers in England.

It took place in January, 1886, exactly a year after the "corps" was first formed. The young soldiers, boys and girls, came trooping into the same house where they had met before, and were welcomed by the same lady whose kind, loving thought had first brought them together. You will like to know that only a few weeks before, this lady, Lady Brabazon, had returned from the United States and Canada, where she had spent three very happy months, and where she had found many true, hospitable friends. There were nearly one hundred children present at the review, not one

empty-handed; all had brought something to prove they had tried to be good soldiers and true to the words on their banner. I think you would have laughed to have seen one small boy wheeling before him a doll's perambulator, nearly large enough to hold himself; another clutched in his arms a big, red scrapbook full of bright pictures ready to gladden the heart of many a poor, sick child. Indeed, I heard that in one hospital the beloved scrapbook was lost for a time, and was at last found under a poor little sufferer who had been carefully lying on it, for fear it should be taken from him. The girls brought pretty frocks and pinafores, pillows stuffed with paper, dolls nicely dressed; there were toys new and old, some fresh, others neatly mended. I must tell you of one parcel that pleased me very much; it contained a petticoat made of thick, warm stuff, with a nice bodice to it, but sewn on to the top were three bags filled with candies and tied with neat ribbons. Well, there were so many really beautiful things, I can not describe them all to you; there were little dolls' bedsteads made by a clever boy; there were woolen scarfs to defy Jack Frost's cold fingers, and thick gloves and socks for the same purpose.

Lady Brabazon was waiting to speak to her young guests, and they sat down and listened. Let me tell you some of the kind words she said.

She began by telling them about her pleasant journey to America, and of the Branches of the League she hoped soon to hear were formed there. At Toronto, she said, there had already been a meeting in its behalf, and in Ottawa there were good friends all anxious to forward the cause. In the United States a kind lady had undertaken to take charge of the League in that country.*

Lady Brabazon then went on to speak of the real work of the League, to which all very thoughtfully listened.

Obedience, she said, is the first duty of a soldier, and she reminded the children of their duty to their parents — not a dull, sullen, slow, unwilling obedience, but a bright, quick, glad and ready obedience, that delights to do whatever dear Father and Mother wish. How could children not long to obey these loving friends, who have taken such care of them since they were wee little babies, and who never let an hour in any day pass without planning for their happiness and welfare? It should be a pleasure for the young soldiers to be able to minister to them and to help them.

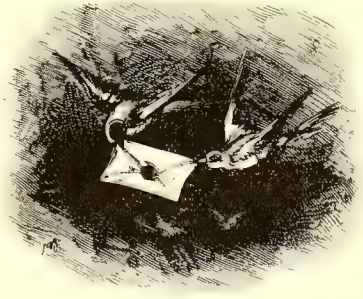
Home, Lady Brabazon then went on to say, is a very useful field of action for young soldiers. It is their little world. But although their deeds of kindness are to begin there, they must not end there.

She urged them to make their teachers happy, by learning their lessons well, and trying, by diligence and care, not to give them any more trouble than is absolutely necessary. She urged them to be sentinels, ever on watch — to keep their eyes wide open, so as never to miss the opportunity of helping somebody in some way; to make it a rule, if possible, to give up at least ten minutes out of playtime, each day, to work for children whose wants are far greater than their own; to try never to lie down at night without having done at least one kind deed during the day!

Before saying good-bye, all joined in singing a hymn. And then they went home, every volunteer, I hope, more determined than ever to be true to the motto on the banner of the League.

A MEMBER.

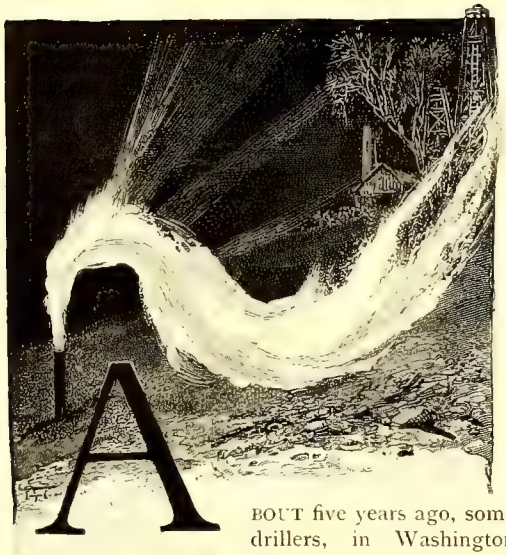
* See page 318.



NEVER, never a day should pass
Without some kindness kindly shown;
This is a motto, dear laddie and lass,
To think upon daily and take for your own.

AMONG THE GAS-WELLS.

By Samuel W. Hall.



ABOUT five years ago, some drillers, in Washington County, Pennsylvania, after long weeks of hard labor in their search for oil, had reached at a great depth the "oil-sand"—long questioned as existing in that region. They were happy; and, as the drill hurried down into the sandrock, their long and patient efforts were rewarded by an immense flow of—natural-gas. As the heavy drill and cable came flying out of the well, forced up by the gas, which poured forth with a deafening rush and roar, the drillers looked on with sad hearts and long faces—in fact, with utter disgust. They had indeed opened up a gusher, but it was a "gas-gusher." They did n't want gas. They had drilled for oil, and it was oil they had hoped to get. They waited some weeks, hoping the gas-supply would be exhausted; but it was a vain hope.

This was the great "McGugin Well"—one of the largest gas-wells yet discovered. It was fired, and for months blazed skyward, if not "born to blush unseen," at least to waste its *brightness* on the desert air, except so far as it was of use in lighting up all the country around, and in furnishing a novel attraction, day and night, to countless excursion parties from near and far. Other wells were drilled, with a like result; and these continued discoveries of gas, in connection with some others made near Pittsburg, led to the "natural-gas craze," which took possession of the whole Pittsburg region for some time. Natural-gas as a fuel for mills and furnaces and dwelling-houses has great advantages, and promised large profits to the owners of the wells. Accordingly, the spring and summer of 1884 witnessed a frantic forming of companies and drilling of wells and laying of pipes along the streets and roads, the highways and byways, until cautious people almost held their breath. Pittsburg, as the great central furnace, was especially interested in the new fuel; and, besides wells sunk within the city, several lines of pipe, some twenty or thirty miles long, have been laid to bring in the gas from the great wells mentioned, and from others in different localities.

For mill-purposes, the gas is distributed under the boilers, and wherever needed, by a system of small pipes, the blaze supplying the heat directly; but for household uses, in stoves and fireplaces, the gas-pipe is usually placed at the bottom of the grates, which are filled above with something to receive and hold the heat. In rooms where the open grate, burning the soft bituminous coal, has always been used, a pleasing variety in the arrangement of gas-fires is found. Some people do away with the grate altogether, and supplant it with a clever imitation in cast-iron of the old-time back-log. But the commonly accepted plan is to retain the grate, filling it generally with coarsely broken fire-brick, which, when heated, looks much like anthracite coal. Foundry-slag, properly arranged, presents a perfect representation of a soft-coal fire, and is, therefore, more beautiful and desirable. Others resort to the novel plan of filling their grates with porcelain door-knobs, for which purpose they are bought by the peck or bushel! The quantity of gas burned is regulated by a valve at each fireplace; and the ease with which a gas-fire is made, regulated, and put out, coupled with its freedom from smoke, dust, and ashes, has warmed the heart of womankind toward it with a very great affection.

Boring for gas is exactly like boring for oil,* in all its workings; but the after-operations of pumping and packing, as in the case of some oil-wells to raise the oil, are not necessary in gas-wells. If the gas is there, it will come up of its own free will and accord, and come with a rush, blowing tools and everything else out of the well before it. Indeed, gas men would often be as glad to keep their treasure down as oil men are to get theirs up. The great pressure at which it is confined in the earth, and the corresponding force with which it escapes from the well, make it some-

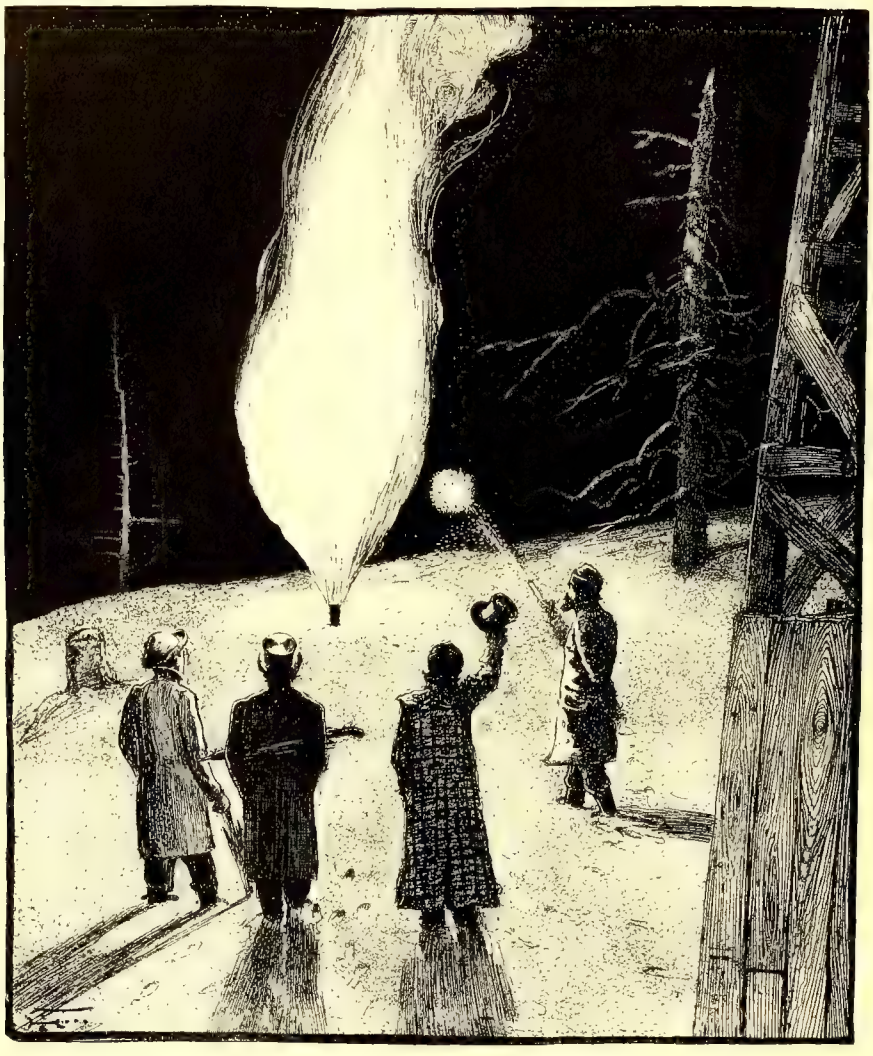
* See article entitled "Boring for Oil," in St. Nicholas for November, 1886

what hard to manage or control. This pressure is enormous—as high as five hundred pounds to the square inch in some cases where it has been gauged. In the great McGugin well, which was not gauged, the pressure is estimated to have reached eight hundred pounds to the square inch. Any attempt to confine the gas in this well for the purpose of measuring it would doubtless have resulted in sending the iron casing flying from the well, or in producing other effects more startling and costly than satisfactory or agreeable. Indeed, until recently, no plan had been devised by which the flow of gas from a well could be stopped or reduced. The quantity of gas that escapes from some wells is enormous, but probably no correct estimate of it has yet been made. Where the gas is "piped" away to mills and houses, all that comes from the well may be used; but if it is not all used, the remainder must be allowed to escape into the air. This is done at the regulator, where it is burned. The regulator is an arrangement of pipes and valves, placed between the gas-well and the town supplied with the gas. It allows only just as much gas as is being burned in the town to go on through the pipes, and so reduces to a proper and safe point the dangerously high pressure of the gas as it comes rushing along from the well. The temperature of the gas as it comes from the wells is about forty-five degrees, Fahrenheit.

A burning gas-well is a grand sight. The gas is carried in pipes to a safe distance from the derrick, to be fired. When lighted, a huge column of flame shoots skyward, sometimes higher than the derrick. At times it is swept by the wind along the ground, burning it bare and dry. The hissing and roaring are almost fearful, and can be heard many miles away. The night glare, too, of a burning gusher has been seen at a distance of thirty miles. The illustration on the next page represents a near view, at night. From a distance, we see the great glare in the sky, with the hills and woods outlined against it. On a clear, still night the glare is steady, and fades gradually away, above and around. But on a cloudy, stormy night the scene changes. The banks of clouds catch the light, and reflect a deep red glare, softening away in the distant parts to a yellowish tint, sometimes growing dull and faint, and anon flashing up and brightening, as the wind now beats down the flame and again lifts it skyward. A



A PIPE LINE



LIGHTING A GAS-WELL WITH A ROMAN-CANDLE.

group of burning wells north of Washington, Pa., has presented many grand and beautiful night-scenes. Though several miles apart, they appear, at a distance, to be close together, and their light intermingles. On a dark night, with all of them burning, they make a great show. These wells in full blast — with those flanking them on the right and on the left, with the broad glare of those at Wellsburg, W. Va., showing twenty miles to the northwest, and with those at Murraysville, Pa., thirty miles to the northeast — make a scene which would terrify a stranger, if he should come upon it unaware of the existence of such things as burning gas-wells. It would only need columns of fiery lava to convince him that the whole region was full of volcanoes. And his terror would doubtless be complete when he saw a great fiery column shoot skyward, unless he was made aware of the real cause of the phenomenon, when he would remain to admire what a moment before had filled him with alarm. The explanation of the sudden burst of flame is that it is necessary often to "blow out" the wells and the pipes leading to the regulator, to keep them from being clogged by the salt which gathers in the pipes from the salt-water thrown up by the gas. The flow of the gas is stopped for a moment; and when again released, the gas drives everything before it into the open air. This escaping gas is burned at the regulator. The effect of the suddenly increased pressure is to



"BLOWING-OUT" AT A REGULATOR ON A MISTY NIGHT.

shoot a tongue of flame, hissing and roaring, high in air. On a misty night, when the light is broken up and diffused, — the snow-covered hills sometimes adding their reflection, — the whole sky is brilliantly illuminated, and the scene is grand and beautiful.

Now, let us take a look at another very beautiful and strange sight, before going to bed. Often in the winter there may be seen in the gas region, far up in the sky at night, one or more faint white streaks, six or eight feet long. They look like comets, and the one first seen was quite generally mistaken for a comet. Each one of these is caused by a burning gas-well. The light of the well shines upon the small ice-crystals which quite often are floating in the air, far above us, and is by them reflected, or thrown down again, so that we see it, though the gas-well may be many miles from us. Every well furnishes but one "comet," — as we may call it, for want of a better name, — which always appears in the same place. When the lower air also is filled with ice-crystals, we see not the comets, but great, fiery streaks, the complete reflections, that



A NATURAL GAS-LIGHT ON THE WAYSIDE.



THE SEVEN FIERY COLUMNS, VISIBLE FROM WASHINGTON, PA.

reach from the points where the comets were, down across the sky to the horizon at the points where we see the glare of the distant gas-wells.

We see something of the same kind below instead of above us, in the fiery belt which appears when we look across a wide, dark stream at a light upon the shore. But there is a unique strangeness and beauty about these fiery columns in the sky. They stand out boldly against the dark background, like great, fiery rods, a central bright streak, or spine, running through them, which shades off into a beautiful glowing red on each side. They are regular in shape, apparently about twenty inches wide, the sides straight, the top slightly rounded, and the bottom fading away, as it reaches the flame, in the glare of the well.

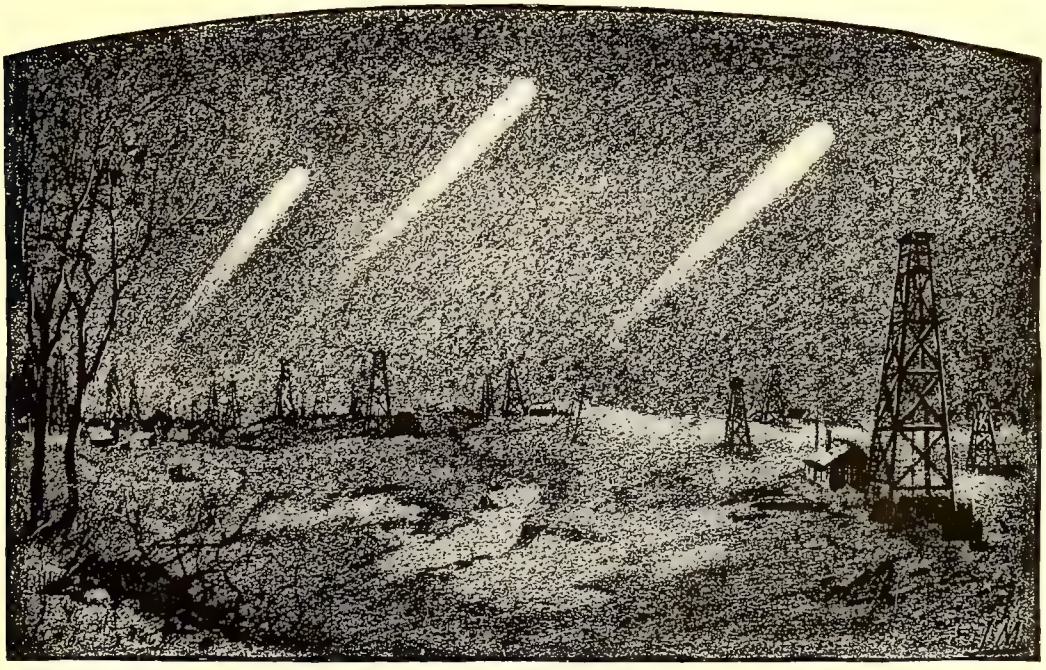
No description nor pictures of these comets and fiery columns can give a true idea of their strange beauty, which does not become commonplace by reason of a regular, every day — or rather, every night — appearance, as these phenomena are visible only under certain favorable conditions. Those still, chilly nights, when the sky has a hazy appearance, when a few scattering flakes of crisp, dry

snow may be fluttering down, are the nights upon which the finest displays are seen; and several nights may intervene between these curious and beautiful exhibitions. Sometimes the comets will appear directly overhead, and the fiery columns often reach to a great height, depending, of course, on the distance of the observer from the source of illumination. Recently the top of one of these reflections was estimated to be six and a half miles above the burning well.

As they stand thus in the sky, the effect is at first sight startling; indeed, there is a feeling akin to awe mingling with the sense of admiration as we look at them. We are reminded of the "pillar of fire," which led the Israelites out of Egypt; and if we stop to think of the great changes, the mighty forces, and the wonderful laws entering into the production of the strange scene before us, these modern pillars of fire will seem scarcely less remarkable to us than does the ancient miracle.



THE GLARE OF THE McCUGIN WELL ON A CLOUDY NIGHT.



THREE "COMETS" AT ONCE.

MRS. FEATHERTAIL AND SQUIRE FUZZ.

BY MRS. JAMES HERBERT MORSE.

IT was built, of course, for horses. It had stalls and hay-lofts and cows' accommodations at one end. In the corner was a big closet, where there was a carpenter's bench, which was called "the shop."

It was a large, comfortable barn, with plenty of room for wagons and carriages. When Uncle John bought it, it had been empty for six years, and the only live thing in it was a woodpecker, who stuck his head out of a hole in the cupola, and called to everybody who came by. Uncle John said he was bidding us welcome, but it sounded to me more as if he said, "Go 'long! Who are *you?*"

Oh, I forgot to say—a little way from the barn, there 's a house that belongs to it. But that is n't of much account, and there 's no need to describe it. We sleep and have our meals there, and there are plenty of rooms, if you count in the attic, for Uncle John and Aunt Rachel and my cousins, Ruth, Jim and Will, and me. And there is a spare room that never *is* to spare because it 's always crowded. Ruth is a young lady, and Jim and Will are little shavers. My name is Augustus and I am ten and three-quarters.

Uncle John has n't any animals, but you need n't think we don't use the barn. Ruth paints, and so she persuaded Uncle John to let her fix it up for a studio. Aunt Rachel gave her a lot of old duds, and she scared up two or three spinning-wheels, an old-fashioned settle, and no end of things.

So, if you go into the barn, don't forget yourself and call the *draperies* bed-spreads, or the *divan* a cot (and a rickety one at that!), or the *ottomans* old trunks! And be careful what you call the paintings! For Ruth does n't paint *pictures*—oh, no! They are *impressions!* And they are not good for anything unless they are all daubs. I 'll tell you how she does 'em. I "pose" for her, so I know. First she screws up her eyes and squints at me for two minutes, walking about all the time. That is choosing the "point of view." Next she plants her easel, takes a piece of charcoal in one hand and a bit of chamois in the other, and squares off. Then it 's scratch! scratch! scratch! three steps back, square off, and a squint to see if it 's right. It never is, till it has been wiped out a great many times with the chamois, but that is no matter, because it 's as easy as nothing to scratch it in again, and it 's never more than fifteen or twenty minutes before she is done with the chamois and charcoal, and is hard at it with the paints. When *they* begin, there 's a great deal more squaring off with daubs and smutches, and a sweep between. If you want to know how to do it—get the brush as full as it will hold, and just smear it on as quick as lightning, and you are all right. The best thing about it is that it does n't take long to pose, and I get lots of nice things for doing it.

Well, that very first summer at Bonny Haven she painted one picture that I liked. She has gone on making "impressions" ever since, but she has n't improved a single bit. That one picture is the only good one she ever did or ever will do, and I offered her everything I had for it, but she would n't give it to me. It was a picture of the first chipmunk we tamed. We called him "Squire Fuzz." Ruth was at work then on a monstrous piece of canvas, painting a picture of Mark Antony making his speech to the Romans, and I offered not only to pose for Antony, but to dress up in different costumes, and pose for the whole rabble if she would only give me that little speck of a picture of the Squire—but she would n't!

Jim is a queer mixture of an owl and a goose. Sometimes he thinks so hard and seems to know so much that Uncle John calls him "The Philosopher," or "Aristotle." Then, at other times, he behaves as if he had only just been born and did n't know anything.

One afternoon Cousin Ruth was in the barn, taking down an impression of me like two-forty on a plank road, when she spied the squirrel and told me softly not to move, with me standing on tiptoe, one foot held up behind by a string and nothing but a hammock-hook to steady a fellow! I was posing for Mercury that time. But I stuck it out a whole minute after she spoke, until Chippy had packed his pouches. Every boy has read lots of stories about squirrels filling their cheeks with nuts and corn, but it 's a very different thing to *see* them do it. The way they turn a nut over to see which way it will fit in best, bite off the sharp points, pack and unpack, until everything suits—I tell you, even Grandpa and Professor Moffit will watch that half an hour at a time! Well, Jim came out just as we were wishing with all our mights that he would, and Ruth said it was more fun to watch his face than to see anything ever got up in Barnum's circus.

After that, we kept a pile of nuts and corn in a

particular spot which we called the Squire's larder, and he soon learned to go to it regularly. In a week he seemed to know us all, and although the grown folks called him "the children's pet," they cared about him just as much as we did. Aunt Rachel used to take visitors out to the barn to see Ruth's sketches, but that was only an excuse. They would look half a minute at the pictures, but they would think nothing of watching the squirrel half an hour. There were Grandpa and



SQUIRE FUZZ PACKS HIS POUCHES.

Professor Moffit! They were great friends, and were always talking or reading to each other about things that nobody but professors understand. Grandpa knows as much as a professor. The Professor had a piece in one of the magazines, and he and Grandpa spent most of their time talking about it, until Squire Fuzz came. Then I noticed they would have their discussions in the barn instead of everywhere else, and right in the midst of the longest words in the dictionary you 'd hear one of them say, "Hush! there he is!"—and it was easy enough to understand their English after that. Once the squirrel disappeared for a week, and they were just as sorry as anybody. They found Jim sitting by the Squire's larder, with his face to the wall, making believe he was reading "Robinson Crusoe." Jim 's a regular brick, and would n't let anybody see him cry for anything. He cares so much that I 've taught him a trick about it. If you shut your teeth together, hold your breath, and say "Jessy Giminy" to yourself seven times, it 'll keep off a cry splendidly! But it did n't that time. Jim was nearly black in the face with holding his breath, and he told me afterward that he had said "Jessy Giminy" more than a hundred times, but the tears *would* spill out; and when the poor little shaver was picked up and got a chance to hide his face in Grandpa's waistcoat, he just roared! Professor Moffit is a very kind man. He leaned over and patted Jim on the back, and said:

"Be consoled, James, my boy. Your missing favorite is a specimen of the *Sciurus striatus*, and is probably concealed in a subterraneous burrow in the immediate vicinity of this barn. It is not unlikely that he may re-appear."

I did n't see anything in that so very encouraging, but Jim took his head out of Grandpa's waistcoat right off, and asked the Professor to say it again, and he wiped his face so quick that I got Professor Moffit to write down what he said, so that I might learn it, for *Sciurus striatus* was better than "Jessy Giminy."

It was then that I offered to pose for the Roman rabble, and I know Ruth missed a good chance. I said to her:

"'Stock 's riz,' Ruth, on that picture, and you had better sell it *now*. If the Squire shows so much as the tip of his tail, your stock 'll go down quicker than he can scud. But if you wait too long, the market 'll fail you, for all the people who have the capital are grown up, and everybody knows they are n't to be depended on for constancy—when it comes to animals, I mean. If it were a portrait of *me*, now," I said, "it would be different. If I were the rabble, why, the stock on *that* picture would keep on going up, higher and higher, and an accident to *me* would be worth lots to you! You 'd get orders for, at least, a dozen copies!" But I could n't move her.

And she lost the chance!—for, in a week, when the family went out of mourning, the Squire came back, and another squirrel came too. The Squire had a funny little short tail, but the new "chip" had a long one, so we named her "Mrs. Feathertail." She was scared out of her life, and it took longer to tame her, because the Squire was such a savage. He seemed to think our barn belonged to him, and that all we were born for was to feed him. If Mrs. Feathertail showed herself, he 'd drop his provender as if it was red-hot, and scoot after her like a shot. She had to hide until he was out of the way, and then she 'd come in, shivering and shaking, pack her pouches as full as they could hold, and sneak off. But she grew bolder by degrees, and at last was as tame as the Squire. They both grew so tame that they thought nothing of running up Ruth's back while she was sketching, and they could find the hickory nuts wherever we chose to hide them—in our pockets, neckties, boots, or on top of our heads.

They seemed to think people were just walking trees, and they would take a trip up anybody who came along. Once a peddler walked into the barn and, before he could speak, Squire Fuzz darted up his left leg, around his belt, and down his other leg. He was so surprised that he forgot what he had come for, and when Ruth asked him, he laughed out and said, "I 'm sure I don't know — I never saw anything like that in all my born days!" And then he went on just like this: "I was down to the village — Is it a squirrel? — They told me I 'd better call and see if you 'd like to buy — Did you tame him yourself? A chipmunk? You don't say! — codfish-tongues and salt-herrings, only ten cents. — Well! Do tell! Look at him take up that nut! — I can supply your family once a week — Of all things! It 's the queerest sight I ever witnessed. He handles that nut for all the world just as my wife handles the loaves after a baking! My eyes! See him try to get that in his jaws! — Well, good-day, ma'am! — Who 'd 'a' believed it?" And off he went, without knowing whether we wanted any codfish-tongues and salt-herrings or not.



The Squire and Mrs. Feathertail were at swords' points with each other all summer. As she grew tamer and bolder, she was not so easily scared by the Squire, and at last the day came when she got the better of him. She was sitting on Ruth's hand, filling her cheeks with pieces of cracked nuts. She had a piece in her paws when the Squire appeared a few feet off. He looked ready to spring at her. She dropped everything, reared up on her hind legs, and looked him square in the eyes. It was as plain as print that she was thinking, "Your time has come! I 'm going to settle with you, now and forever!" Neither of them moved a hair. A full minute they glared at each other. Then the Squire's bob-tail rose up and broke the spell. Mrs. Feathertail gave a leap, and was after him. Around and around the barn she chased him — up one beam, down another, over the wood piled up in the bin, under the divan, across both my legs and, at last, out of the door. What happened outside we did not know; for, though I was out after them quicker than a wink, they had gone. But after that, high and mighty was Mrs. Feathertail, and the Squire never dared to show himself within gunshot of her. He became a kind of squirrel-tramp, and foraged about the wood-pile outside, where Jim kept a supply of nuts hidden for him.





The poor Squire nearly lost his life soon after Mrs. Feathertail got the upper hand of him in that ugly way. The cistern at the back of the barn was found uncovered one morning, and there was a grand hunt for the lid, because we all were afraid that Jim or Will would tumble in, heels over head. Jim had his thinking-cap on that time, and was the only one to suggest that the lid might have fallen inside. He ran himself to look, leaned over, and just took one peep before he bobbed back and screamed. Of course, I ran to the spot, and there, down in the cistern, was the cover floating, and on it the poor little Squire, all wet and tired out, going from side to side, looking over the edges and seeing nothing but his own face in the black water — for, of course, it was pitch-dark down there. Will was there, and sat flat down in the grass and began to roar, as usual. I said we 'd better call Uncle John. Jim ran at once, screaming:

"Papa! Papa! Come quick! Fire Squzz is drowning!"

And he scared Aunt Rachel nearly out of her senses, for she thought it was Will. Uncle John is just splendid. He speaks so quietly, and says exactly the right thing. "Stand back," he said, and of course we all did. I never heard of anybody that did n't mind Uncle John as quick as a wink. And he just lay down on the ground and reached his long arm down the cistern till he could just touch the Squire's raft with the tips of his fingers, enough to steady it. Nobody dared to breathe. It was only about two seconds though, before up popped the Squire, running along Uncle John's arm, around his shoulder, over his back, and off to his hole in the grass. Little Will laughed, with the tears still rolling down, and hugged his

mother. Jim threw his arms around Uncle John's leg, and I slung my hat in the air, and shouted, "Three cheers for Uncle John!" And the little chaps helped in the noise, I can tell you; and I guess Uncle John felt pretty grand and proud.

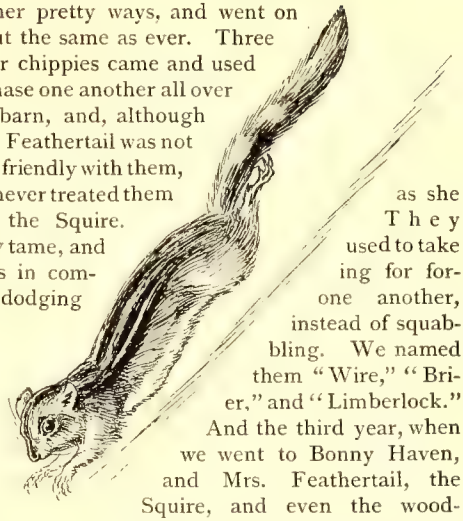
But that was the last of the Squire. He must have decided, when he fell into the cistern, that he had tumbled into an earthquake, and that our part of the country was n't safe.

That was near the time for our going back to New York. And Mrs. Feathertail began a new kind of business. She seemed to be as busily packing as we were. At any rate, she did not care any more for nuts or corn, and used the barn simply as a cross-cut to her nest, where she was collecting dead leaves. She never appeared without her mouth full, and the quantity that she could carry at once was surprising. Uncle John declared she wanted them for feather beds, but we really supposed she covered her winter stores with them. When we went away, she was still collecting them. We left several piles of nuts where she and the Squire could find them: but I found out the next summer, when I got acquainted with Zenas Dickerson, that two rascally boys from the village discovered the nuts and ate them all up in one day.

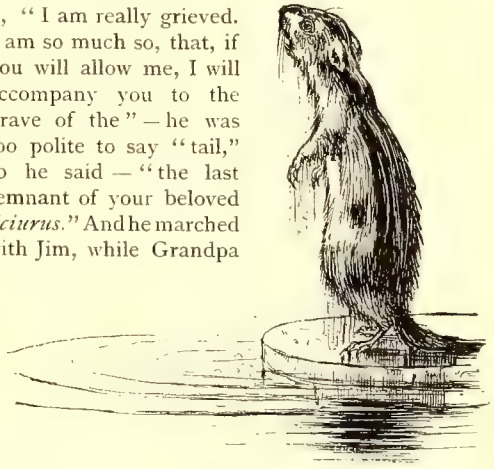
When we went back the next year, and drove up to the barn, there was the woodpecker, of course, sitting at his front door in the cupola. We boys said, "Hulloa!" to him, and then went straight to the places where we had left the nuts. Of course we did n't find them (because of those wicked boys), and we were sure the squirrels had taken them. Aunt Rachel did n't think the boys were so very bad, though, for she said:

"How could the boys know whom the nuts were for? And, after all," she added, "little boys are almost as nice as squirrels."

We did not really expect to see our old squirrels again, and were on the watch for others to tame. So, one day, when Ruth was up a ladder hanging her rags and tags for drapery, and I was making tent-sticks, Jim suddenly gave one of his little young laughs, and said, "Oh, Gusty!" There, sitting on a spinning-wheel, was a chipmunk staring at us with all its might. I held out my hand, and we knew by its jumping right into it that it was Mrs. Feathertail. Everybody was glad to see her back again, and she went to work at the nuts and corn as if we had not been away at all. She came back with all her pretty ways, and went on about the same as ever. Three other chippies came and used to chase one another all over the barn, and, although Mrs. Feathertail was not very friendly with them, she never treated them as she had the Squire. They grew tame, and used to take turns in comforting for one another, dodging instead of squabbling. We named them "Wire," "Brier," and "Limberlock." And the third year, when we went to Bonny Haven, and Mrs. Feathertail, the Squire, and even the woodpecker all had disappeared for good, it was one of those three that we found there. And one morning, we found a *piece* of a darling chippy's tail; and we think a dog must have eaten the rest of him up.



Zenas Dickerson laughed at the tail when he saw it, but Grandpa and Professor Moffit did n't make fun of us, for the Professor said, right off, when we told him about it, "I am really grieved. I am so much so, that, if you will allow me, I will accompany you to the grave of the"—he was too polite to say "tail," so he said—"the last remnant of your beloved *Sciurus*." And he marched with Jim, while Grandpa went with Will to our animal cemetery in the woods, which we took good care to have where Zenas never passes, and where he can't see the epistle—or is it epitaph?—that Grandpa painted for us on the tomb-sto—I mean the tomb-shingle.



"Beneath this clod of earth,
Nut-cracker's tail doth rest.
Bonny Haven gave him birth
And gives him his last nest.

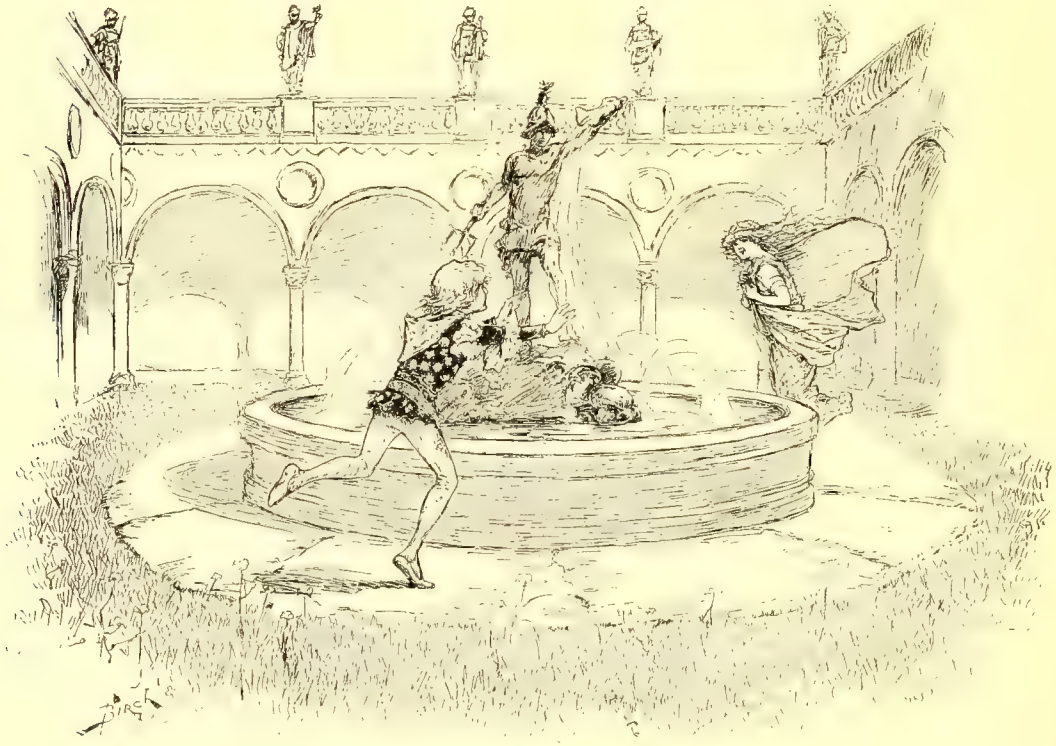
"Let none who wander here
Disturb his latter end,
Nor grudge a falling tear;—
So saith Nut-cracker's friend."

A Philopena

· BY ·
· MARY ·
· MAPES ·
· DODGE ·

ALL day the Princess ran away,
All day the Prince ran after;
The palace grand and courtyard gray
Rang out with silvery laughter.
"What, ho!" the King in wonder cried,
"What means this strange demeanor?"
"Your Majesty," the Queen replied,
"It is the Philopena!
Our royal daughter fears to stand
Lest she take something from his hand;
The German Prince doth still pursue,
And this doth cause the sweet ado."
Then, in a lowered voice, the King:
"I 'll wage he hath a wedding ring.
Our royal guest is brave and fair;
They 'd make, methinks, a seemly pair!"

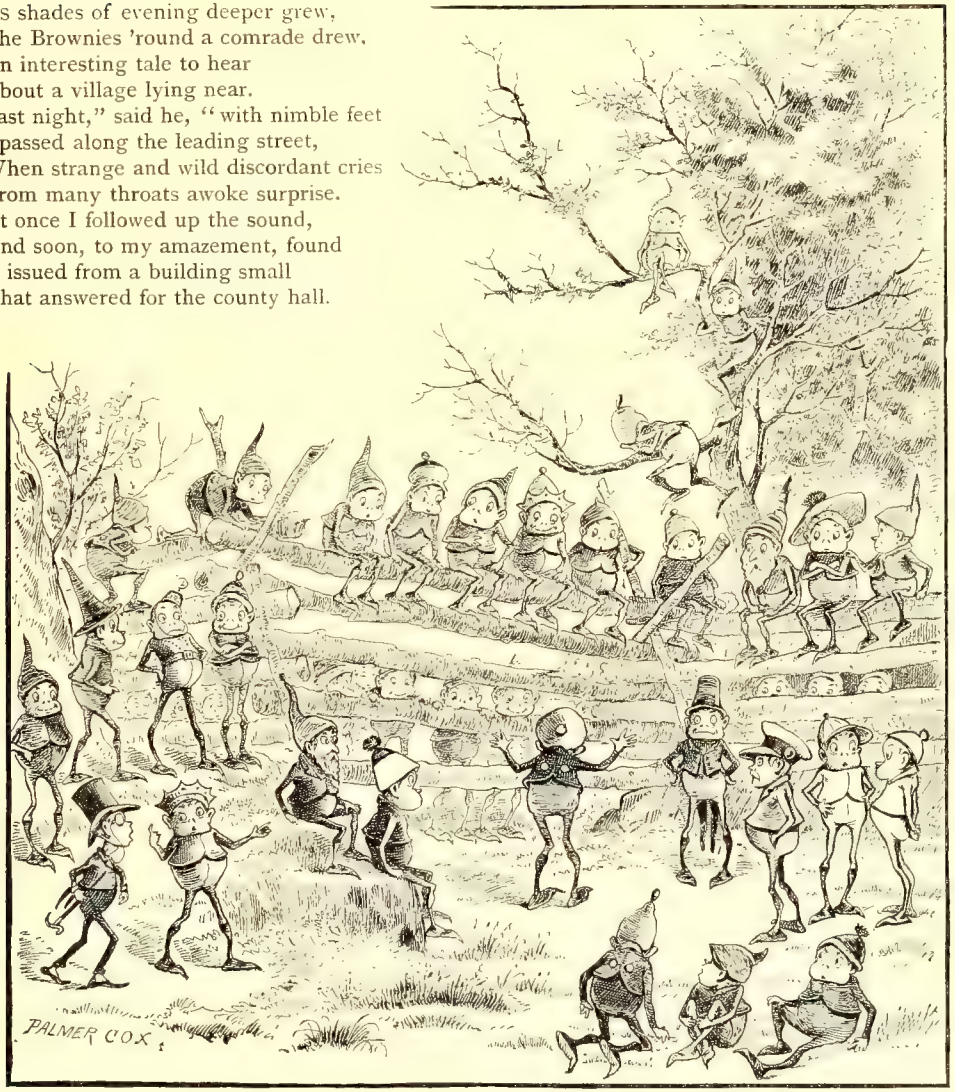
But still the Princess ran away,
And still the Prince ran after,
While palace grand and courtyard gray
Rang out with silvery laughter.



THE BROWNIES' SINGING-SCHOOL.

By Palmer Cox.

As shades of evening deeper grew,
The Brownies 'round a comrade drew.
An interesting tale to hear
About a village lying near.
"Last night," said he, "with nimble feet
I passed along the leading street,
When strange and wild discordant cries
From many throats awoke surprise.
At once I followed up the sound,
And soon, to my amazement, found
It issued from a building small
That answered for the county hall.



I listened there around the door,
By village time, an hour or more;
Until I learned beyond a doubt
A singing-school caused all the rout.
Some, like the hound, would keep ahead,
And others seemed to lag instead.
Some singers, struggling with the tune,
Outscreamed the frightened northern loon.
Some mocked the pinched or wheezing cry
Of locusts when the wheat is nigh,
While grumbling basses shamed the strain
Of bull-frogs calling down the rain."

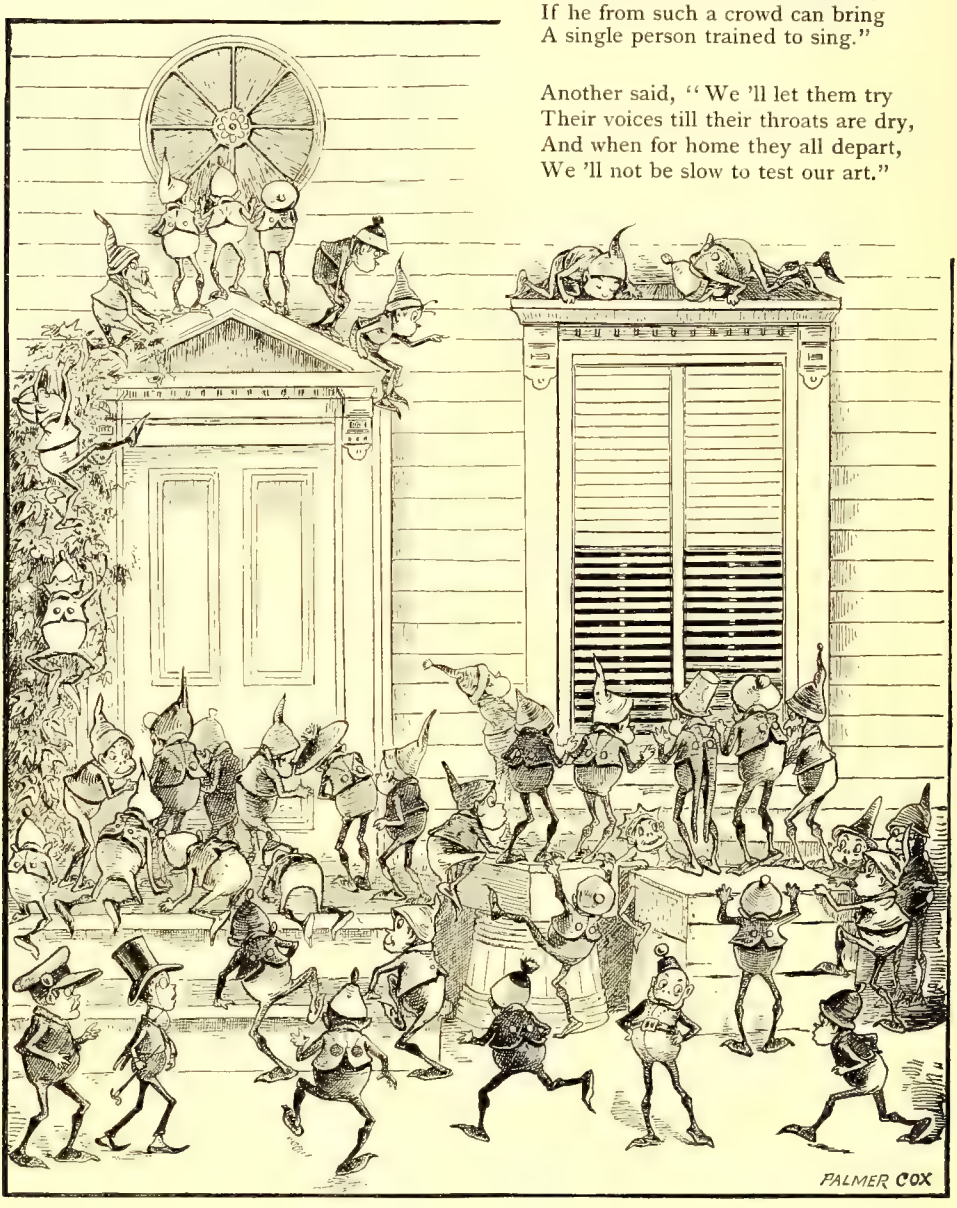
The Brownies labor heart and hand
All mysteries to understand;

And if you think those Brownies bold
Received the news so plainly told,
And thought no more about the place,
You 're not familiar with the race.

They listened to the jarring din
Proceeding from the room within.

Said one at length, "It seems to me
The master here will earn his fee,
If he from such a crowd can bring
A single person trained to sing."

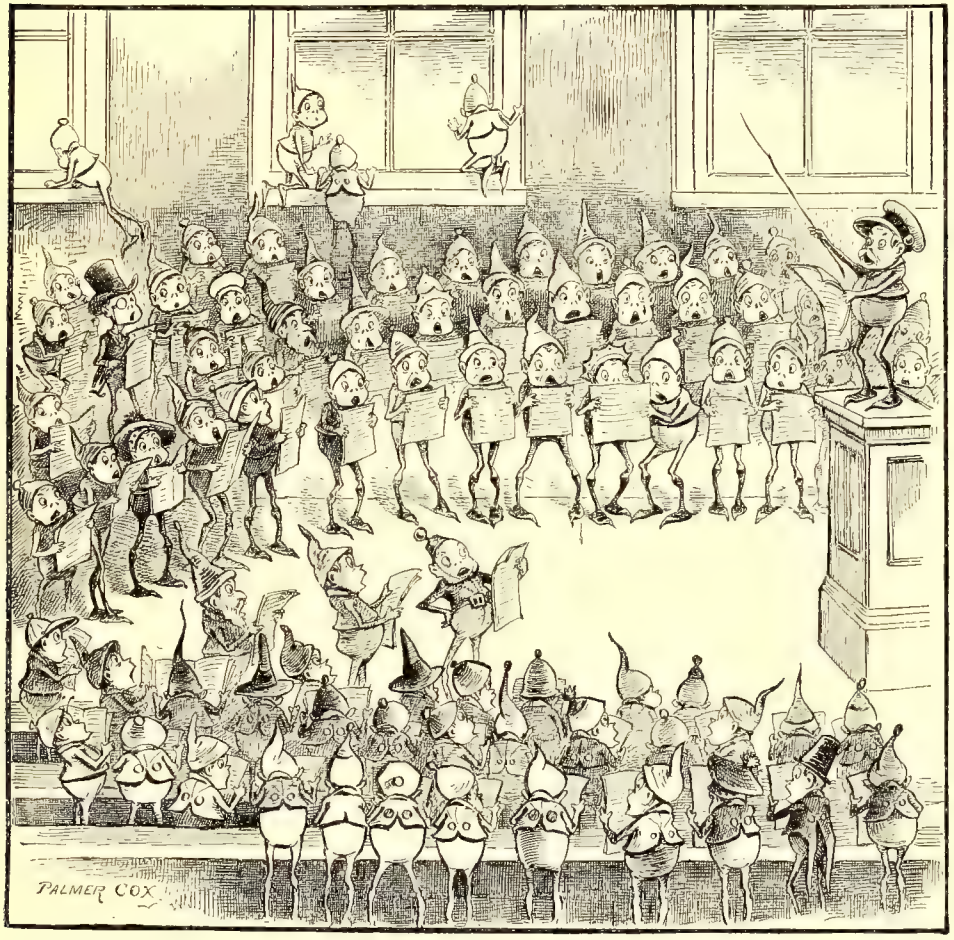
Another said, "We 'll let them try
Their voices till their throats are dry,
And when for home they all depart,
We 'll not be slow to test our art."



When scholars next their voices tried,
The Brownies came from every side;
With ears to knotholes in the wall,
To doorjambs, threshold, blinds, and all,

It pleased the Brownies much to find
The music had been left behind;
And when they stood within the hall,
And books were handed 'round to all,

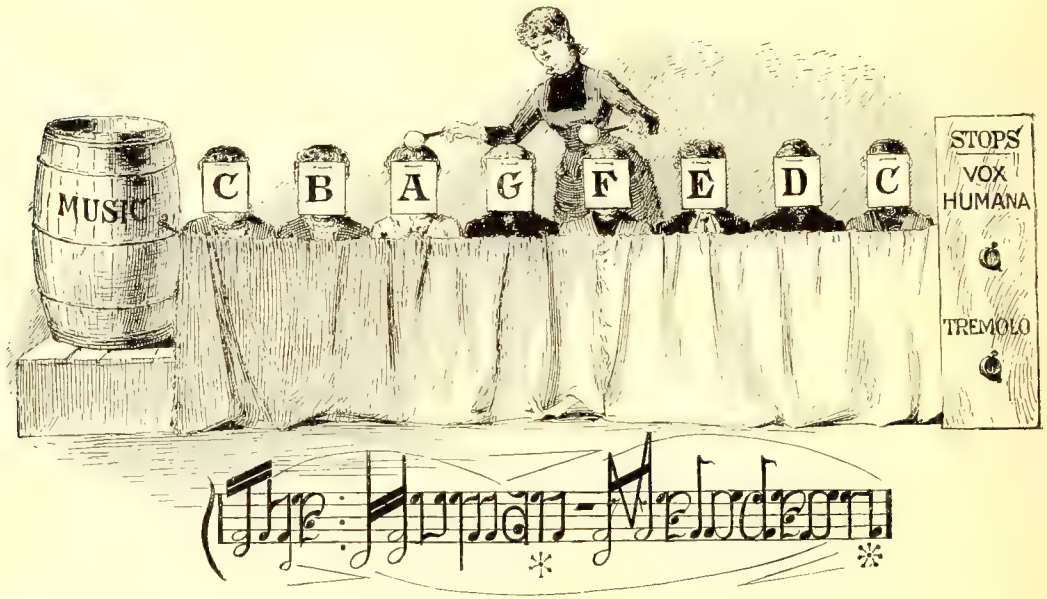
They pitched their voices, weak or strong,
At solemn verse and lighter song.
Some sought a good old hymn to try;
Some grappled with a lullaby;
A few a futile essay made
To struggle through a serenade;
While more preferred the lively air
That, hinting less of love or care,
That, hungry, wait the noonday horn
To call the farmer from his corn.
By turns at windows some would stay
To note the signs of coming day.
At length the morning, rising, spread
Along the coast her streaks of red,
And drove the Brownies from the place
To undertake the homeward race.



Possessed a chorus loud and bright
In which they all could well unite.

At times some member tried to rule,
And took control of all the school;
But soon, despairing, was content
To let them follow out their bent.

They sung both high or low, the same,
As fancy led or courage came.
Some droned the tune through teeth or nose,
Some piped like quail, or cawed like crows
But many members of the Band
Still kept their singing-books in hand,
Determined not with those to part
Till all were perfect in the art.
And oft in deepest forest shade,
In after times, a ring they made,
To pitch the tune, and raise the voice,
To sing the verses of their choice,
And scare from branches overhead
The speckled thrush and robin red,
And make them feel the time had come
When singing birds might well be dumb.



By Delia W. Lyman.

If any readers of St. Nicholas wish to give their friends a hearty laugh, let them prepare "The Human Melodeon" as an evening's entertainment, according to the following directions:

First let the leader, or organist (who should be somewhat of a musician), select, to represent the notes of the scale, eight girls or boys, who must be sufficiently musical to sing and to remember the notes assigned them. The organist plays on their heads, as they kneel in a row, exactly as if they were the notes of a piano, except that, to the audience, the scale appears reversed. But this is to have it in the right order for the organist. The tunes selected must obviously be in the key of C, with no sharps or flats. As each head is struck with the mallet, the person indicated must sing his or her note in a short staccato way, using the syllable *la*. If the head is struck twice, the note must be repeated in exactly the same way.

The hymn tune "Antioch" is an excellent one with which to begin. The organist strikes the head of upper "C" at the right, then "B," then "A," then quickly "G," then "F," "E," "D," "C," then "G," "A," "A" again, "B," "B" again, "C," and so on. For convenience, as the cards bearing the letters face the audience, not the organist, the tunes can be written in the "Human Melodeon" notation, as shown in the bars of music on the next page, which represent the first part of Antioch. Instead of the notes, are written the names of the performers — Sue, Hattie, Jane, Sally, Tom, Frank, Mary, George, or whatever they are.

"The Last Rose of Summer," beginning on lower "C," "Rig-a-jig-jig," on "G," and "Hush, my Dear, Lie still and Slumber," on "E," can also be played.

The simple sounds already described represent the *vox humana* stops. The *tremolo* is made by striking the mouth rapidly two or three times with the open hand as the note is sung.

So much for the actors; now for the properties:

The cards, which are tied by a string over the forehead of each performer, can be made of an old white pasteboard-box cover; the letters may be painted on, or cut out of black paper and pasted on.

The stops are represented by napkin rings, which may be pulled back and forth on long nails driven into a long narrow board or the side of a box. The box or board may be kept in position by a chair.

The barrel at the left should similarly be lettered "music," and by means of a cane tied at one end to a tack on the other side of the barrel, the organ-blower should go through the motions of supplying the instrument with music whenever it is being played. The cane should be moved up and down. The organ-blower should also adjust the stops as directed by the organist, who can not easily reach them. The performers kneel behind

a curtain which may be made of two shawls folded to the required length, pinned together in the center, and tacked or tied at each end to the barrel and board.

The mallet, or hammer, for striking the heads may be made of a ball of white darning cotton, on the end of a long stick, which may be wound with white cloth or ribbon. Then, when several tunes have been well rehearsed, all these preparations made, and the audience assembled, the folding doors are drawn back and the organist, bowing to the audience, makes a little explanatory speech, the substance of which may be as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I am happy to have this opportunity of exhibiting for the first time to so cultivated an audience my great invention, the *Organum Humanum*, or Human Melodeon.

"As the theory on which it is constructed is somewhat complicated, the explanation will require close attention.

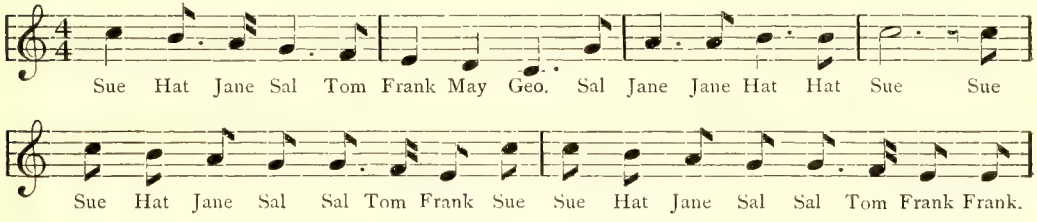
"For many years I had thought that the sound of the human voice in singing would be greatly improved by an added *mental* quality. Could the sound be induced from the *brain* instead of the lungs and throat, how easily would this result. When at last the greatest discovery of modern times was made,—that in each human skull there exists an unfilled cavity varying in size in different people, and connecting with the throat,—at once how simple became this problem! First, store musical sound as in this receptacle at the right" (pointing to the barrel); "then through a connecting pipe opening into the base of each skull, blow your musical sound upward. Of course this pipe, being behind, is invisible to the audience. The organ-blower will please blow. Now I strike the sensitive spot at the top of the skull with the mallet, thus: the musical sound is projected down through the mouth, and this exquisite soul-satisfying mental tone is obtained.

"My greatest difficulty in perfecting this invention has been to obtain human specimens possessing the exact size of skull-vacuum necessary for the notes of the scale. After a long series of experiments I have at last obtained the perfect eight which you see before you. The smaller the vacuum, of course, the larger the brain, and the higher the note—as for example this high 'C'" (strikes high "C").

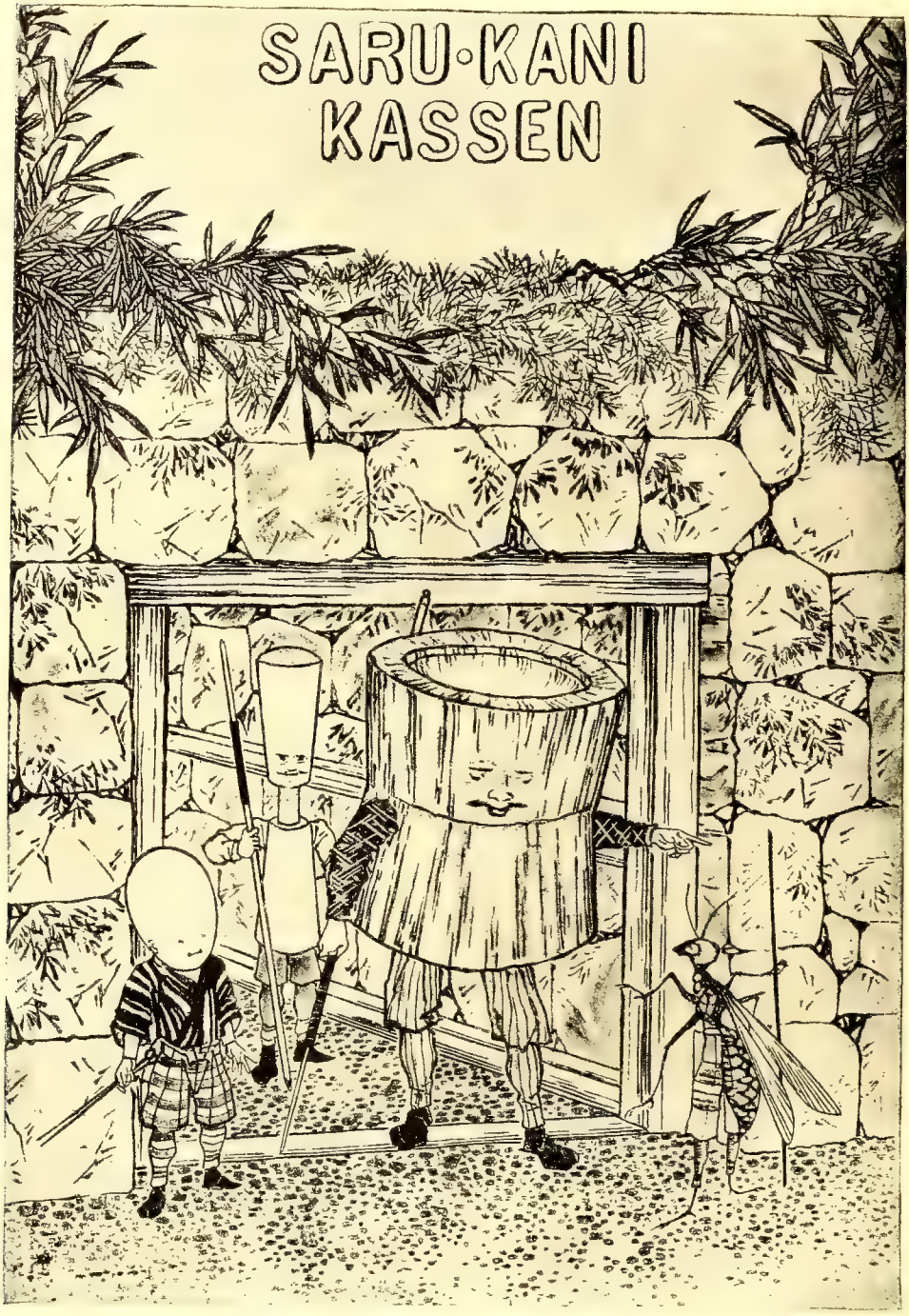
"The lowest note, on the contrary, has a large vacuum and an exceedingly small brain; the intermediate notes vary correspondingly.

"If Mr. Bodkins, the organ-blower, will pull out the *vox humana* stop, we will now give you that glorious old tune 'Antioch.'. . . . We will now give it with the *tremolo* stop," etc., etc.

Loud and soft stops, trumpet, or any other kind of stops may be introduced at the pleasure of the organist.



SAID Jeremy Jack to Timothy Tom:
"I can spell 'busy,'—can you, sir?"
"Yes; b-i-z, biz," says Timothy Tom,
"Z-y, zy; how will that do, sir?"
"Well," says Jeremy Jack, "but it seems to me
You could just as well spell it with one little bee."



"THEN CAME A RICE-MORTAR, A POUNDER, A BEE, AND AN EGG." (SEE PAGE 310.)



SARU-KANI KASSEN;

OR,

THE BATTLE OF THE MONKEY AND THE CRABS.

A STORY FROM THE JAPANESE.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION. (SEE PAGE 318.)

A MONKEY and a crab once met when going around a mountain. The monkey had a persimmon-seed which he had picked up. The crab had a piece of toasted rice-cake. The monkey seeing this, and wishing to obtain something that could be turned to good account at once, said:

"I pray you, exchange that small rice-cake for this persimmon-seed."



"THE UNRIPE PERSIMMONS HE THREW AT THE CRAB." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

The crab, without a word, gave up his cake, and took the persimmon-seed and planted it. At once it sprung up, and soon became a tree so high that one had to look up at it. The tree was full of persimmons, but the crab had no means of climbing the tree. So he asked the monkey to climb up and get the persimmons for him. The monkey got upon a limb of the tree and began to eat the persimmons. The unripe persimmons he threw at the crab, but all the ripe and good ones he put in his pouch. The crab under



"THE CRABS DECLARED WAR."

the tree thus had his shell badly bruised, and only by good luck escaped into his house, where he lay distressed with pain and not able to get up. Now, when other crabs heard how matters stood, they were surprised and angry, and declared war, and attacked the monkey, who led forth a great many other monkeys and defied the other party. The crabs soon found that the monkeys were too many and too strong for them, and so they became still, retreated into their fort, and held a council of war. Then came a rice-mortar, a pounder, a bee, and an egg to help the crabs, and



"THE MONKEYS DEFIED THE OTHER PARTY."

together they planned a deep-laid plot to be avenged upon the monkeys. First, they asked the monkeys to make peace with the crabs; and thus they got the king of the monkeys to enter the home of the crabs alone, and to seat himself on the hearth. Then, the monkey, not suspecting any plot, took the hibashi, or poker, to stir up the slumbering fire, when bang! went the egg, which was



"THE CRABS RETREATED."

lying hidden in the ashes, and burned the arm of the monkey. Surprised and frightened, he plunged his arm into the pickle-tub in the kitchen to relieve the pain of the burn. Then the bee, which was hidden near the tub, stung him sharply in his face. Howling bitterly, and without waiting to brush off the bee, he rushed for the back door; but just then some seaweed caught his legs and made him slip. Then, down dropped the pounder, tumbling on him from a shelf, and the mortar, too, came rolling down on him from the



"THEY PLANNED A DEEP-LAID PLOT."



"THEY GOT THE KING OF THE MONKEYS TO ENTER THE HOME OF THE CRABS ALONE."

roof of the porch and broke his back, and so weakened him that he was unable to rise up. And then out came the crabs in a crowd, and brandishing on high their pincers they pinched the monkey to death.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A GOOD February to you, my friends! I 'd wish you a long one, too, but that would be of no use. You can't get thirty days out of this month, do what you will — unless you should happen to find two of the days that you lost in January, and tack them on.

A QUEER TABLE.

THE dear little School-ma'am has been putting some queer ideas into my head of late. For instance, I wish to tell you all, to-day, of a very queer table. In the first place, it is several hundred years old — very aged for a bit of furniture, is it not? Well, it is really two thousand years old. There is scarcely a day in which we do not use it, and it is as good as new, just as sound and strong as ever. No; it is not iron, and yet I can't see how it can ever wear out.

All of you who are old enough have seen it, and, after a while, you will all get so that you can use it without having to look at it at all.

It is not used for breakfast, dinner, or any meal. And it is not of wood, either, as ordinary tables are. Yet it has many columns, all ornamented with figures of different sizes and shapes, and these figures may be so put together as to make others. There is no end to the number that can thus be made, although the original set consists of only nine; some might say ten.

And, now, my account of it is nearly complete. The table comes all the way from Arabia. There is much guessing about its origin, too; but, however it was made, and whoever made it, a very useful table it is, and you may call it — The Multiplication Table, if you like.

DOES ANYBODY ELSE OWN ONE?

A LITTLE boy, named Benny, one day went to the Zoölogical Garden, and there he saw a tiger. He thought it was the most beautiful animal in the world; — not so amusing as the monkeys, but ever so much prettier. On his way home he met the Deacon, and told him that he wished he had a tiger for a pet.

"But it would eat you up, the first time it was hungry," said the Deacon.

"Oh," answered Benny, "I want one that would n't eat boy — that would n't like the taste of a boy."

"And you could n't play with it, because a tiger is large and heavy, and it might knock you down with a blow of its paw, when you were romping," added the Deacon.

To this Benny replied that he did n't want a large tiger. He wanted a little one.

"Very well," said the Deacon, "I 'll speak to the Little School-ma'am about it, and see if she knows where you can get one of that sort."

The very next day Benny received his tiger. It was about two feet long from the tip of its nose to the end of its tail, and it was very tame. It had sharp little white teeth, and in each foot were claws that would have hurt had the little tiger torn Benny's cheek with them. But nothing could have been more gentle than this tiger was; and instead of hurting its master it played with him, and so far from knocking him down, it allowed him to carry it in his arms. No one in the house was afraid of it, and it became so much at home that it used to steal upstairs and sleep on the bed.

But the family never called it a "tiger." They had another name for it, with only three letters instead of five. But — it was a very near cousin of the tiger at the Zoölogical Garden, nevertheless.

DO BIRDS FLY DOWN?

DEAR JACK: As nearly as I can judge from my own observation, and from a careful reading of several treatises on birds, they do not fly downwards, but fold their wings closely to their sides, and make a dive through the air, just as a swimmer clasps his hands above his head and dives, head foremost, into the water. I do not mean to assert this as a fact, as it is merely what I think.

Hoping, dear Jack, that what I think is right, I remain, Your constant reader, M. G. B.

I can't decide this question myself, but here is a letter from your friend, Mr. C. F. Holder, who is a well-known naturalist. Let us see what he says.

DEAR JACK: I see, in a back number of ST. NICHOLAS, that one of your young correspondents appeals partly to me in regard to birds flying down. But all who have written seem so well posted that I doubt if I can add anything to their knowledge.

However, I have seen a California quail, a wood-dove, and a humming-bird flying downward; but in slow flyers, with large wings and heavy bodies, the wings are used more or less as parachutes in going down: in other words, the birds spread their wings, and rely upon gravity. This I have noticed in the sand-hill cranes in their migrations along the Sierra Madres. A flock, of say a hundred,

will mount upward in a beautiful spiral, flashing in the sunlight, all the while uttering loud, discordant notes, until they attain an altitude of nearly a mile above the sea-level. Then they form in regular lines, and soar away at an angle that in five miles, or so, will bring them within one thousand feet of the earth. Then they will stop and begin the spiral upward movement again until a high elevation is reached, when, away they go again sliding downhill in the air, toward their winter home. It is very evident that a vast amount of muscular exertion is saved in this way. In some of these slides that I have watched through a glass, birds would pass from three to four miles, I should judge, without flapping the wings.

Very truly yours, C. F. HOLDER.

ANOTHER QUEER BAROMETER.

HERE is a pleasant little letter, printed just as it was written:

DEAR JACK: I have seen so much about living barometers in ST. NICHOLAS, that I thought I would write to you about a little Scotch terrier dog a lady I know has. If it is going to rain, he will not eat anything, and, after it stops, he goes and eats every bit up. Is not that a funny barometer?

I learned to row and paddle last summer. Do many little girls you know know how to row? I like it very much.

If my letter is too long to print, will you please put the part about the dog in? because I want the little boys and girls to watch and see if their dogs do the same. Yours, ALLIE.

A FIRE IN A SCOTCH RIVER.

LAST month I told you of a place where fire almost gets cold, but now comes an account of a fire in a river. It seems hard to believe at first, but I am told that there is in this very number of ST. NICHOLAS an article which will explain the miracle for you. So I need not say more, and I shall give the account just as it appeared in a newspaper published in Glasgow, Scotland: "The singular sight is at present to be witnessed of a fire issuing from the waters of the River Clyde, a few hundred yards below Bothwell Bridge, and it has attracted to the scene thousands of curious spectators. For some time back, near the mouth of the Auchinraith Burn, and not far from the left bank of the river, the water has in one or two places been seen to bubble up, the largest of the agitated parts marking a circle nearly a foot in circumference. Still no heed was taken of the circumstance until Thursday last, when an angler, while wading in the stream, which, owing to the dry weather, is abnormally low, scratched a match to light his pipe, and on throwing it from him, the water at once caught fire and emitted a brilliant flame. It is now clear that the gas issuing from the mineral workings underneath is finding its way through a fissure in the strata to the surface of the water, and had been kindled by the lighted match. The boys amuse themselves ineffectually trying to put out the tongue of flame,—which at night, it is seen, rises to a height of four or five feet,—with branches of trees. A miner succeeded in extinguishing it with a flat stone, but it was at once rekindled. Such occurrences, though rare, are not unprecedented in Lanarkshire. In 1829, and for some successive years, the gas issuing from the limestone rock on the property of Holmes, in Cadder Parish, rose through the earth and even the water on its surface. It was easily kindled with a match and burned brilliantly on the surface of the water."

A PANE PICTURE.

YOU all know that our friend Jack Frost is an excellent artist, and that he very often paints beautiful pictures on your window panes. Well, here is one of his masterpieces which Mr. Simeon Whiteley has had photographed for your inspection. Jack painted the original picture upon the plate-glass of



Mr. Whiteley's office windows about a year ago. Indeed, Mr. Whiteley seems to be favored by this special artist, for he says that every winter he has just such beautiful pictures which do not, strangely enough, show themselves on the windows of other buildings in the same block.

FISHING IN THE DICTIONARY.

THE Deacon says that in a new dictionary he has found the word

Hypophthalmichthynæ,

which is the name given to a little family of fishes because they have eyes low down.
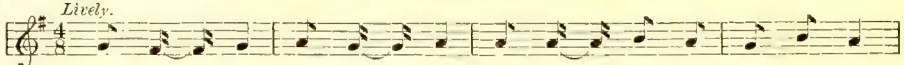
Why does n't it say so, then?
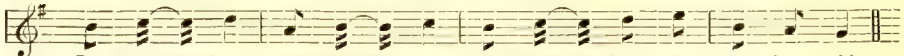
[Postscript: The Deacon says it does; but he knows all the dead languages.]

PEAS PORRIDGE HOT.

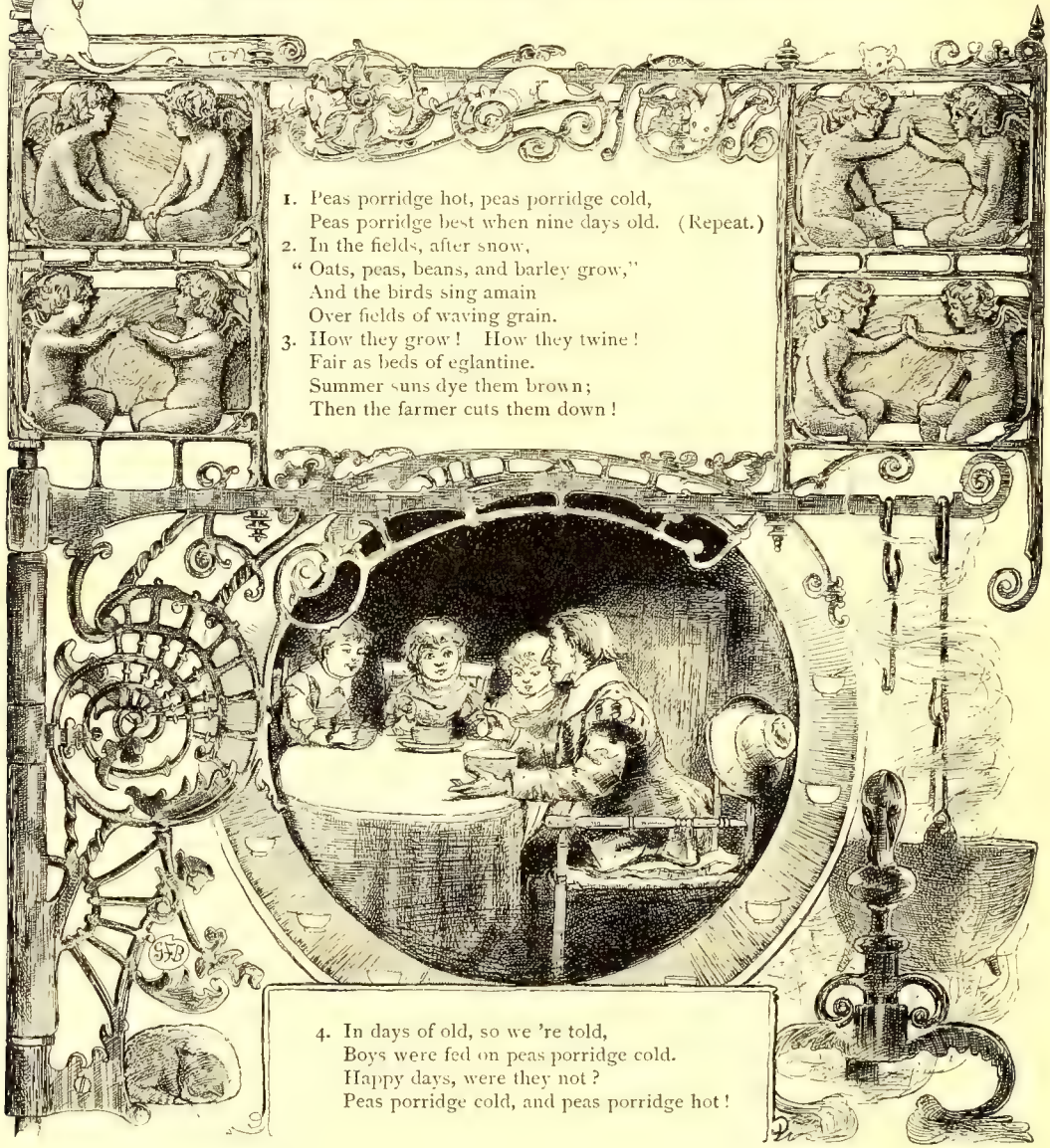
A School Action Song.

Lively.





1. Peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold,
   Peas porridge best when nine days old. (Repeat.)
2. In the fields, after snow,
   "Oats, peas, beans, and barley grow,"
   And the birds sing amain
   Over fields of waving grain.
3. How they grow! How they twine!
   Fair as beds of eglantine.
   Summer suns dye them brown;
   Then the farmer cuts them down!



4. In days of old, so we 're told,
   Boys were fed on peas porridge cold.
   Happy days, were they not?
   Peas porridge cold, and peas porridge hot!

THE LETTER-BOX.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a little school for girls; most of my pupils are subscribers to your valuable magazine. Requiring my smallest class to write a letter of congratulation, for an exercise, the other day, one of my very youngest pupils produced this highly original composition, which I send to you.

Yours respectfully, MARIE HOLMES B——.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

MY DEAR ISABELLA: I am very glad to hear that you supported Columbus to three ships and crews, and congratulate you. It is too bad you did not live long enough to see America. How did you like the salt-cellar in the middle of your table, and the king that sat above it, and the servants under it? I suppose you died from the want of breath. Yours truly, FLORA M——.

TO QUEEN ISABELLA.

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been getting your magazine for a year, sent by two kind American ladies whom I met in Algiers. I want you to tell Mrs. Burnett that I want to know more about Lord Fauntleroy, and how he got on after Dearest came to live with him. My grandpapa says I may have you for another year. I live with my grandpapa, but he is much nicer than little Lord Fauntleroy's grandpapa, although he is not an earl. I am just nine years old. I will weary until I hear more about Lord Fauntleroy.

Your loving PENSIE M——.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the December number of your magazine, I found an article which particularly interested me. It was about "How a great battle panorama is made."

Milwaukee is the only place in the United States where these panoramas are painted. I have watched the artists paint on the panorama of the battle of Atlanta, and have found it to be very interesting. On the picture on page 105 I recognized one of the artists, with whom I am acquainted. They are all German artists from Berlin, Dresden, Munich, and Vienna. Two years ago I was in Germany on a visit, where I had a very good time. I was in all the larger cities and at the Rhine.

From your friend, FRIEDA M——.

CLOVER HILL, GERMANTOWN, PA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, although I have taken you as long as I can remember. I live in Germantown, Pa., and will be eleven years old on the eleventh of February. I have no sisters, but two brothers, who are a good deal younger than myself; the eldest is five; he only began to have lessons a short time ago, but I hope he will soon be able to read the stories for little children in your magazine. I enjoyed "Little Lord Fauntleroy" very much, and I think Victor Hugo's stories to his grandchildren are very funny. If you think this letter worth publishing, I shall be very glad, for my father does not know I am writing, and it would be such a surprise to him to see the letter in print.

Your affectionate little friend, KATHARINE M——.

FANCHONETTE AND JOSEPHINE: The January "Letter-Box" had already gone to press when your note reached us. We can only suggest that you should correspond with some of the "Decorative Art" societies in New York or Boston. They have facilities for developing such talents as yours may be, and for profitably disposing of articles of handiwork if they are really artistic in design and execution.

FORT CUSTER, M. T.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl who was born and brought up in the U. S. Army. My home is now in Fort Custer, a post built on the Crow Indian reservation. We see lots of Indians here every day. The post is a large one. We have eight companies and a band. The Custer battle-field is only ten miles from the post, and we have visited it. We spent five weeks this summer in the Yellowstone Park, and saw the geysers and all the wonderful things there. We have taken you a number of years, and we think you are just lovely. I am 'most eleven years old. I have one sister eight years old, and no brothers. Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

Always your loving reader, PANSY E. H——.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My little Johnny, five years of age, asks ST. NICHOLAS if the milky-way was made by the "cow that jumped over the moon." Yours truly, E. GOULD.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a year, and now my mamma is going to get you bound for me. We have a dog called Fido, and a nice large cat called Dick. He comes up to my bed every morning, and is glad to see me. I have a brother Walter, one year younger than myself. I am eight years old. My mamma gave me ST. NICHOLAS on my birthday.

I think, when I am a man, I will be a railroad conductor, because they get the most money from every one. I used to think I would rather drive a sprinkler, because that was the most fun.

I have an Aunt Effie, six months older than I am. She takes ST. NICHOLAS, too. This is all I can think of this time.

From your little friend, JIMMIE H. D——.

CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A little while ago, I went to a Greek christening, and I thought that perhaps you would like to hear about it. Sometimes it takes place in the house, and sometimes in the church. The one I saw was in the house. This is the way it was done. First, two priests came in with a man, who carried a large metal thing on his back, which looked something like a bath. This was the font. He put it down in the middle of the room, and filled it with warm water and oil. While he was doing this, the priests put on their robes and let down their hair, which they generally wear done up in a small knot at the back of their heads. Then one took the baby, which was quite naked, and dipped it three times into the font, saying some prayers at the same time. After that it was taken out, and put into a lot of clean, new linen, and given to the godfather, who walked three times around the font, with the child in his arms, while the priests scattered incense about and said some more prayers. Then the mother took the baby, and bound it up tightly in long bands, tied a little muslin cap on its head, and put it to bed. At the beginning every one was given lighted candles to hold; and when it was over they gave every one a little piece of money which had a hole in it, and a piece of blue and white ribbon tied to it. You are expected to pin this upon your dress, till you go away. They also gave the guests sweets. Sometimes, instead of a piece of money, they have little silver crosses. The godfather or godmother provides everything — the baby's dress and clothes, the sweets, and crosses, and also gives the baby a present. The candles are rather dangerous, as they give them to little children as well as to grown-up people. A little child behind me burned off some of its front hair. It did not burn very much off as I caught sight of it just in time; and I told the mother, who was very much disgusted. But she did not seem to mind the child having been in danger so much as she minded its hair being burned off. Now, this is all I can remember, so I will say good-bye.

I remain, your interested reader,

MABEL P——.

OUR thanks for the receipt of very pleasant letters are due to the young friends whose names here follow: Norma B. B., Brenda, Jodie Ellis, Grace Schoff, Louise Huntington, W. H. Logan, M. Blake, Lovelie M. S., Mills Hutsinpiller, Beatrice Shaw, C. J. H., Wm. Crump Lightfoot, Edith and Mulford Wade, A. Dorothy Blundell, Hattie Spencer, Edna C. Dilts, Maud Heaton, Grace, Bessie, and Hattie, Charley Tausig, Ida C. H., Grace Ackley, Lillie Savage, Eleanor C. Adams, Grace A. T., Eliza W., Alice Cary, Katharine R. L., Alice Fitch, "Maiden-hair and Moonlight," Julian C. Verplanc, Bessie M. Hope, Warden M. McLee, Ethel N., H. S., Emily L. Inness, Mina Lesquereux, E. Vinnie Kremer, Priscilla H. G., George R. DeB., Lizzie Hines, Sophia Pupikofer, Annie Whitney, John N. Force, Edith Thallon, Elmer B. Lane, Meredith Kanna, J. I. Pinckney, Irene Lasier, Fred L., Gertrude C., Grace F. E., Woodie D. Ferguson, Willis C. M., Flossy May B., Madeline Giron, Harry Schuyler, Ruth E. M., Maud McMillan, Walter Drake, "Dulce," Marcia Bent, Lucy L. B., George Stewart, Clarence H. W., Eric Palmer, Susie Hunter, Molly Johnson, W. T. Logan, Gertrude M. S., Gracie, Mabelle C., Mabel Van V., Grace L. W., Howard W., "Sunshine," and Alfreda Gardner.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT has requested us to make a brief explanatory statement concerning "The Story of Prince Fairy-foot," which ends in the present number of ST. NICHOLAS. She originally intended it to be the first of a series, under the general title of "Stories from the Lost Fairy-Book,—Retold by the Child Who Read Them." And in regard to this lost fairy-book, Mrs. Burnett wrote to the Editor:

"When I was a child of six or seven, I had given to me a book of fairy-stories, of which I was very fond. Before it had been in my possession many months, it disappeared, and, though since then I have tried repeatedly, both in England and America, to find a copy of it, I have never been able to do so. I asked a friend in the Congressional Library at Washington — a man whose knowledge of books is almost unlimited — to try to learn something about it for me. But even he could find no trace of it; and so we concluded it must have been out of print some time. I always remembered the impression the stories had made on me, and, though most of them had become very faint recollections, I frequently told them to children, with additions of my own. The story of Fairyfoot I had promised to tell a little girl; and in accordance with the promise, I developed the outline I remembered, introduced new characters and conversation, wrote it upon note-paper, inclosed it in a decorated satin cover, and sent it to her. In the first place, it was rewritten merely for her, with no intention of publication; but she was so delighted with it, and read and re-read it so untiringly, that it occurred to me other children might like to hear it also. So I made the plan of developing and rewriting the other stories in like manner, and having them published under the title of 'Stories from the Lost Fairy-Book,—Retold by the Child Who Read Them.'"

The Editor of ST. NICHOLAS, to whom the foregoing facts were first communicated, was in Europe when "Prince Fairyfoot" was put into type,—and by an oversight no explanatory note appeared with the opening chapter. But since the publication of the story was begun in this magazine, a correspondent has sent us information which enabled us to obtain a copy of the lost fairy-book. It is a little volume entitled "Granny's Wonderful Chair, and the Tales it Told," published by Messrs. Griffith & Farran, of London, and Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., of New York. The foregoing explanation and apology are due to those publishers; and we wish to make further amends by heartily commending to our readers the little book which delighted Mrs. Burnett in her childhood. It is worthy of the esteem in which she held it, and it contains several fanciful stories that undoubtedly would interest and please the children of to-day.

THE brief account, in this number, of the society founded by Lady Brabazon to help English boys and girls to do deeds of kindness, and called "The Ministering Children's League," will have a personal interest to many of our readers; for we are glad to learn that the League is already a prosperous and growing organization in America also. From a circular issued by the American secretary we reprint these paragraphs:

"The first branches of the Ministering Children's League in this country were formed early in November, 1885, in New York City and Baltimore; and others followed in different parts of the country, until now there are established one hundred branches, whose membership varies from two hundred in the larger to five in the smaller.

"The chain that binds these Ministering Children together has its links in twenty-six States and Territories, from Maine to California and Washington Territory, and from Montana and Minnesota to Texas and Florida.

"The organization of the League is of the simplest. All members are expected to try to keep the rule,—'Every member of the League must try to do at least one kind deed every day'; but each branch is free to organize as it pleases, and to undertake any good work in which it may become interested. A Central Secretary keeps the list of branches, and furnishes the cards and leaflets of the society as they are required; but no report is asked of the branches, although such reports, when made, are always welcome. To cover the expenses of printing and postage, a charge is made of two cents apiece for the membership cards, and five cents a dozen for all leaflets of the society.

"Some branches have prepared gifts for poor and sick children; others formed themselves into Flower Missions during the summer, and most have done something for outside people, while they tried to do their daily, loving, ministering deeds in their own homes.

"We shall be glad to increase the membership of the League, and associates are asked to send the leaflets to friends who are interested in any way in the care of children; while the members themselves are desired to invite their boy and girl friends to join the League."

We heartily commend the League and its beautiful rule to all our readers, and wish it continued success and prosperity. Circulars, leaflets, and membership-cards may be obtained by addressing the Central Secretary, Miss M. T. Emery, 43 Lafayette Place, New York City.

ALL our readers, we are sure, will enjoy the little story which we reproduce this month from a Japanese toy-book. The text is a translation into English of the story as told in Japan, and the pictures are copies of those drawn by a Japanese artist. Odd as they seem at first, many young Americans will admire them and will appreciate the skill with which the artist has pictured that ungainly creature the crab, in various attitudes and positions. Especially interesting are the illustrations of the crabs declaring war and the monkeys defying them, the picture of the crabs and their friends planning a deep-laid plot to be avenged, and the one showing the reception of the king of the monkeys at the home of the crabs.

Our thanks are due to the First Japanese Manufacturing and Trading Co., of New York, for permission to copy the story and the pictures. In the toy-book sold by that company, the illustrations are printed in colors, and besides the pictures here shown there are at the close two drawings for which we have not been able to make room in the crowded columns of ST. NICHOLAS.

KENSINGTON, ACTON, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We thank you so much for telling us about boring for oil. We have wanted to know about it for a long time. Please tell us who discovered it, when, and how. We are your faithful readers, MARY AND MATT S——.

ST. NICHOLAS has referred your query to me, young friends, and I will try to answer it. Neither when, how, nor by whom petroleum was discovered is known. It is found in different quarters of the globe, in springs or floating upon the surface of streams and ponds. Some of these oil springs have long been known and used,—but without refining the oil,—those of Rangoon, in Burmah, for hundreds and perhaps even thousands of years.

But now, concerning our own country. In the Pennsylvania oil region, these oil springs are common, and they were known to the early white settlers. How long the Indians had known of them, of course we can not say. They secured the oil floating on the springs and streams, and used it as a medicine for rheumatism and similar troubles. The white men soon followed their example, until "Seneca Oil," as it was called, became well known, and was sold and used in many parts of the country. But you may be wondering how the oil came to be on top of the water. You read in the November number how the layers, or *strata*, of rock throughout the oil region do not lie level, but are tilted; and you can see that while they "dip" further below the surface in one direction, they will come closer to the surface and "run out" in the other direction. When the oil sands thus come to the surface in hills, the oil is enabled to escape, but very slowly, and it finds its way through the ground into the springs and streams.

But, coming down to the new era in the production and use of petroleum — places, dates, and names can be given. A little over thirty years ago, it was discovered that an excellent lamp-oil could be made from petroleum, by refining it. Up to that time, recollect, it had been used only as a medicine, and secured only from the springs and streams. But in order to learn the extent of the supply of the petroleum, to be converted into lamp-oil, a company was formed to search for it, by sinking a well. This well — the first oil-well — was sunk, near Titusville, Pa., by Colonel Drake; and it resulted in the discovery, in August, 1859, of the great underground stores of oil which have since been sent to brighten and cheer millions of homes in many lands.

WASHINGTON, PA. SAMUEL W. HALL.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

EASY CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Iguana. Cross-words: 1. kId. 2. eGg. 3. sUm. 4. rAt. 5. aNt. 6. cAt.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Madcap. 2. Amerce. 3 Device. 4 Crinel. 5. Accede. 6. Peeled.

WORD-BUILDING. 1. In-land. 2. Io-dine. 3. Pi-rate. 4. Entire. 5. Os-prey. 6. Ab-beys. 7. Or-ally. 8. At-test.

DOUBLE-LETTER ENIGMA. "Twelfth cakes"; the festival is called "Twelfth-night."

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

What shall I wish thee? Treasures of earth?
Songs in the spring-time, Pleasures and mirth?
Flowers on thy pathway, Skies ever clear?
Would this ensure thee A Happy New Year?

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

NOVEL ARITHMETIC. 1. W-eight. 2. F-our. 3. Eight-y. 4. H-eight. 5 D-one. 6. Of-ten. 7 Ca-nine.

A PENTAGON. 1. S. 2. Led. 3. Lever. 4. Several. 5. Derive 6. Raven. 7. Lend.

THE KING'S MOVE PUZZLE. 1. Bryant. 2. Byron. 3. Burns. 4. Coleridge. 5. Collins. 6. Cowper. 7. Dana. 8. Dante. 9. Dryden. 10. Emerson. 11. Gay. 12. Gray. 13. Goldsmith. 14. Goethe. 15. Greene. 16. Hemans. 17. Homer. 18. Hood. 19. Holmes. 20. Ingelow. 21. Keats. 22. Longfellow. 23. Lowell. 24. Miller. 25. Milton. 26 Montgomery. 27. Moore. 28. Morris. 29. Poe. 30. Pope. 31. Read. 32. Scott. 33. Shelley. 34. Spenser. 35. Swinburne. 36. Tennyson. 37. White. 38. Whittier. 39. Thomson. 40. Wolfe. 41. Wordsworth. 42. Willis. 43. Young. 44. Hay.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: In sending answers to puzzles, sign only your initials or use a short assumed name; but if you send a complete list of answers, you may sign your full name. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 20, from Maud E. Palmer — Mary Ludlow — Mabel G. Foster and May L. Gerrish — Bertha Heald — Beth H. — Uncle, Mamma, and Jamie — Sadie and Bessie Rhodes — Emma St. C. Whitney — The Stewart Browns — "Sandyside" — "Shumway Hen and Chickens" — "The Spencers" — K. G. S. — Professor and Co. — W. R. Moore — "Agricola" — Jo and I — "Res" — Maggie T. Turrill — "Blithedale" — "Clifford and Coco" — "San Anselmo Valley" — Birdie Koehler — Nellie and Reggie — "The Melvilles" — "E. L. Z. Bub, No. 2" — "Two Cousins" — Edith A. MacDonald — Arthur G. Lewis — Tony Atkinson — Hazel and Laurel — Francis W. Islip — "Dash" — Mamma and Fanny — B. and W. — Paul Reese — "Judy and Elsy" — Karl Webb

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 20, from "Two-two," 6 — "Tad," 1 — Chestnuts, 1 — Erminie, 2 — "Eloise," 1 — "Our Jesse," 5 — "Vixen," 1 — "M. T. Brains," 5 — Arthur and Bertie Knox, 11 — K. L. and L. L., 1 — "Miss Muffet," 1 — "Sister," 1 — "Diana Vernon," 1 — E. D. W., K. K. C., and F. B. G., 11 — "Goose," 3 — "Jolly Joker," 6 — W. K. C., 1 — Lilyan, 5 — "Sally Lunn," 9 — "Ramona," 2 — Raby, 2 — "Cockolorum," 3 — "Nanki-Po," 4 — Henry B., 1 — "Sunshine," 11 — Addie and Shirley Bowles, 2 — "N. O. Isy Boy," 3 — "Buffalo Will," 5 — M. I. L., 2 — Effie K. Talboys, 11 — "Ono," 2 — N. T. D., 2 — W. G. U., 2 — "Livy," 3 — Edith Gray, 5 — "Canadensus," 1 — Willie and Ned G., 2 — A. M., 1 — Tunnie, 4 — Bunnie, 4 — "Original Puzzle Club," 11 — A. E. P., 1 — "Ben Zeene," 5 — James R. Hughes, 1 — P's and K's, 5 — Marge, 1 — Daisy and Mabel, 7 — Millie Day, 3 — Mamie R., 10 — Colonel and Reg, 2 — "Bessie," Muskegon, 11 — F. Ripley, 11 — Aquila, 6 — Jet, 10 — "Yum-Yum," 1 — Hattie Weil, 4 — A. Rettop and others, Paris, 6 — "Jack and Sandy," 2 — "Lock and Key," 2 — "Les Cannois," 8.

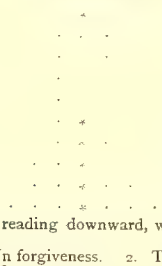
PROGRESSIVE ENIGMA.

I AM composed of ten letters, and form the name of a fine city.

My 1-2-3 is a verb. My 1-2-3-4 is a lotion. My 2-3-4 is a kind of tree. My 3-4-5-6 is the fore part of the leg. My 1-2-3-4-5-6-7 is cleansing. My 8-9 is a preposition. My 9-10 is upon. My 8-9-10 is a measure.

"S-KAMP."

MONUMENT.



THE central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous battle.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. In forgiveness. 2. To come into possession of. 3. The goddess of revenge. 4. And so forth. 5. To watch narrowly. 6. To petition. 7. The nickname of a famous president. 8. To array. 9. A political organization. 10. To fill with doubt and apprehension.

"P. UZZLER."

BEHEADINGS.

I. 1. BEHEAD to bruise, and leave to hurry. 2. Behead a fastening, and leave a poisonous serpent. 3. Behead a stone, and leave an entrance. 4. Behead a grain, and leave a summer luxury. 5. Behead solitary, and leave a numeral. 6. Behead a kind of wood, and leave lean. 7. Behead to vibrate, and leave part of a fowl. 8. Behead a track, and leave a generation. 9. Behead to comply, and leave a personage in high authority. 10. Behead to reckon, and leave a paint.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a well-known city.

II. 1. Behead a place of traffic, and leave craft. 2. Behead to help, and leave a wager. 3. Behead to hurl, and leave a kind of tree. 4. Behead an image, and leave to peruse. 5. Behead a sight, and leave in what manner. 6. Behead a sign, and leave "children of a larger growth." 7. Behead particular, and leave a useful substance.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a political character prominent in the early history of the United States.

LUCY LEE BROOKES AND "LIVY."

HOUR-GLASS.

I. THE centrals, reading downward, spell a word meaning to dim.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A depot. 2. To imprint. 3. To inspect closely. 4. In printing. 5. A bolt. 6. Sensibility. 7. Pushing forward with violence.

II. The centrals, reading downward, spell a word meaning aid.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Tumult. 2. Strong. 3. An animal. 4. In printing. 5. A tumult. 6. To set in order. 7. Eagerly attentive.

"ED. U. CATOR."

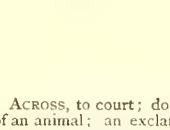
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals name a very famous hero, and my finals a place always associated with his name.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Circumscribed. 2. A Peruvian animal. 3. Evident. 4. Not transparent. 5. To delay. 6. Discovery. 7. An important city of Portugal. 8. A papal ambassador.

"ED. U. CATOR."

A FLIGHT OF STAIRS.



ACROSS, to court; downward, a revolving circular body; the cry of an animal; an exclamation; to perform the part of; a resinous substance; to regret; to instigate.

The central letters (indicated by stars), when read upward, will spell the name of a nocturnal bird of South America.



THE words forming this numerical enigma are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of forty-five letters, is one of Poor Richard's maxims. The Latin quotation embodies the same idea.

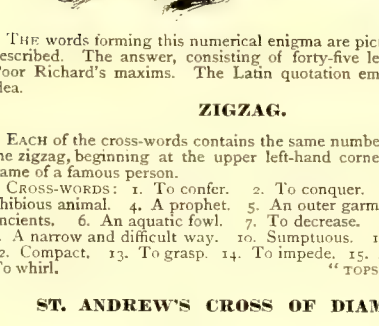
ZIGZAG.

EACH of the cross-words contains the same number of letters, and the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell the name of a famous person.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To confer. 2. To conquer. 3. A small amphibious animal. 4. A prophet. 5. An outer garment worn by the ancients. 6. An aquatic fowl. 7. To decrease. 8. To separate. 9. A narrow and difficult way. 10. Sumptuous. 11. To decorate. 12. Compact. 13. To grasp. 14. To impede. 15. A support. 16. To whirl.

"TOPSY AND EVA."

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Panama. 2. A sacred vestment. 3. Defensive arms. 4. A sea-port town of Spain. 5. Perforated. 6. Disengaged. 7. In Panama.

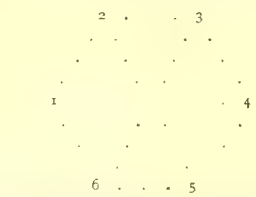
II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Panama. 2. To reckon. 3. To cut into small pieces. 4. The name of a swift ocean steam-ship. 5. Improves. 6. A prefix. 7. In Panama.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In Panama. 2. Three-fourths of a word meaning silent. 3. Supplied with copious doses. 4. A country of Europe. 5. To immerse. 6. A stamp. 7. In Panama.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Panama. 2. A low, buzzing sound. 3. Engaged. 4. A girl's name. 5. A fruit. 6. A great clatter. 7. In Panama.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Panama. 2. A period. 3. Expulsion. 4. A territory of the United States. 5. With a loud voice. 6. To cease. 7. In Panama. M. A. S.

WORD-HEXAGON.



FROM 1 to 2, one of nine equal parts; from 2 to 3, a salutation; from 3 to 4, egg-shaped; from 5 to 4, a dipper; from 6 to 5, to praise highly; from 1 to 6, honorable; from 1 to 4, the period of initiation; from 2 to 5, pertaining to a doctrine contrary to the Christian religion; from 3 to 6, to purchase goods beyond the means of payment. H. A. G.

RIDDLE.

MOST securely secreted within, I deem
My answer perhaps my WHOLE may be;
But 1501, transposed, 't would seem,
A *faint light* one could not fail but see. F. L. F.

COMBINATION PUZZLE.

WHEN the stars in the following sentences have been replaced by the right letters, ten familiar axioms will appear.

1. L*t "n*v*r d*s*a*r" b. y*u* m*t*o*.
2. A b*i*h. h*a*t m*k*s a b.o*m*n* v*s*g*.
3. F*l*y i* t*e p.v*r.y o* t*e m*n*.
4. A g*i.t* c*n*c*e*c* n*e*s n* a*c*s*r.
5. A p*n y s*v*d i. a p*n*y e*r*e*.
6. I.l*n*s* a*d P*v*r.y a.e w*l* m*t*d.
7. A*l b*o d i* a*i*e a*c*e*t.
8. H. w*o s*u*i*s h*s c*n*e*t w*n*s i* m*s*.
9. L*t*l* s*r*k*s f*l* g*e*t o*k*.
10. A h*s*y m*n n*v r w n*s w*e.

When these axioms have been rightly guessed, take from each a word containing the same number of letters. When these ten words of equal length have been rightly selected and placed one below the other, the central letters will name certain pretty trifles.

GILBERT FORREST.



"AJAX SLOWLY ROSE AND LOOKED UP INTO THE GIRL'S CALM FACE."

DRAWN BY REGINALD B. BIRCH.

[See page 328.]

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XIV. MARCH, 1887. No. 5.

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THE BOYHOOD OF THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

A GOOD many years ago now, a small, bare-legged boy set out from his home in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, for an afternoon's sport with a gun. He rambled along, as boys will, with his eyes wide open for everything that came under them, as well as for the game that was the special object of his expedition, and he had not gone far when he saw a chaise approaching, driven by the Governor of the State.

The Governor was a very popular and distinguished man, who was being talked of for the Presidency, and we should not have liked the small boy if he had not been a little overawed by finding himself alone in the presence of so august a personage. He was equal to the occasion, however, and as the chaise reached him, he stood aside to let it pass and gravely presented arms. The Governor at once pulled up his horse and looked with amusement at the little fellow standing there as serious as a sentry, with his gun held rigidly before him.

"What is your name?" said the Governor.

"Thomas Bailey Aldrich," replied the boy, with a military salute.

He was invited into the chaise, and though he lost his shooting, what was that in comparison with the distinction of riding into Portsmouth Town with Governor Woodbury?

This was forty years ago, and since then Thomas Bailey Aldrich has earned a place among the foremost of American authors by a series of books, some in prose and some in verse, which are distinguished by the purity of their tone, the refinement of their style, and the picturesqueness of their invention. One of them is called "The Story of a Bad Boy," and except that some of the names of persons and places are changed, it is so faithful a picture of the author's boyhood that it might be called an autobiography. If any one has not read that book I advise him to do so at once; and when he has finished it, he will, I think, be ready to thank me for introducing it to him.

"Not such a very bad boy, but a pretty bad boy," the author says of himself. A pretty good boy we should call him — a boy who would do nothing mean, cruel, or vulgar, though he was as ready for mischief as any of his playfellows.

Portsmouth was just the place for such a boy. It is a quaint old town by the sea, full of quaint old homesteads, as you have been told in a recent number of ST. NICHOLAS. It is built at the mouth of the Piscataqua river, and may be said to have been founded by Captain John Smith, the famous adventurer, who, after slaying Turks in hand-to-hand combats, and doing all sorts of doughty deeds in various parts of the globe, visited the coast of New Hampshire in 1612, and recommended this as the site of a future seaport.

Time was when Portsmouth carried on a great trade with the West Indies and threatened to

eclipse both Boston and New York; it turned out the best ships and the smartest sailors, and in the war of 1812 it equipped many a daring privateer. But its prosperity slipped away from it, and all the old wharves are now deserted, though when the sun shines upon them it brings out a vague perfume of the cargoes of rum, molasses, and spice that used to be piled upon them.

What boy wandering along wharves like these, and hearing from superannuated sailors of the former glories of the place, would not long to go to sea? There were few boys in Rivermouth, as it is called in "The Story of a Bad Boy," who had not this ambition; and early in life Aldrich began the study of navigation, though he was not destined to use his knowledge in picking paths across the sea by the aid of the sun and stars.

The wharves were not the only stimulus to the spirit of romance in this old town. In the shady streets were historic houses in which Washington, Lafayette, and the King of the French had been entertained; the ghosts of former greatness seemed to haunt them; dark wainscot stood high against the walls; strange carvings with winged heads clustered about the doors; shadowy portraits of bewigged gentlemen and furbelowed dames, each with some legend attached to it, hung from the moldings, and winding stairways led into mysterious chambers under the roofs. It seems to me that an imaginative boy brought up amid such surroundings was bound to become either a sailor or an author,—that he would either yield to the fascinations of the wharves and go to sea, or stay ashore to write the stories and the poems which would be sure to come into his head in the presence of these relics of a historic past.

In one of those old houses which still stand in Court street, where it is now used as a hospital, Aldrich was born, just forty-nine years ago; that is, in 1837. His father was a merchant and banker who had opened a business in New Orleans, and it was the custom of his parents to keep the boy, who was their only child, with them in the South during the winter, and to send him back to Portsmouth for the summer. These visits were continued until he reached the age of thirteen, when he returned to Portsmouth to remain there for several years, and it was in this old town that all which was most memorable in his boyhood occurred.

He was a rather slender little fellow, but sound and vigorous, and ever ready for either sport or mischief. As many mishaps befell him as usually fall to the lot of a high-spirited and adventurous boy. He could defend himself from imposition, and he was expert in the various games which occupied his comrades. He was not a prodigy in any way; not marvelous either for his scholarship or his promise of future distinction. But he was very fond of reading, and spent many hours in a delightful old attic, where he found a lot of old books, among others being "Robinson Crusoe," "Baron Trenck," "Don Quixote," "The Arabian Nights," Defoe's "History of the Plague in London," and "Tristram Shandy." Of all these, Defoe's "History of the Plague" was his favorite.

Like all attics in old New England houses, this one was the receptacle of all kinds of rubbish,—"They never throw anything away in New England," Aldrich said to me one day, "they always put it up in the attic,"—and here were cast-off clothing, legless chairs, crazy tables, and all sorts of things which times and changes in fashions had rendered useless.

Among the rest was an old hide-covered trunk; and seeing how little hair was left on it, Thomas Bailey thought he would attempt to restore it. He had seen in the window of a barber's shop a preparation which was highly recommended as a sure cure for baldness, and he purchased a bottle of this and carefully applied it to the trunk. Then he went upstairs from day to day to watch the effect, but the result was not satisfactory; the trunk remained as bald as ever, and Thomas Bailey felt that he had wasted his money.

The first school he went to was Dame Bagley's, and from what he has told me of her, I shall always think of her as a character who ought to have belonged to one of Hawthorne's romances. She was a severe and angular person, who had a peculiar method of punishing her pupils. She constantly wore on the second finger of her right hand an uncommonly heavy thimble, and with this she would sharply rap the offender on the head. "Thomas Bailey, come here." Tap, tap, tap, tap! It does not seem like a severe penalty; but she brought her finger down with such force, that the culprit often felt that it was going right through him.

The boy was not very happy with Dame Bagley, whose school was a dreary, uncomfortable place; the yard was bricked, and just one brick had been lifted out to allow a solitary cucumber vine to spring up; this was what Dame Bagley would probably have called "a richly wooded landscape." And then the benches in the schoolroom were too high for his legs. His feet could not reach the floor, and his back would grow so tired that sometimes he threw himself backward upon the floor in sheer desperation.

It was an altogether pleasant change when he left Dame Bagley's and became enrolled as a pupil at the Temple School.

The Temple School is constantly referred to in

"The Story of a Bad Boy" as the Temple Grammar School, and nearly everything which relates to the latter is true of the former, so that the reader can get a better idea of Aldrich's boyhood from that book than I can give him here. The mad pranks of the boys when he was initiated as a member of the Rivermouth Centipedes; the fight on Slatter's Hill, that Gettysburg of snowballs; the burning of the stage-coach — all the adventures were described from real life. There is a wonderful pony in the book, and the pony is from real life, too. According to the story, the Temple Grammar School was burned down one Fourth of July by a fire-cracker that flew in through a window. This was fiction at the time the book was published; but five years afterward, as if to make the chronicle veracious in every particular, the school was burned in just that way.

To my mind, one of the earliest signs Aldrich gave of his literary bent was his distaste for figures; arithmetic staggered him, and he confesses that he often had to seek help from his school-fellows. This was very wrong, of course, and the only excuse I can think of may not be regarded as an excuse at all, but rather as an aggravation of the offense. In return for the help he received in arithmetic, he revised the compositions of the class, and even went so far as entirely to write the essays of the boys who, though clever enough at figures, had no talent for literary exercises.

Before he reached the age of twelve, he had written a story called "Colenzo." It was about pirates and buccaneers, and the scene was on a tropical island which was supposed to lie somewhere out at sea, about seven miles from Portsmouth. Then he wrote articles for one of the local papers, and to these utterances of precocious wisdom he signed the *nom de plume*, "Experience."

At sixteen, his school days came to an end, and his father having died, he was sent to New York to become a clerk in his uncle's office. But day-books and ledgers had no more charm for him than elementary arithmetic, and by the time he reached twenty, he had broken loose from the counting-room and won a recognized place for himself among the most original of American authors. Fourteen books now stand to his credit, stories that linger in the mind like memories of sunny days, and poems that have the polish and brilliance of diamonds. Portsmouth, sometimes with its own name, sometimes as Rivermouth, is revived again and again in them, and in some charming verses he has celebrated his days on the Piscataqua, which were among the happiest, no doubt, that he has ever seen.

PISCATAQUA RIVER.*

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THOU singest by the gleaming isles,
By woods, and fields of corn,
Thou singest, and the sunlight smiles
Upon my birthday morn.

But I within a city, I,
So full of vague unrest,
Would almost give my life to lie
An hour upon thy breast!

To let the wherry listless go,
And, wrapt in dreamy joy,
Dip, and surge idly to and fro,
Like the red harbor-buoy;

To sit in happy indolence,
To rest upon the oars,
And catch the heavy earthy scents
That blow from summer shores;

To see the rounded sun go down,
And with its parting fires
Light up the windows of the town
And burn the tapering spires;

And then to hear the muffled tolls
From steeples slim and white,
And watch, among the Isles of Shoals,
The Beacon's orange light.

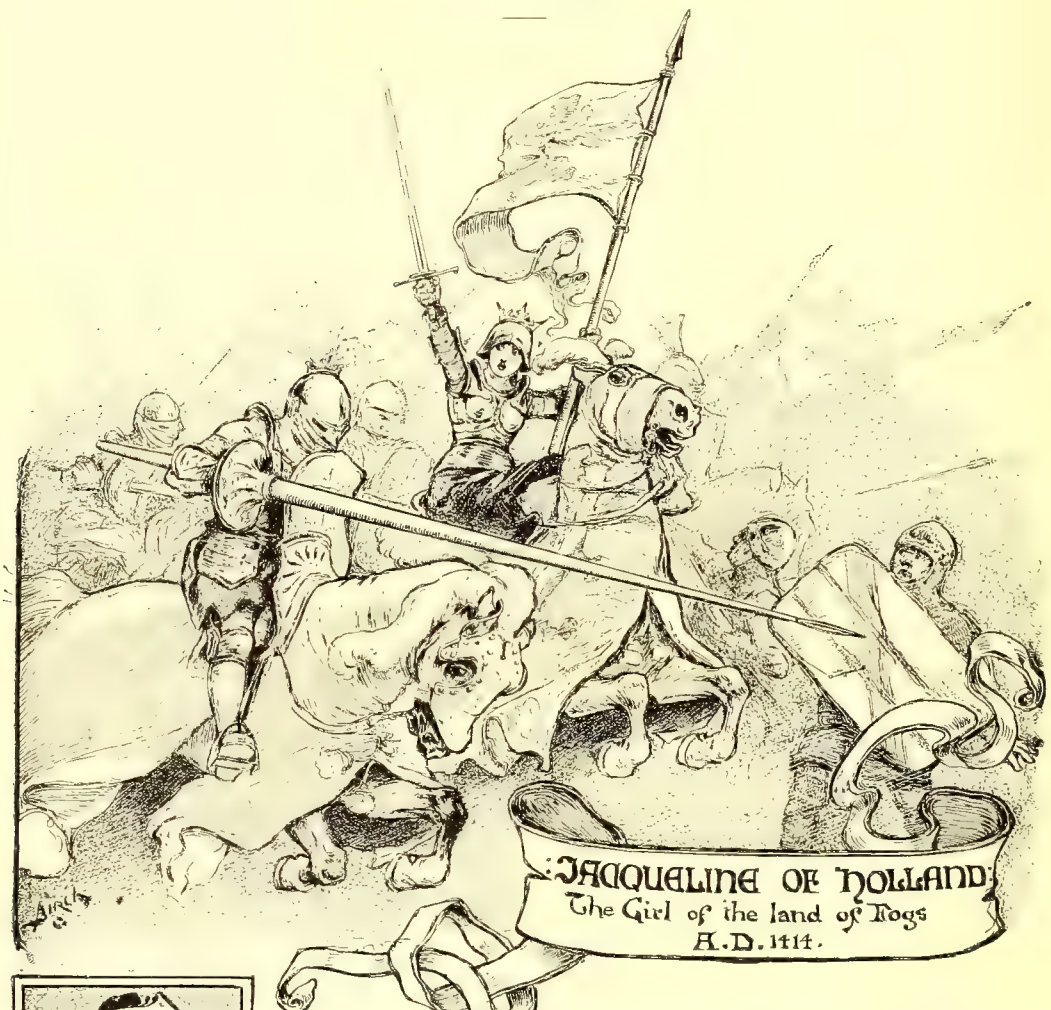
O River! flowing to the main
Through woods, and fields of corn,
Hear thou my longing and my pain,
This sunny birthday morn;

And take this song which sorrow shapes
To music like thine own,
And sing it to the cliffs and capes
And crags where I am known!

* Reprinted from "The Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich," by kind permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

HISTORIC GIRLS.*

By E. S. Brooks.



COUNT WILLIAM OF HAINAULT, of Zealand and Friesland, Duke of Bavaria, and Sovereign Lord of Holland, held his court in the great, straggling castle which he called his "hunting lodge," near to the German Ocean, and since known by the name of "The Hague."†

Count William was a gallant and courtly knight, learned in all the ways of chivalry, the model of the younger cavaliers, handsome in person, noble in bearing, the surest lance in the tilting-yard, and the stoutest arm in the foray.

Like "Jephtha, Judge of Israel," of whom the mock-mad Hamlet sang to Polonius, Count William had

> "One fair daughter, and no more,
> The which he loved passing well";

and, truth to tell, this fair young Jacqueline, the little "Lady of Holland," as men called her,—but whom Count William, because of her fearless

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† "The Hague" is a contraction of the Dutch *'s Gravenhage* — the *haag*, or "hunting lodge," of the *Graf*, or count.

antics and boyish ways, called "Dame Jacob,"*— loved her knightly father with equal fervor.

As she sat, that day, in the Great Hall of the Knights in the massive castle at The Hague, she could see, among all the knights and nobles who came from far and near to join in the festivities at Count William's court, not one that approached her father in nobility of bearing or manly strength — not even her husband.

Her husband? Yes. For this little maid of thirteen had been for eight years the wife of the Dauphin of France, the young Prince John of Touraine, to whom she had been married when she was scarce five years old and he barely nine. Surrounded by all the pomp of an age of glitter and display, these royal children lived in their beautiful castle of Quesnoy, in Flanders,† when they were not, as at the time of our story, residents at the court of the powerful Count William of Holland.

Other young people were there too,—nobles and pages and little ladies-in-waiting; and there was much of the stately ceremonial and flowery talk that in those days of knighthood clothed alike the fears of cowards and the desires of heroes. For there have always been heroes and cowards in the world.

And so, between all these young folk, there was much boastful talk and much harmless gossip: how the little Lady of Courtrai had used the wrong corner of the towel yesterday; how the fat Duchess of Enkhuysen had violated the laws of all etiquette by placing the wrong number of finger-bowls upon her table on St. Jacob's Day; and how the stout young Hubert of Malsen had scattered the rascal merchants of Dort at their Shrovetide fair.

Then uprose the young Lord of Arkell.

"Hold, there!" he cried hotly. "This Hubert of Malsen is but a craven, sirs, if he doth say the merchants of Dort are rascal cowards. Had they been fairly mated, he had no more dared to put his nose within the gates of Dort than dare one of you here to go down yonder amid Count William's lions!"

"Have a care, friend Otto," said the little Lady of Holland, with warning finger; "there is one here, at least, who dareth to go amid the lions — my father, sir."

"I said nothing of him, madam," replied Count Otto. "I did mean these young red hats here, who do no more dare to bait your father's lions than to face the Cods of Dort in fair and equal fight."

At this bold speech there was instant commotion. For the nobles and merchants of Holland, four centuries and a half ago, were at open strife with one another. The nobles saw in the increasing prosperity of the merchants the end of their own feudal power and tyranny. The merchants recognized in the arrogant nobles the only bar to the growth of Holland's commercial enterprise. So each faction had its leaders, its partisans, its badges, and its followers. Many and bloody were the feuds and fights that raged through all those low-lying lands of Holland, as the nobles, or "Hooks," as they were called — distinguishable by their big red hats — and the merchants, or "Cods," with their slouch hats of quiet gray, struggled for the lead in the State. And how they *did* hate one another!

Certain of the younger nobles, however, who were opposed to the reigning house of Holland, of which Count William, young Jacqueline's father, was the head, had espoused the cause of the merchants, seeing in their success greater prosperity and wealth for Holland. Among these had been the young Lord of Arkell, now a sort of half prisoner at Count William's court because of certain bold attempts to favor the Cods in his own castle of Arkell. His defiant words therefore raised a storm of protests.

"Nay, then, Lord of Arkell," said the Dauphin John, "you, who prate so loudly, would better prove your words by some sign of your own valor. You may have dared fight your lady mother, who so roundly punished you therefor, but a lion hath not the tender ways of a woman. Face *you* the lions, lord count, and I will warrant me they will not prove as forbearing as did she."

It was common talk at Count William's court that the brave Lady of Arkell, mother of the Count Otto, had made her way, disguised, into the castle of her son, had herself lowered the drawbridge, admitted her armed retainers, overpowered and driven out her rebellious son; and that then, relenting, she had appealed to Count William to pardon the lad and to receive him at court as hostage for his own fealty. So this fling of the Dauphin's cut deep.

But before the young Otto could return an angry answer, Jacqueline had interfered.

"Nay, nay, my lord," she said to her husband, the Dauphin; "'t is not a knightly act thus to impeach the honor of a noble guest."

But now the Lord of Arkell had found his tongue.

"My lord prince," he said, bowing low with stately courtesy, "if, as my lady mother and good Count William would force me, I am to be loyal vassal to you, my lieges here, I should but follow where you dare to lead. Go *you* into the lions' den, lord prince, and I will follow you, though it were into old Hercules' very teeth."

* *Jacqueline* is the French rendering of the Dutch *Jakobine* — the feminine of *Jakob*, or James. † Now northeastern France.

It was a shrewd reply, and covered as good a "double dare" as ever one boy made to another. Some of the manlier of the young courtiers indeed even dared applaud. But the Dauphin John was stronger in tongue than in heart.

"*Peste!*" he cried contemptuously. "'T is a fool's answer and a fool's will. And well shall we see now how you will sneak out of it all. See, Lord of Arkell, you who can prate so loudly of Cods and lions: here before all, I dare you to face Count William's lions yourself!"

The young Lord of Arkell was in his rich court suit — a tight-fitting, great-sleeved silk jacket, rich, violet *chausses*, or tights, and pointed shoes. But, without a word, with scarce a look toward his challenger, he turned to his nearest neighbor, a brave Zealand lad, afterward noted in Dutch history — Francis von Borselen.

"Lend me your gabardine, friend Franz, will you not?" he said.

The young von Borselen took from the back of the settle, over which it was flung, his gabardine — the long, loose gray cloak that was a sort of overcoat in those days of queer costume.

"It is here, my Otto," he said.

The Lord of Arkell drew the loose gray cloak over his rich silk suit, and turned toward the door.

"Otto von Arkell lets no one call him fool or coward, lord prince," he said. "What I have dared you all to do, *I* dare do, if you do not. See, now: I will face Count William's lions!"

The Princess Jacqueline sprang up in protest.

"No, no; you shall not!" she cried. "My lord prince did but jest, as did we all. John," she said, turning appealingly to her young husband, who sat sullen and unmoved, "tell him you meant no such murderous test. My father!" she cried, turning now toward Count William, whose attention had been drawn to the dispute, "the Lord of Arkell is pledged to face your lions!"

Count William of Holland dearly loved pluck and nerve.

"Well, daughter mine," he said, "then will he keep his pledge. Friend Otto is a brave young gallant, else had he never dared raise spear and banner, as he did, against his rightful liege."

"But, my father," persisted the gentle-hearted girl, "spear and banner are not lions' jaws. And surely you may not in honor permit the willful murder of a hostage."

"Nay, madam, have no fear," the Lord of Arkell said, bending in courteous recognition of her interest; "that which I do of mine own free will is no murder, even should it fail."

And he hastened from the hall.

A raised gallery looked down into the spacious inclosure in which Count William kept the living specimens of his own princely badge of the lion. And here the company gathered to see the sport.

With the gray gabardine drawn but loosely over his silken suit, so that he might, if need be, easily slip from it, Otto von Arkell boldly entered the inclosure.

"Soho, Juno! up, Hercules; hollo, up, Ajax!" cried Count William, from the balcony. "Here cometh a right royal playfellow — up, up, my beauties!" and the great brutes, roused by the voice of their master, pulled themselves up, shook themselves awake, and stared at the intruder.

Boldly and without hesitation, while all the watchers had eyes but for him alone, the young Lord of Arkell walked straight up to Hercules, the largest of the three, and laid his hand caressingly upon the shaggy mane. Close to his side pressed Juno, the lioness, and, so says the record of the old Dutch chronicler, von Hildegaersberch, "the lions did him no harm; he played with them as if they had been dogs."

But Ajax, fiercest of the three, took no notice of the lad. Straight across his comrades he looked to where, scarce a rod behind the daring lad, came another figure, a light and graceful form in clinging robes of blue and undergown of cloth-of-gold — the Princess Jacqueline herself!

The watchers in the gallery followed the lion's stare, and saw, with horror, the advancing figure of this fair young girl. A cry of terror broke from every lip. The Dauphin John turned pale with fright, and Count William of Holland, calling out, "Down, Ajax! back, girl, back!" sprang to his feet as if he would have vaulted over the gallery rail.

But before he could act, Ajax himself had acted. With a bound he cleared the intervening space and crouched at the feet of the fair young Princess Jacqueline!

The lions must have been in remarkably good humor on that day, for, as the records tell us, they did no harm to their visitors. Ajax slowly rose and looked up into the girl's calm face. Then the voice of Jacqueline rang out fresh and clear as, standing with her hand buried in the lion's tawny mane, she raised her face to the startled galleries.

"You who could dare and yet dared not to do!" she cried, "it shall not be said that in all Count William's court none save the rebel Lord of Arkell dared to face Count William's lions!"

The Lord of Arkell sprang to his comrade's side. With a hurried word of praise he flung the gabardine about her, grasped her arm, and bade her keep her eyes firmly fixed upon the lions; then, step by step, those two foolhardy young persons backed slowly out of the danger into which they

had so thoughtlessly and unnecessarily forced themselves.

The lions' gate closed behind them with a clang; the shouts of approval and of welcome sounded from the thronging gallery, and over all they heard the voice of the Lord of Holland mingling commendation and praise with censure for the rashness of their action.

And it *was* a rash and foolish act. But we must remember that those were days when such feats were esteemed as brave and valorous. For the Princess Jacqueline of Holland was reared in the school of so-called chivalry and romance, which in her time was fast approaching its end. She was, indeed, as one historian declares, the last heroine of knighthood. Her very titles suggest the days of chivalry. She was Daughter of Holland, Countess of Ponthieu, Duchess of Berry, Lady of Crevecœur, of Montague and Arlœux. Brought up in the midst of tilts and tournaments, of banquets and feasting, and all the lavish display of the rich Bavarian court, she was, as we learn from her chroniclers, the leader of adoring knights and vassals, the idol of her parents, the ruler of her soft-hearted boy husband, an expert falconer, a daring horsewoman, and a fearless descendant of those woman warriors of her race, Margaret the Empress and Philippa the Queen, and of a house that traced its descent through the warlike Hohenstaufens back to Charlemagne himself.

All girls admire bravery, even though not themselves personally courageous. It is not, therefore, surprising that this intrepid and romance-reared young princess, the wife of a lad for whom she never especially cared, and whose society had for political reasons been forced upon her, should have placed as the hero of her admiration, next to her own fearless father, not the Dauphin John of France, but this brave young rebel lad, Otto, the Lord of Arkell.

But the joyous days of fête and pleasure at Quesnoy, at Paris, and The Hague were fast drawing to a close. On the fourth of April, 1417, the Dauphin John died by poisoning, in his father's castle at Compiègne — the victim of those terrible and relentless feuds that were then disgracing and endangering the feeble throne of France.

The dream of future power and greatness as Queen of France, in which the girl wife of the Dauphin had often indulged, was thus rudely dispelled, and Jacqueline returned to her father's court in Holland, no longer crown-princess and heiress to a throne, but simply "Lady of Holland."

But in Holland, too, sorrow was in store for her. Swiftly following the loss of her husband, the Dauphin, came the still heavier blow of her father's death. On the thirtieth of May, 1417, Count William died in his castle of Bouchain, in Hainault, and his sorrowing daughter Jacqueline, now a beautiful girl of sixteen, succeeded to his titles and lordship as Countess and Lady Supreme of Hainault, of Holland, and of Zealand.

For years, however, there had been throughout the Low Countries a strong objection to the rule of a woman. The death of Count William showed the Cods a way toward greater liberty. Rebellion followed rebellion, and the rule of the Countess Jacqueline was by no means a restful one.

And chief among the rebellious spirits, as leader and counselor among the Cods, appeared the brave lad who had once been the companion of the princess in danger, the young Lord of Arkell.

It was he who lifted the standard of revolt against her regency. Placing the welfare of Holland above personal friendship, and sinking, in his desire for glory, even the chivalry of that day, which should have prompted him to aid rather than annoy this beautiful girl, he raised a considerable army among the knights of the Cods, or liberal party, and the warlike merchants of the cities, took possession of many strong positions in Holland, and occupied, among other places, the important town of Gorkum on the Maas. The stout citadel of the town was, however, garrisoned with loyal troops. This the Lord of Arkell besieged, and, demanding its surrender, sent also a haughty challenge to the young countess, who was hastening to the relief of her beleaguered town.

Jacqueline's answer was swift and unmistakable. With three hundred ships and six thousand knights and men-at-arms, she sailed from the old harbor of Rotterdam, and the lion-flag of her house soon floated above the loyal citadel of Gorkum.

Her doughty Dutch general, von Brederode, counseled immediate attack, but the girl countess, though full of enthusiasm and determination, hesitated.

From her station in the citadel she looked over the scene before her. Here, along the low banks of the river Maas, stretched the camp of her own followers, and the little gayly colored boats that had brought her army up the river from the red roofs of Rotterdam. There, stretching out into the flat country beyond the straggling streets of Gorkum, lay the tents of the rebels. And yet they were all her countrymen,—rebels and retainers alike. Hollanders all, they were ever ready to combine for the defense of their homeland when threatened by foreign foes or by the destroying ocean floods.

Jacqueline's eye caught the flutter of the broad banner of the house of Arkell that waved over the rebel camp.

Again she saw the brave lad who alone of all

her father's court, save she. had dared to face Count William's lions; again the remembrance of how his daring had made him one of her heroes, filled her heart, and a dream of what might be possessed her. Her boy husband, the French Dauphin, was dead, and she was pledged by her dying father's command to marry her cousin, whom she detested, Duke John of Brabant. But how much better, so she reasoned, that the name and might of her house as rulers of Holland should be upheld by a brave and fearless knight. On the impulse of this thought, she summoned a loyal and trusted vassal to her aid.

"Von Leyenburg," she said, "go you in haste and in secret to the Lord of Arkell, and bear from me this message for his ear alone. Thus says the Lady of Holland: 'Were it not better, Otto of Arkell, that we join hands in marriage before the altar than that we spill the blood of faithful followers and vassals in cruel fight?'"

It was a singular, and perhaps, to our modern ears, a most unladylike proposal; but it shows how, even in the heart of a sovereign countess and a girl general, warlike desires may give place to gentler thoughts.

To the Lord Arkell, however, this unexpected proposition came as an indication of weakness.

"My lady countess fears to face my determined followers," he thought. "Let me but force this fight and the victory is mine. In that is greater glory and more of power than in being husband to the Lady of Holland."

And so he returned a most ungracious answer:

"Tell the Countess Jacqueline," he said to the knight of Leyenburg, "that the honor of her hand I can not accept. I am her foe, and would rather die than marry her."

All the hot blood of her ancestors flamed in wrath as young Jacqueline heard this reply of the rebel lord.

"Crush we these rebel curs, von Brederode," she cried, pointing to the banner of Arkell; "for, by my father's memory, they shall have neither mercy nor life from me."

Fast upon the curt refusal of the Lord of Arkell came his message of defiance.

"Hear ye, Countess of Holland," rang out the challenge of the herald of Arkell, as his trumpet-blast sounded before the gate of the citadel, "the free Lord of Arkell here giveth you word and warning that he will fight against you on the morrow!"

And from the citadel came back this ringing reply, as the knight of Leyenburg made answer for his sovereign lady:

"Hear ye, sir Herald, and answer thus to the rebel Lord of Arkell: for the purpose of fighting him came we here, and fight him we will, until he and his rebels are beaten and dead. Long live our Sovereign Lady of Holland!"

On the morrow, a murky December day, in the year 1417, the battle was joined, as announced. On the low plain beyond the city, knights and men-at-arms, archers and spearmen, closed in the shock of battle, and a stubborn and bloody fight it was.

Seven times did the knights of Jacqueline, glittering in their steel armor, clash into the rebel ranks; seven times were they driven back, until, at last, the Lord of Arkell, with a fiery charge, forced them against the very gates of the citadel. The brave von Brederode fell pierced with wounds, and the day seemed lost, indeed, to the Lady of Holland.

Then Jacqueline the Countess, seeing her cause in danger,—like another Joan of Arc, though she was indeed a younger and much more beautiful girl general,—seized the lion-banner of her house, and, at the head of her reserve troops, charged through the open gate straight into the ranks of her victorious foes. There was neither mercy nor gentleness in her heart then. As when she had cowed with a look Ajax, the lion, so now, with defiance and wrath in her face, she dashed straight at the foe.

Her disheartened knights rallied around her, and, following the impetuous girl, they wielded ax and lance for the final struggle. The result came quickly. The ponderous battle-ax of the knight of Leyenburg crashed through the helmet of the Lord of Arkell, and as the brave young leader fell to the ground, his panic-stricken followers turned and fled. The troops of Jacqueline pursued them through the streets of Gorkum and out into the open country, and the vengeance of the Countess was sharp and merciless.

But in the flush of victory wrath gave way to pity again, and the young conqueror is reported to have said, sadly and in tears:

"Ah! I have won, and yet how have I lost!"

But the knights and nobles who followed her banner loudly praised her valor and her fearlessness, and their highest and most knightly vow thereafter was to swear "By the courage of our Princess."

The brilliant victory of this girl of sixteen was not, however, to accomplish her desires. Peace never came to her. Harassed by rebellion at home, and persecuted by her relentless and perfidious uncles, Count John of Bavaria, rightly called "the Pitiless," and Duke Philip of Burgundy, falsely called "the Good," she, who had once been Crown Princess of France and Lady of Holland, died at the early age of thirty-six, stripped of all her titles and estates. It is, however, pleasant to think that she was happy, in the love of her

husband, the baron of the forests of the Duke of Burgundy, a plain Dutch gentleman, Francis von Borselen, the lad who, years before, had furnished the gray gabardine that had shielded Count William's daughter from her father's lions.

The story of Jacqueline of Holland is one of the most romantic that has come down to us from those romantic days of the knights. Happy only in her earliest and latest years, she is, nevertheless, a bright and attractive figure against the dark background of feudal tyranny and crime. The story of her womanhood should indeed be told, if we would study her life as a whole; but for us, who can in this paper deal only with her romantic girlhood, her young life is to be taken as a type of the stirring and extravagant days of chivalry.

And we can not but think with sadness upon the power for good that she might have been in her land of fogs and floods if, instead of being made the tool of party hate and the ambitions of men, her frank and fearless girl nature had been trained to gentle ways and charitable deeds.

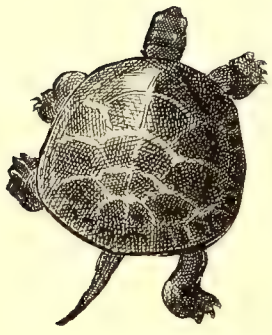
To be "the most picturesque figure in the history of Holland," as she has been called, is distinction indeed; but higher still must surely be that gentleness of character and nobility of soul that, in these days of ours, may be acquired by every girl and boy who reads this romantic story of the Countess Jacqueline, the fair young Lady of Holland.



PIN-WHEEL TIME.

THE TURTLE'S STORY.

By R. K. Munkittrick.



I AM a land-turtle with dark brown shell. I weigh about five pounds, and I acknowledge myself to be a very lazy, good-for-nothing turtle. Perhaps I ought to call myself a tortoise and be dignified; but I don't take myself as seriously as most unimportant people do, and, therefore, "turtle" is title enough for me.

I often think I am very unfortunate in being a turtle, because I am constantly being picked up and carried home by boys. A bird can fly away, and a rabbit can run away,—even from a boy,—but I can not. If the boy sees me, I am lost—I mean found. Most people think I am well off because I live in a hard shell. Yet of what use is a shell, after I am caught? I should greatly prefer wings or fleetness of foot. A shell may be very nice; but when a squirrel, we 'll say, has escaped from the clutches of a boy, I don't believe that squirrel sits down and cries because he is not covered with a shell. If I wish to go through a crevice on my travels, and am too wide for it, I can't squeeze through, but have to go and find one that fits me, or change my course.

One day a little boy named Geoffrey Wood caught me as I was going across a garden path. I know his name, because he asked a comrade how it would look cut on my under shell with a jack-knife.

The comrade thought it would improve my general appearance; accordingly, I was placed on my back in the boy's lap and wedged between his knees, while he did the carving. I was very much afraid, while the operation was going on, that the knife might slip, and cut off one of my feet. A dog may be happy on three legs, or a soldier on one, but it is different with a turtle. With a foot off, I should be fit only for a paper-weight.

After the boy had cut the G., he thought he did not pine for so rich a harvest of blisters on his fingers as his entire name would have yielded; so he simply cut his initials on me, and stuffed me into his coat-pocket, with his knife, a fish-line, a top, and some shoemaker's wax.

When he reached the house, I was put on the floor to walk, but I kept well within my shell. Then he put me in the bath-tub, and turned on the water. This obliged me to come out in order to save myself from a watery grave. My fright and consternation caused Geoffrey and his friend to shout with delight, and I longed to be turned into a snapping-turtle and get just one chance at them!

Then Geoffrey's sister came along and rescued me. She said it would be a good idea to boil me out of my shell, and use the latter for a sugar-scoop. I shut up for reflection. But she turned me over, and saw the G. W. cut upon my shell. She immediately concluded that I had at one time been the private pet of George Washington, and was, therefore, too valuable as an antiquity to be boiled. In her excitement, she put me on the back steps, while she went in to look for her patriotic father; and I lost no time in getting out of the way.

But on the very next morning, I was picked up again; this time by a little boy in frocks, who hitched me to a toy wagon with cord.

I did not mind this very much, because I was not hurt nor roughly handled. I managed to crawl under a fence when the boy was not looking, and I was traveling off as fast as possible, when I was suddenly stopped by the wagon, which was too large to follow me. I was recovered, taken into the house, wrapped up in a piece of cloth, and put on a shelf.

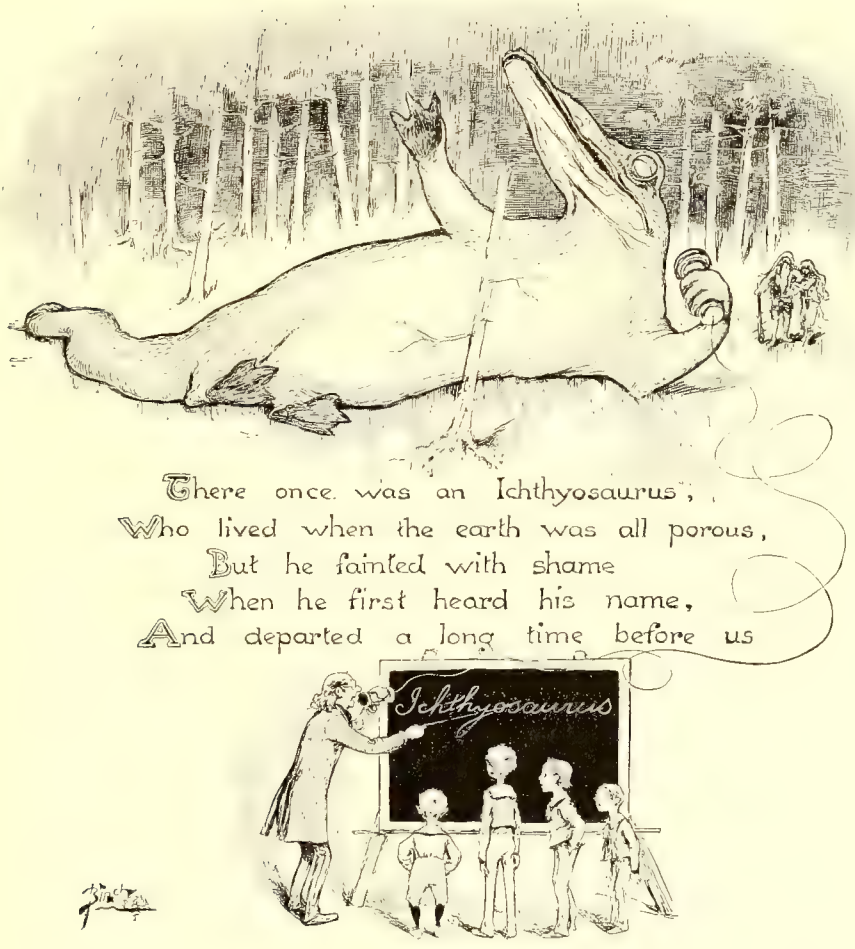
The boy's father, having heard him call me a land oyster, on account of my shell, took me off the shelf and told him all about me, referring occasionally to a book. Then he spoke my name in Latin, and gave a general history of me, using very high-sounding words. I admit that I felt

much larger than usual. I felt, in fact, like coming out of my shell.

But, may I be converted into combs, paper-knives, breast-pins, and watch-chains if I can understand how the man that wrote that book ever found out so much about me, unless he was once a turtle himself, which I scarcely believe.

Here I am again, dragging the toy wagon about all loaded with dolls, tops, and things. Now, while the little boy is not looking, I will bite the string. Once more I am a free turtle, and away I go for yonder currant-bush!

I am there, and the boy can't find me. I will wait till dark, and plunge into yonder wood, and never leave it. If ever I do, may I, as I just said, be converted into tortoise-shell combs, tortoise-shell bracelets, and tortoise-shell cats!



JUAN AND JUANITA.

By Frances Courtenay Baylor.

Chapter V.

When the two weary starvelings had partaken as freely of their ambrosial repast of broiled fish as they dared after so long a fast, their one thought was a place in which to rest. This Juan undertook to select, although, as he limped off into the woods, he could scarcely drag one foot after another.

If he had been alone, he could not have resisted the temptation to sink down anywhere, so painful was any further effort; but he had Nita to consider, and her comfort and safety required that he should reconnoiter the immediate neighborhood and choose some sheltered spot for the night's resting-place. Leaden weights seemed to have attached themselves to his usually nimble feet; and he could not have felt more bruised if he had been pounded in a mortar for the last two days. But he persevered, and in about half an hour came back to Nita, walking, indeed, as slowly as though he had been his own grandfather, but with a bright face that promised pleasant news.

"Come, little sister!" he said affectionately, holding out his hand to help her to her feet.

"Oh, Juan, indeed, indeed, I can't move an inch! Don't ask me to get up!" remonstrated Nita plaintively.

But Juan, with a smile, insisted, telling her that he had something nice to show her. Then he put his arm around her and carried her off, whistling to Amigo, who, with his head on one side, was making dreadful faces over his fish bones, and positively declined to follow anybody just then. Nita had not far to go. At the end of five minutes' walk, Juan stopped, his progress impeded apparently by a large rock. The river rippled away in a long shining curve on his right, and on the left rose a high bluff.

"This way!" he said, and, in a flash,—he had disappeared completely.

"Why, where have you gone? Where are you, Juan?" cried Nita when she had skirted the rock and could see nothing of her brother. She was answered by a merry shout with a queer ring in it:

"Here! here! Don't you see me?"

It sounded very near, and she stared all about her, up the bluff, into the trees, into the river even; and then, taking a good look at the rock, she saw Juan's laughing face peeping at her from behind the leaves of a bush that grew in the angle formed by the bluff and the rock.

"Come here! You can just squeeze in, when you push the bush aside," said Juan encouragingly; and the next moment, Nita was standing in delighted astonishment inside a beautiful little cave!

"I discovered it quite by accident," explained Juan. "I saw a rabbit dart in here and looked to see where he had gone. It is perfectly dry and warm, and there are no snake holes, for I have looked all about it for them, and here we can stay just as long as we please. We are as safe as though we were at home. Are n't you glad you came, now? Is n't it a splendid thing to have a house of our own!" He threw himself down with a sigh of deep content as he spoke; and Nita, who had thought she could not take another step, explored every corner of the cave again and again, and indulged in the most rapturous comments on it. "*O! La buena fortuna! Qué casa segura bonisima, hermosa, grandisima!*" (Oh, what good fortune! What a safe, nice, fine, big house!) she cried, and was not half done admiring it then. The last sounds Juan heard that night were, "Oh, is n't this just too delightful, too fortunate, for anything!" from Nita, and a loud snore from Amigo, who had traced them without the least difficulty, and had promptly sought the repose he needed.

Happy and secure, they all slept on, and on, until even the cave was quite bright. When at last they did awake, it was to find themselves the stiffest, lamest creatures in the world, and the day well advanced. It seemed at first as if every motion of the body would result in the dislocation of a joint. But when people have to find as well as to cook their own breakfasts, they can not lie abed; so, with many an exclamation and groan, Nita took herself off to the river to perform her morning ablutions; and Juan, after making some wry faces and yawning prodigiously, followed her example.

The fresh air soon put new life into them, while exercise became first endurable and then enjoyable. Nita built a fire in Comanche fashion. Juan got out his fishing-pole, and gave himself up to the business of the moment. The lesson of the previous evening, however, had not been wasted on those Arcadian trout. They had lost confidence in man and grasshoppers, and they now kept back a little, prudently waiting to see whether further experience would destroy or confirm their suspicions.

It was a blundering, stupid catfish, after all, that darted at the bait, swallowed it, made a desperate plunge below — and snapped Juan's line!

"My only hook!" exclaimed Juan, quite aghast, as he saw the cord disappear, and drew in what remained of it.

For a few minutes it seemed as though the children were destined to be defeated by the fishes. But Juan was by no means at the end of his resources, and he presently went poking about and around in a purposeful sort of way, saying:

"I know what I 'll do! Just wait a minute."

And this is what he did. He found a small bone not much larger than a quill, and, having sharpened one end, he tied his line to the bone within an inch of the sharp end, leaving three or four inches beyond. He then tied the gills of a fish to the long and blunt end of the bone. Then he took a piece of dry wood about five feet long, and, having fastened his line to it, threw the wood out into deep water. The next minute he saw the wood give a dash and begin traveling off at odd angles, taking an occasional dive under the water, and popping up again where least expected. Into the clear water jumped Juan, creating a great excitement among its innocent inhabitants! The wood now rushed upstream at an amazing pace, Juan swimming after it with long and dexterous side-strokes, while Nita, on the bank, shrieked with laughter as she watched the queer race. It was a triumphant moment when Juan got hold of the wood and towed his prize into shore. It proved to be an immense flat-headed catfish that would have weighed thirty or forty pounds, and great was the young fisher's pride and joy.

It was a troublesome piece of business for Juan to get his patent hook out of the fish's throat, until he hit on the masterly plan of cutting off its head; this so simplified matters that he soon had his tackle clear. The fact that their breakfast had so nearly escaped them gave it added zest, though this was scarcely needed. A more hearty and entirely satisfactory meal was never made, and Amigo got two large pieces without any bones for his share.

The afternoon was given up to lounging and talking. The children reviewed all their past life at home and among the Comanches, and it was agreed that they should stay in their present comfortable quarters until they had entirely recovered, and had laid by such provisions as they could carry. In this way the risk of starvation would be considerably lessened. On this subject, Nita had an inspiration.

"I can carry a good deal, and you can take some, and why should n't Amigo help us?" she exclaimed. "If there are pack-horses, why should n't there be pack-dogs?"

Such an idea had never occurred to Juan, but he highly approved of it now. While they were still discussing the subject, they heard the gobble of approaching turkeys. The evening was drawing down, and the birds were coming in, as usual, to roost near the river.

"We are not going to live on fish altogether," said Juan, and straightway began to imitate the notes of the turkeys with the aid of a little box cut out of cedar-wood. Shaneco had taught him this important piece of wood-craft, and had shown him how to make this "yelper," or turkey-call, and how to produce the proper tones, by scraping away on one side with a bit of slate. Juan and Nita both were ambitious of getting a shot at the turkeys, so they strung their bows and hid in some bushes near a large oak, in which they fancied the fowls would roost. Juan laid a few arrows down beside him, in case the first shot was a failure, though he thought this an unlikely event.

"Oh, do you think you will hit one? I do hope you won't miss!" whispered Nita excitedly, as the unsuspicious fowls marched down to the river to drink before settling down, or rather up, for the night.

"Hit one?" repeated Juan scornfully; "I should rather think I would."

He then fell to scraping on his yelper again, and presently the whole flock came hopping and skipping and gobbling toward the children, and almost ran over them! Embarrassed by this wealth of opportunity, they aimed first at one and then at another, until it seemed as if the whole flock would pass without either of the young hunters getting a shot. Juan finally selected his bird, and shot, but missed. Last in the procession came a sober, staid old gobbler which stopped a moment within ten feet of Nita. Whiz! went her arrow square into its breast. After running a few yards with drooping wings, it tumbled over; then, up jumped Nita, so transported by her success that she paid no attention to Juan's warning, "*Cuidado!*" (Look out!) and seized the turkey by the neck.

"You will get hurt!" shouted Juan, running up; but the turkey had already made such lively play with its wings and feet, that she had released it. "Well, well, Nita, I am proud of you!" he said, a little condescendingly. "But something must be the matter with my bow. I believe I could have done better with the old one." He carefully examined his bow as he spoke, but found it all right. "It was n't my fault, I know!" he protested with some pique.

"Perhaps the turkeys were at fault," suggested Nita, teasingly.

"Nonsense! How ridiculous you are to talk

so! Do you mean to say that I don't know how to shoot?" demanded Juan rather angrily; and, without waiting for her reply, he walked off to look up his arrow. He found it and came back with it, saying triumphantly, "I knew it! It was the arrow. See here, how it is warped! It was all the fault of this crooked thing. I must be more careful in future, and do as Shaneco told me. 'Always straighten your arrows before you start out to hunt or fight,' he said. I remember now, but it was so long ago, I had forgotten."



"NITA SEIZED THE TURKEY BY THE NECK."

With this he picked up the turkey and walked back to camp in dignified silence. It was cooked for their supper in the open air; and then Nita, who liked the idea of playing at housekeeping, built a small fire of very dry wood near the mouth of the cave.

This served to light the farthest corner of their apartment, making it indeed a cheerful retreat for the merry little party that assembled in the cave, when darkness dropped suddenly down, as the darkness always does in that land of brief twilights. There was fish, warmed over, and the breast of that delicious turkey, which was greatly relished; there was much laughter and chatter; Amigo was caressed and complimented, and fed with now a wing, now a leg, until his eyes glistened with satisfaction. So secure and at ease were the children, that by a natural process of association they began to talk of certain gala-days that they remembered at the *hacienda;* this led to the old, ever new, subject — their mother; and the evening closed with "*Mañanitas Allegras*,"* "*El Sueño*,"† and one or two more of the old songs.

"We must push on as soon as we get some food. Our mother has waited so long for us, we

* "Happy mornings."

† "The dream."

must not linger," said Juan in final comment; and much as Nita dreaded the hardships and dangers that awaited them, she assented to this, though rather quaveringly, as she looked about her and thought of the world beyond that safe retreat.

"No, we must not stay. We must go to her. It may not be so bad. And if it is, we must suffer, since our mother is waiting. Poor, sweet, little mother. Ah! if we were only birds and could fly to you!" she said.

"And be shot, perhaps, on the wing," said Juan. "As for me, I prefer to walk."

The children were up at daylight, next morning, being now thoroughly rested and restored to their usual state of perfect health and gleeful spirits. The squirrels darting about in the trees outside were not more full of joyous life; and even Amigo was all bounds and frisks and cheerfulness, as different as possible from the dog that crossed the prairie with drooping head and tail, bowed down by the weight of his woes. After breakfast, the trio went on an exploring expedition about their camp, having been too tired on the previous day to do anything except provide for their immediate necessities. Not a very sober ramble did it prove, for the way in which they swarmed up trees and jumped from one to another, slid down the bank, dived into the river, floated, swam, and played there until they were tired, scrambled out again, chased one another over the prairie, pulled a harmless snake out of its hole, diffused themselves generally over the neighborhood in search of amusement and adventure, would have frightened any elderly persons of civilized habits quite out of their wits (if any such had been there to witness the children's antics), and would have turned a mother, a governess or a nurse gray in less than an hour by the clock. As it was, they took their fill of frolic without fear and without reproach or interference. The rabbits scudded away from them, were pursued, ran up the white flag, and for the most part escaped, though one was knocked over by Juan in the course of the morning. The hawks overhead turned a curious eye upon them, but, finding out that they were not a new and interesting variety of poultry, lost interest in them, and sailed indifferently away. The smaller birds flew up before them out of the tall grass, disclosing nests in which were eggs that never developed into the third brood of the season, for they were promptly sucked by Juan and Juanita, who were connoisseurs in the matter of nature's edibles. Neither guardian, mentor, teacher, pastor, nor master these children had; they were as free as air; but, after all, they did not greatly abuse their liberty. They tired of play about noon, and bethought themselves of dinner. At least, Nita did. Juan had feasted on berries, and was not yet ready to go back to camp.

"I think I see some vines over there," he said to Nita, who was resting from her pleasures. "I 'll be back presently, and will bring you enough berries for dinner and supper. Wait here for me." He darted off as he spoke, and in about ten minutes Nita was surprised to hear a shout of joy from him. "Come here, Nita! Just look here!" he called out; and she rushed after him, all curiosity to know what this demonstration meant. She found him gazing with delight at a mass of nicely sealed honeycomb neatly packed away under a ledge of rock. There it was in full view; and how tempting it was! But, alas! it was much above their reach. Now, if there was one thing that the children liked, it was honey. It took the place of all the candy, bonbons, cakes, custards, méringues, and jams in which other children delight; and to see it and not to be able to get at it, was simply distracting.

Both Juan and Nita danced about on the grass below in their impatience, and looked, and longed, and looked again, without being able to think of a way to rifle the sweets. They ran up and down, gave their views as to the way it was to be done, tried to jump up, and to crawl up, although there was scarcely footing for a fly on the face of the rock, almost quarreled as to methods, and at last relapsed into silence only to stare anew at the treasure so cunningly placed just where, as Nita said, "no one could get it."

"I don't know about that," said Juan; and running into the bed of the creek, he picked up a young tree, long dead and washed down by some flood. This he propped up against the rock to serve him as a ladder. He then looked about until he found a dagger-plant (*Yucca Filamentosa*), and armed with one of its sharp leaves, he climbed up near the ledge, Nita looking on, the while, with the most intense interest. He thrust the dagger into the comb, and a generous flood of clear, golden syrup bedewed it and trickled down the face of the rock, like rich tears, which Juan would have liked to catch and bottle, Egyptian fashion. But out, also, rushed a swarm of angry bees and fairly enveloped him, making so savage a sortie and putting so much sting into their buzz, and so much buzz into their sting, that even Juan the Daring was only too glad to scramble, almost tumble, down again. He brushed off such bees as still clung to him and made light of his wounds, but he did not offer to repeat the experiment.

He and Nita were now more piqued and aggravated than ever; for, after tasting the delicious honey that still clung to the dagger-leaf, it seemed an insupportable deprivation to get no more. So,

after scraping off the last drop and rolling his eyes at Nita in sympathetic enjoyment, Juan determined that he would not be beaten by any colony of bees that ever swarmed, buzzed, or stung. Off he started again, and this time brought back a long, light pole, on the end of which he tied his butcher's knife. He then made Nita sweep away all leaves and dust from the flat stones at the bottom of the cliff, and cover it with large fresh leaves. This done, he advanced again on the enemy, going very cautiously up the ladder this time. While still at a safe distance, he managed to cut off a large piece of comb, which rolled below and was at once picked up by Nita, while a golden cascade poured over the ledge and dropped into the vessel prepared to catch it. Astonished to find the bees quiet, Juan mounted higher and higher. He now saw that his enemies were completely demoralized, as many a better army has been by the richness of spoils. No sooner was the comb broken by his first dagger-thrust, than every bee bade instant farewell to industry, prudence, foresight, valor, and every other virtue for which that insect is noted, and falling upon the abundant supply of honey disclosed, it seized and carried off all it could lay feelers on. It never so much as occurred to the bees to sting anybody, so absorbed were they in plundering the cells that they had built and filled with nectar.



When Juan saw this, he unbound his knife, he threw away the pole, and, leaning forward, cut the remainder of the comb loose; and it bounded down below, burying untold bees deep in its recesses. Those which could leave it, did so, and settled back on their hive; but when Nita, who had run away in a fright, came back, it took her some time to remove the dead and wounded. Juan came down with a beaming air of victory, and, taking up as much honey as they could carry, the children walked back to the cave well satisfied with their ramble and its results.

Fresh fish, wild turkey, dewy berries, and rich honey made a dinner which an epicure would not have despised, and with which Juan and Nita certainly found no fault. It was served under a wide-spreading oak, from an extremely æsthetic green dinner-service of broad, cool leaves, beautiful in color and texture. It was washed down with "*agua pura, limpia, deliciosa*,"* according to Juan, who brought the sparkling liquid from the river in other leaves pinned together with thorns, so as to form goblets. And I am afraid the *señora* would have been alarmed if she had seen the way in which the viands disappeared before her two healthy, hungry children.

When dinner was over, they bethought themselves of the remainder of the honey, and went back to get it and store it. As they approached the spot they were surprised to see it through a cloud of bees, as it were; and they soon discovered that a grand battle, a regular Waterloo of a struggle, was going on between two armies of bees — the owners of the hive and some neighboring and thievish soldiers of fortune that had been attracted by the smell of the honey. After a really terrible conflict, the home bees, animated, no doubt, by a deep sentiment of devotion to their hearths and honeysides, drove off the wicked

* Pure, clear, delicious water.

marauders. But they were not destined to occupy that "sweet, sweet home" again, for, no sooner was their victory complete, than Juan reaped its fruits. Casting about for some means of carrying the honey, after some reflection he got a couple of willow poles; across these he laid large pieces of bark which he tore from the trees; and, having thus constructed a sort of litter, he laid the honey-comb on it, and with himself at one end, and Nita at the other, the golden treasure was borne to the cave. The young bearers had to move very steadily, and to pick their way carefully, but they only dropped one piece of the comb on the road, and that they recovered.

That evening Juan left his sister to her own devices, and, taking his bow and "yelper," went on a private and particular hunting expedition of his own, from which he returned with two large gobblers and a turkey-hen of the plumpest and most satisfactory proportions.

They spent the next day in getting a good supply of cooked provisions, and that night was their last in their pretty little cave. Nita abandoned it next morning with lively regret and a troubled anticipation of evils to come. But far stronger than this sense of fear was that impelling power that can send the youngest, gentlest, most timid creature in the world into unknown dangers and to death, if need be — the power of love. Neither Nita nor Juan could resist the mighty force of a mother's love that was drawing them across three hundred miles of wilderness straight to the mother-heart that generated it. And so, with a sigh or two, Nita put her little hand in Juan's and walked away from the place that for the last few days had been their haven of refuge.

Still bearing away to the southwest, Juan crossed the river at a shallow ford about half a mile below the cave, and struck out into the open country beyond. They took a last look at the pleasant stream as it rushed around a curve and was broken into music by the obstructing stones beyond. Juan threw a pebble at a moccasin-snake gliding about near the bank; Amigo, who was enjoying a last swim, came out and shook himself; and now there was no longer an excuse for lingering. The cave was again empty, the fish were again gliding about fearlessly in the cool, clear, quiet depths of the river; the children were again facing the unknown.

(To be continued.)

WINTER.

By John Vance Cheney.

So the brook in winter sings no more?
I grant he 's gone in and shut the door;
But, bless you! he sings in much the same way
He sung as he ran down the meadows of May.
The brook (his old name, remember, was Elf)
Is cunning, keeping his tunes to himself.
I know very well he 's not sung out;
And if you insist on good, full proof,
Just chip a hole in his palace roof,
Put down your ear, and make an end of doubt.

So the flowers in winter bloom no more?
Roses are gone, but you surely must see
There are blossoms on blossoms, a thousand for four,
Thicker than leaves on the summer tree,
Purer than roses — ay, whiter than lilies,
And of fairer fields than the daffydowndillies.
Summer may put a flower on each stem,
But these live blossoms, half bird — what of them?
Millions on millions, everywhere,
Coming a-dancing out of the air.

So the skies of winter are unkind?
Watch sharp the stars, and I think you will find
That, instead of looking 'round the blue,
They glance straight down, and right at you.
The sight of all sights for bright young eyes
Is hung up there, in the winter skies.
And, mark you not how clear the air is?
That 's the work of the witchingest fairies,
The same that make pictures on the pane,
And taper icicles out of the rain.

A LESSON IN PATRIOTISM.

By Noah Brooks.



SOME years ago, when writing for ST. NICHOLAS a story of a base-ball club in Maine, called "The Fairport Nine," I introduced the "Nine" as a boys' military company. Perhaps some of my young readers thought that story was wholly a fiction, and that no such boys ever lived and acted as my boys did in the story. It would be just as well, perhaps, to let you all remain in the belief (so far as you have it), that the story of "The Fairport Nine" was wholly a work of the writer's imagination. But something has lately come into my keeping, by way of reminder of those far-off days of which I wrote, that moves me to think that I might interest in the truthful tale the lads and lasses whom I ever see before me, in my mind's eye.

In the chapter of "The Fairport Nine" relating to the military company of the boys, it is told that those young heroes had a standard presented to them. Now this actually happened. Our boys' company was called The Hancock Cadets, the county in which our town was situated being Hancock. The name of the town is Castine, not Fairport as in the story. There were twelve of us, and such was the success of our little band as "trainers," that a rival company was organized by another clique of boys, who called themselves The Castine Guards.

We were armed with lances; a slender rod tipped with a tin lance-head, and painted of a mahogany color, being the nearest we could get to a real weapon. And we thought them very fine indeed. But we must have a banner. The big sisters of several of the boys in The Hancock Cadets made for us a flag with a white ground, in the center of which was an oval group of red stars, and in the center of this was a smaller cluster of blue stars—thirteen, all told. The flag was bordered about with red worsted fringe, from the cabin drapery of the good ship Canova, then recently dismantled in the port; and from the gilded tip that decorated the head of the staff hung cords and tassels from the same storm-tossed craft.

It was on the Fourth of July, 1840, that the flag was formally presented to our company by the big sister of one of the private soldiers. As I was standard-bearer, it became my duty to receive the banner and to make a speech. Being of the mature age of ten, I felt myself equal to the duty of taking and carrying the beautiful flag on which we had been permitted to gaze in secret and with glittering eyes. But the speech was beyond any of us.

In this dilemma, my big sister and the young lady aforementioned laid their heads together and produced two speeches, one for the presentation of the flag, and one for the standard-bearer. This was in the midst of the political campaign which General William Henry Harrison was making for the Presidency of the United States. We all were enthusiastic Harrison men in our company, and I remember that my copy of my speech was written on what was known as "log-cabin paper," bearing in one corner an embossed picture of General Harrison's log-cabin home.

Our noble young captain drew us up in line before the great front door of the house in which lived the young lady who was to present the flag to us. Accompanied by a bevy of her blooming companions, the young lady came out on the top step, with great dignity, and delivered the following address:

"Young Soldiers, it is with pleasure that I meet you on this glorious day, so dear to every patriot, and present to you a standard, whose Stars and Stripes will show you that it is the true American Flag. If, whenever you march beneath it, you remember those brave men who, under such a standard fought so long and nobly for our independence, and determine that when a time of

danger shall come, you will defend your country with firmness and courage like theirs, I can ask no more of you as New England soldiers!

"I do not wish you to love war. True glory can be gained only when we fight for Freedom. But I wish you to love your country! Read the history of Washington, the Father of his Country, and of the other heroes who fought the battles of the Revolution. And read, too, of those, who, like the illustrious Harrison, have in later times defended our land against its enemies. Read the lives of such men, I repeat, and endeavor to be animated by their spirit! And I would have you learn more of your country,—what a broad and beautiful land it is, and how worthy to be a patriot's home. The more you learn of it, the dearer it will be to you; and you should become more earnest to do all in your power to make it free and happy. I wish you to believe that bad citizens are the worst enemies of their country, for you will then be likely to grow up good citizens, and try to make others so.

"And now, after urging you once more to be always ready to protect every part of our beloved country, even to the remotest log-cabin that is built upon its borders, I will place in your hands the Star-Spangled Banner.

"'Forever float this standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us;
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?'"

The blushing young standard-bearer received into his hand the Banner of Freedom, and the captain ordered three cheers, which were given with a will. It will be noticed that the speech of presentation alludes to the stars and stripes of the flag. It was intended, at first, that it should be a regulation flag, but circumstances prevented, and the speech, being written, was allowed to stand as it was. Last summer, while on a visit to my native town, the original speeches delivered on that occasion — kept in the family ever since — came into my possession. It is now more than forty-six years since these pale lines were written. They lie before me on sheets of rough paper, yellowed by time, and yet readable on the worn folds where they were written so long ago.

And now the old fellow, living over again with the readers of ST. NICHOLAS the youthful days when, a ten-year-old boy, he received the flag of his company, copies from the aged record the words of the reception speech, which he committed to memory with so many sighs and groans of laborious care in 1840. This is what the little standard-bearer said:

"Accept my thanks, dear madam, in behalf of my fellow-soldiers, for the standard thus graciously bestowed upon us; and I trust that this Star-Spangled Banner and the day of its presentation may alike serve to remind us of our duty to our country. May we ever conduct ourselves as good and loyal citizens in order for the preservation of its freedom and, if needs be, fight, as did the patriot fathers, for that freedom. But may it prove a banner of peace, and may it float amid our ranks, and may we march beneath it with the sweet assurance that all nations harbor toward us feelings of peace and good-will, and we indulge the same good feelings towards them."

Twenty years after the time when these speeches were spoken on the doorsteps of that old home in Maine — when the young men of New England flew to arms to defend the life of the Republic — strangers and foreigners wondered at their spirit and readiness. Perhaps some of the peace-blessed children who now read the story of the civil war almost as they would read the story of Romulus and Remus, or of Horatius at the bridge, may see in these lines, written so long ago, the secret of that New England patriotism. For it was by such scenes as this that New England boys were then taught the lessons of loyalty.

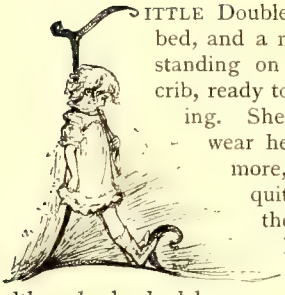
And now let me tell the sequel:

Of the handful of boys who stood around the little standard-bearer while that lesson was given to the miniature soldiers, one, the captain, fell in the siege of Port Hudson, a willing martyr to the cause of his country. Another, a private in the ranks, won in the army of the Republic a title and a name for courage and skill; and he was one of the party who regained their liberty by tunneling a passage out of Libby Prison. A third, also a private, went to the wars and, after renowned service, came home to spend his days in peace and honor. A fourth, the drummer of the Castine cadets, commanded in many a hard-fought naval fight, deserving well of his country,—and, when peace had returned, he met his death by the sudden sinking of his ship, the man-of-war Oneida, and now lies in his lonely grave on the coast of Japan.

The lesson in patriotism was not in vain.

HOW DOUBLEDARLING'S OLD SHOES BECAME LADY'S SLIPPERS.

By CANDACE WHEELER.



LITTLE Doubledarling was going to bed, and a new pair of shoes was standing on the chair beside her crib, ready to put on in the morning. She was never going to wear her old red shoes any more, for, indeed, they were quite worn out. Some of the string-holes were broken, and the toes were thin and brown; and, although she had been very proud of them when they were new, she was glad she was not going to have them on her feet again, and that there was a shining pair of black ones to take their places. Black shoes were a sign that she was growing older, and Doubledarling was glad of that. All at once she began to wonder what became of all the old shoes in the world. If nothing became of them, she thought the world must get full of old shoes; for everybody, men and women, boys and girls, and even little babies, were wearing new shoes into old ones all the time.

"Grandmamma, what does become of the old shoes?" said she, dreamily.

"The fairies make them into lady's slippers," said her grandmamma, promptly. And that was the last thing she said, except "Good-night," after she had heard "Now I lay me," and had tucked the little girl nicely up for the night; and so Doubledarling was thinking of that when she fell softly into dreamland.

In a moment, she found herself wearing her new shoes, and walking all alone beside a sliding stream, which had silver stripes and wrinkles all down the middle of it. The sides were red and purple and blue and yellow and brown and green and gray, just as the flowers were which grew beside them, and just as the earth was brown, and the grass and the leaves green, and the rocks gray.

"Oh, what a lovely brook!" thought little Doubledarling, "and what lovely grass and flowers; and what beautiful rocks to jump over; only, I hope they will not scratch my nice new shoes that Grandmamma gave me!" Then she forgot all about her new shoes, because everything about her was so much prettier, and because they all seemed alive and having a beautiful time, waving and bowing and walking together, and calling to the sliding water, which seemed more alive than any of them.

She went on and on, just as people do in dreamland, without ever being tired; and sometimes she would rise a foot or two above the ground, and slide along, just as the stream did, until she had gone more than a hundred miles; and the stream had grown broader and broader, until it was like a lake.

The water was quiet now, and the silver stripes and wrinkles were gone, but there were stars shining in it, and the great, round moon, white as a lily; and Doubledarling thought the brook had gone to sleep, and that was why it had been running so fast home; because it was bedtime.

She walked softly along the banks, for fear of waking the brook, until she came to a place where lily-pads were floating — so many of them that they quite covered the water.

Just beyond them was a little island, which rose quite high in the middle, and the sides were covered with flower-beds, which shone like pink and crimson fire in the moonlight. "Oh! oh! oh! what lovely flowers!" said little Doubledarling. "I wish I could go over and pick some for Grandma."

Just as she was saying that, she heard a little rustle and patter behind her, like a child walking and running. But when she looked around, she could see no one; only something like a pair of birds was fluttering and jumping along the path. When it drew nearer, what did she see but her own old red shoes coming along quite by themselves, exactly as if they had a pair of little feet in them! Now, nobody is ever surprised at anything in dreamland, and Doubledarling thought it the most natural thing in the world to see her shoes come hopping and skipping after her. She was just going to tell them they need not have taken the trouble to follow her, for she had not soiled her new shoes a bit, when, without taking the slightest notice of her, patter, pat, patter, they rustled by, sprung on one great, green lily-leaf, and fluttered over the rest, touching here and there, as if they were scampering over a bridge.

Without ever waiting to think about it, Doubledarling sprung after them. The great, green leaves swayed and trembled as if they were astonished to find a child running over them; but she flashed across almost before they knew it, landing

in a moment right among the flower-beds, which from the other side had looked so like white and scarlet and rose-colored flame.

The old red shoes never stopped, although Doubledarling sprang almost into them; but they flew on up a garden walk, until they came to a great, round slope of green turf, high in the center and falling smoothly on every side to the flower-beds.

Right across the turf pattered the shoes, and right after them pattered the little girl, until she suddenly found herself standing before the loveliest little old lady in the world, over whom she had nearly tumbled in her haste to recover her shoes, which were standing soberly beside her now, looking as innocent as if they had never gone alone in their lives. Doubledarling had never—even in dreamland—seen anything like the little old lady. Her face and hands were as yellow as a buttercup, and crossed and veined all over with the finest little wrinkles, like veins in a flower-leaf. Her hair was as fine and white as the silver silk in the pod of the milk-weed; and she wore a sort of vest or boddice, which looked as if it were made from the brown flat seeds of the milk-weed lapped over one another like the scales of a fish.

All the rest of the dress was soft and cobwebby, except the beautiful brown boddice and a high cap like a helmet, which was set over the mass of fluffy silvery hair, drawn away from the gold-yellow face. The helmet was green and white, or, rather, it was white, with ruffled edges of green, and just one or two little splashes of pink; and right on the very top, it curved into a little green hook, as if the old lady hung it up by that when she took it off. Although Doubledarling had nearly tumbled over her, the fairy looked first at the shoes, and said to them:

"How do you do?"

And the shoes rose up on their toes and bowed, and answered:



"WHAT DID SHE SEE BUT HER OWN OLD RED SHOES!"

"Very well, I thank you," just as if they had talked all their lives.

Then she looked at Doubledarling. "Hey day!" said she; "here is a child out of Wakeland!" and smiled at her quite kindly. "Sit down, my dear," she added, "until I get through with my work, and then we will play together."

At that, Doubledarling sank down on the grass at the fairy's feet, and soon all the space was covered with pairs of shoes that came and ranged themselves in rows behind the little old red shoes. All the small ones came skipping as lightly as sparrows; and once in a while a pair that was nearly full-grown came tumbling over each other

in a great frolic; but most of the full-grown shoes crawled along quite wearily, very close together, first one little hitch and then another, as if they had gone a very long journey and were glad it was near its end.

When they all were settled in their places and there seemed to be no more of them coming, the fairy turned to the red shoes, which headed the first row, and said in a very sharp, business-like tone:

"Whom did you belong to, and how old are you?"

"Please, madam," said the shoes, rising on their toes and dropping a little courtesy, "we belong to Doubledarling, and we are just three months old."

"Have you ever tripped her feet and made her fall?" asked the fairy.

"Never!" said the little red shoes, blushing with indignation, "never, because her grandmamma said she was a motherless child, and had nobody to kiss her hurts. We are not that kind of shoes at all."

The fairy nodded and looked pleased.

"Did you always run fast with her when her grandmamma called, and slowly when she wanted to run away from lessons?" she said.

"Always," answered the red shoes, in a very sturdy, honest manner that somehow set Doubledarling thinking and remembering some things which made her feel very warm about her ears. She pushed away her yellow curls from them, however, and listened with all her might to what the fairy was saying.

"Very well," said the fairy, "you might have lasted longer, but you come of a delicate family, and on the whole, I am very well satisfied with you. Run into the garden, and bury yourselves in the third row from the front. You will come up single, and be of a very choice color."

The two shoes bobbed another courtesy, and flew off to the garden without ever waiting to get the tearful good-by which Doubledarling was ready to give them, remembering their three months' faithful service, and how many times they had helped her to be good and saved her from being bad.

She had hardly a moment in which to think, and to wonder what the fairy meant by sending them to bury themselves, and by saying they would "come up single, and be of a very choice color," before she heard the question again:

"Whom did you belong to, and how old are you?"

This time it was a pair of very plain, ugly, smallish shoes that answered. They were as brown as withered leaves. The strings were gone, and so were the toes, and there were holes worn right through the soles of them. They were very shy and awkward, and sidled against each other, with their toes turned in, as if they had walked that way ever since they had been able to walk at all; but after a moment they both spoke together:

"Please, ma'am, we were Mary Murphy's shoes in the beginning, and then, when she grew too old for us, she gave us to Mrs. Mulligan's Tommy, and that 's how we come to be so bad; and we are a year and ten months old." And the brown shoes put their toes together, and fidgeted, as if they were not quite at ease in such fine company.

The old fairy smiled like the sun.

"Oh, yes," said she; "I know you! and if you had come to me from Mary Murphy, I really don't think I would have kept you at all. You pinched her toes, and skinned her heels, and stumbled when she was running, and were very uncomfortable. But then, you were born boys' shoes; and you did cure Mrs. Mulligan's Tommy of a dreadful stone-bruise, and you were always the first pair of shoes at school while he wore you, and I only know of your kicking his little brother once or twice. So you may go and bury yourselves in the garden, third row from the front; and be sure not to trouble the pair next you! You will come up double, and rather mixed in color."

The pair of brown shoes sidled off with an awkward attempt at a bow, and when they were well out of the fairy's sight, Doubledarling saw the right one kick very viciously a poor old slipper which lay quite by itself at the end of one of the rows. But the fairy was so busy that Doubledarling did not like to interrupt her by telling her of it; and then she was so interested in hearing all that was said to the other shoes that she soon forgot what the naughty brown one had done.

The very next was a pair of baby's shoes, made of soft, blue kid, with satin strings and rosettes. The toes were a little curled up, as if a baby's toes had wiggled around in them; but otherwise they were quite fresh and new-looking.

"Well, well!" said the fairy; "and how did you get here? You never walked in your lives!"

"No, indeed!" laughed the kid shoes, with a sort of coo like a pigeon's. "We flew. We could n't stay on, because the baby's toes would n't keep still; and we got tired of being dropped about in the nursery, and we were afraid we might be dropped into the fire some day. So to-night, after baby was asleep and the nurse had gone downstairs, we just flew out of the window and came here."

The fairy looked at them tenderly, as if they were real babies. Then she said:

"You can not be changed into another shape until you have done some good in this. Go and

hang yourselves on the Santa Claus tree, until he comes to gather you. You will do for this little girl's Christmas doll, and when you are quite worn out you may come again, and I will make lady's slippers of you."

The baby shoes whimpered, but they saw that the old lady meant to be obeyed, so they twinkled into the air like a pair of blue butterflies, and fluttered away with their blue satin strings waggling behind them like little tails.

"Oh! where is the Santa Claus tree? Does it grow on this island?" spoke out little Doubledarling — for the idea of seeing the tree from which Santa Claus gathered his presents was too delightful! The old fairy lady was very busy just then, talking with a pair of very shabby cloth gaiters; but she heard what the little Wake-child had uttered, and smiled at her, as she went on with her questioning — a smile that made Doubledarling feel as if the Santa Claus tree could not be far off.

The cloth gaiters were the very oldest shoes in all the rows of old shoes. The sides were all broken away from the sole, and raveled out as well. The linings were nearly as black as the outsides. They were so shapeless that you would hardly believe they had ever fitted a human foot, and yet the old fairy was paying them the greatest attention.

They had excellent manners, in spite of their shabbiness, and although Doubledarling was so excited about the Santa Claus tree, she could not help listening to them. And they were saying, "The school-teacher wore us until the summer vacation, and then she bought a new pair to go into the country with, and gave us to a Bible-reader who lived in the same house. The Bible-reader walked from Twenty-fifth street to Forty-second street, and from First avenue to Third avenue every day, and we did the very best we could for her. We never slipped on any of the dark, dirty stairs she climbed; and we made ourselves as quiet as if we had been made of velvet, in all the sick-rooms where she used to stop. We were just as easy as we possibly could be for her; swelling ourselves out until we really burst our sides trying to keep her tired feet from aching. She wore us up and down, and in and out for three months, and we heard so much Bible-reading that we nearly learned it all by heart. At last, when we were helping her take care of little Jim Quinlisk one day,—he had been run over by a street car,—we heard her promise us to his mother, who could n't go out to earn a penny 'bekase she had n't a shoe to her foot.' Mrs. Quinlisk took us out house-cleaning and washing, for six weeks, and then she threw us out of the



"PAIRS OF SHOES CAME AND RANGED THEMSELVES IN ROWS."

window into a vacant lot. We were glad enough, for we had never been warm or dry during the six weeks; and besides, Mrs. Quinlisk never would stand us side by side, as the Bible-reader had done, so that we could have an orderly, quiet chat at night, but dropped one of us here and another there, in sprawling attitudes and dirty corners, so that we had quite lost our self-respect and feeling of respectability.

"When she threw us into the vacant lot, we fortunately fell very near each other; so we seized each other by a button, and shook off the ashes, and said the magic words written in our soles, and then the next thing we knew we were on the beautiful island."

The fairy smiled until her eyes were nearly closed.

"That is the kind of life-story that is good to hear!" said she. "I will plant you myself, in the very front row. You will be as double as a rose, and the finest color in the world!"

The old shoes bobbed a courtesy, and crept aside while the fairy went on with her questions and decisions.

At last there was only the one old slipper that Doubledarling had seen so rudely kicked by the right Mulligan shoe — and that turned out to belong to a one-legged soldier.

The old lady took Doubledarling's hand, and the cloth gaiters and the soldier's slipper marched solemnly behind them to the garden.

When they came to the front row of flowers, Doubledarling saw that they all were lady's slippers and moccasin flowers. Oh, such beauties! standing like soldiers, rank upon rank, and so tall that they reached to her waist.

The stalks were all growing in pairs, two by two; two together, then a little space, and two more together — salmon-colored flowers splashed with scarlet, and scarlet dappled with white, and white streaked with rose pink.



"THE FAIRY MOTIONED FOR IT TO COME AND STAND BESIDE THE SOLDIER'S SLIPPER." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

The moccasin flowers were as yellow as gold, or they were pale crimson spotted with black. All of them were rocking softly and singing to themselves; and although it was only moonlight, butterflies and moths and humming-birds were fluttering among them, paying them evening visits. The old fairy took a little silver spade in her hand and dug a hole five or six inches deep, in among the most beautiful of the flowers.

"Come!" said she, nodding to the cloth shoes, and they drew themselves to the edge of the hole,

and sliding in, laid themselves side by side at the bottom, as if they were going to sleep. "Good-by," said the fairy, gently, "until the blossom of your lives makes all the island fragrant." With that she drew the mold between the flowers.

Doubledarling wondered what was to be done with the soldier's old slipper, because everything there,—shoes, and flowers, and all,—were in pairs, and what could be done with one old slipper? She had heard the fairy say: "I suppose you know nothing about your comrade?"

And the slipper had answered quite mournfully, "No, mum; I was not born a twin."

The fairy pounded three times on the ground with her spade, and called out loud three times, "Mrs. McGlory! Mrs. McGlory! Mrs. McGlory!" At that every lady's slipper in the garden turned its head to look, and from somewhere there came shuffling along over the grass the jolliest-looking old shoe that anybody ever saw. It was broad and fat, and it seemed to be laughing at every seam with little smiles here and there where the stitches were broken.

The old fairy motioned it to come and stand beside the soldier's slipper, and then it did actually laugh aloud, and all the lady's slippers gave a little rustle like a chorus.

"There!" said the fairy to the soldier's slipper, "Mrs. McGlory came here a widow, because her mate fell into the fire and was burned to death. She is very cheerful, and has been waiting for a companion, so I bestow her upon you."

The old slipper made a stiff, military salute, standing up very high on his toe, and Mrs. McGlory made a bob of a courtesy, and the couple pattered off together down one of the paths, to bury themselves wherever they found a pleasant place in the garden.

It is no wonder that Doubledarling forgot all about the Santa Claus tree while she was in such a crowd of lady's slippers, and while the mother of all the fairies was holding so interesting a conversation with delightful old shoes; but when the last one was planted, and the silver moon had dropped down, and the butterflies and humming-birds had gone to sleep, she began to ask in a hushed and sleepy voice, which she herself could hardly hear:

"Where—where—where does the Santa Claus tree grow?"

All the time she was saying it, the odors from the flowers seemed to be rising in a cloud all about her,—red, and rose, and parti-colored,—until she could hear nothing, and see nothing, and feel nothing but waves of color and fragrance, as if the flowers were all melted and dissolved in the air; and then she felt the fairy's hand upon hers, and she opened her eyes, and it was her grandmamma's hand, and a bright wood fire was burning in the grate, and red reflections were dancing all about the room, and a great bunch of roses was lying on the bed, just in front of her face, and Grandmamma was wishing her Doubledarling a happy birthday.

THE SONG IN THE NIGHT.

By James Buckham.

A little bird sang in the dead of the night,
When the moon peeped out through a cloud;
He sang, for his heart was so full of delight,
It seemed almost throbbing aloud.

"Hush! hush!" cried the old birds; "you foolish young thing,
To wake up and sing for the moon!
Come, tuck your silly head under your wing;
You 'll rouse our good neighbors too soon."

But the little bird flew to the top of the tree,
And looked up into the sky.
"Our time for singing is short," quoth he,
"And sing in the night will I."

JENNY'S BOARDING-HOUSE.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER II.

THE LANDLADY AND THE BABY.

STRANGE as it may seem, the baby would not pay the slightest attention to the candy which Ikey had purchased, but persisted in crying loudly, despite Tom's alternate scolding, petting, and coaxing. Each of the boys had tried to do something toward amusing the new boarder; but the ungrateful little fellow would not even attempt to play with any of the many treasures his protectors offered him, and instead of becoming tired from his exertions, only cried the harder.

After half an hour had passed, during which time Ikey and Jack had been kept busy chasing away boys who were disposed to stop and make sport of the youthful nurse, Sam proposed that they should "prop up" the new boarder on the steps, and leave him to cry alone. No one paid any attention to that suggestion, however. Tom worked hard trying to still the noisy charge, and Pinney nearly made himself ill by standing on his head several minutes at a time, in the hope that the baby might be amused by seeing him kick his heels in the air.

Neither Pinney's acrobatic efforts nor Sam's jig-dancing had any effect, and it was just when the boys were growing discouraged, as well as a trifle angry with the unreasonable little youngster, that Mrs. Parsons and Jenny arrived, both of them stopping several paces from the house in speechless astonishment at the scene on the doorstep.

"I don't know what we 'd 've done if you 'd staid away much longer," Pinney said in a tone of relief as he ceased his efforts to stand erect on his head. "It won't be still no how you can fix it, an' we 're 'bout worn out tryin' to coax it."

"But what have you boys got?" asked Mrs. Parsons, wiping the mist from her spectacles much as if she suspected that the long-used glasses were playing her a trick.

"It 's a baby, of course! Can't you hear it holler?" and Tom danced the little fellow up and down still more vigorously. "I won't have any arms left unless you take it pretty soon."

"Where in the world did you get such a thing?" asked the old lady, advancing very cautiously a few paces.

"We got him right here on the doorstep," replied Ikey quickly. "At first we thought it was a bundle you 'd left outside; but we soon found that was a mistake."

"A baby on the doorstep!" exclaimed the old lady in bewilderment; and then as her sympathy began to grow stronger than her surprise, she added, "We must get him into the house at once, or he will freeze to death. I suppose you boys have been cutting up all kinds of shines with the poor little thing, and that 's what makes him cry so."

"Cuttin' up shines with it!" repeated Pinney indignantly. "We have n't had any chance to do that, 'cause it 's been yellin' this way 'bout ever since we found it. I tell you we 've had our hands full tryin' to keep it from kickin' up a reg'lar row."

"Well, bring it into the house at once. Don't keep it out here in the cold," said Mrs. Parsons impatiently, as Jenny was trying to get a glimpse of the chubby little face; and Pinney's tone was almost one of petulance as he replied:

"I 'd like to know how we can do that before you let us in?"

"Bless me!" exclaimed the old lady as she immediately began fumbling with the lock. "I do really believe I 'm so confused at seeing you boys with a baby that I can't even unlock the door."

"Of course you can't unlock it with your spectacle-case," replied Pinney.

"There 's no doubt that you are confused, Mother," Jenny said, laughing, as she left the baby long enough to find the key in the depths of the old lady's pocket; and in a few moments the whole party was in one of the unfurnished rooms, trying by the aid of a single tallow candle to see what the new-comer looked like.

"He 's a perfect little beauty!" cried Jenny in delight, as she caught but one glimpse of the crimson, tear-stained face, before Mrs. Parsons took charge of the baby and of the house as well.

"You boys must try to put up the stove in this room," said the old lady, as she succeeded in stilling the baby's cries and continued to walk back and forth in order to keep him quiet. "You 'll find one with the things which were brought this afternoon. Ikey, while the others are doing that, you go for some coal and some milk."

This running about, waiting upon a strange baby, was hardly the way in which the stockholders of the boarding-house had calculated upon spend-

ing the evening; but they could do no less than obey the orders which both Jenny and her mother had no hesitation in giving, and for two or three hours they were obliged to work very hard, much to the disgust of Sam and Jack.

At the end of that time, one room began to wear something like a home look. The stove had been set up, and, although the pipe was joined in a rather hap-hazard manner, a roaring fire had been built. The baby, after drinking some milk, had gone to sleep in Mrs. Parsons' arms, while Jenny was bustling about, preparing the supper which Ikey had bought as a present to the young landlady, her mother, and his brother directors.

A straw bed with plenty of coverings was placed in an adjoining apartment for the boys to sleep on during this first night, and Jenny and her mother had similar accommodations in the room which served as kitchen.

After the directors had rendered all the assistance in their power, they gathered around the baby to decide upon what position it should occupy in the family.

"It 's as nice a child as I have seen for a long time," the old lady said, as she smoothed his frock affectionately.

"What are you goin' to do with the little shaver?" Tom inquired.

"What do you want to do with him?" asked Ikey.

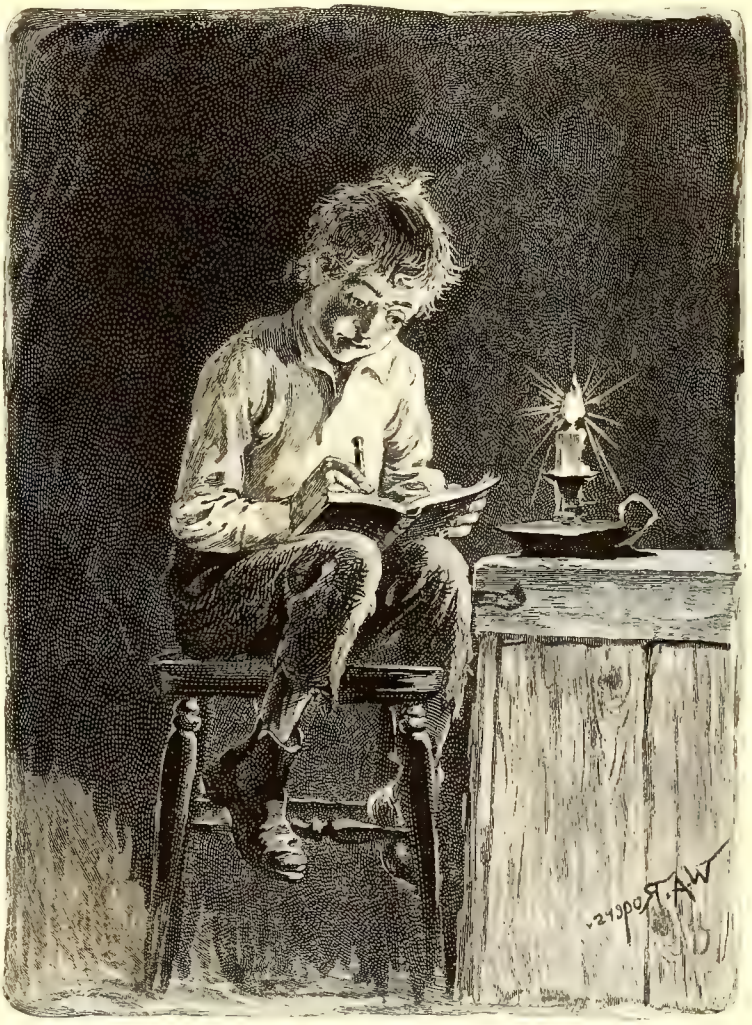
"Keep him, of course," replied Tom. "The rule I made was that he should stay here, an' I stick to it."

"But a baby is such a world of trouble!" said Mrs. Parsons with a very long and very doleful sigh.

"Do you want to send the little thing away, Mother?" asked Jenny.

"Send it away?" repeated the old lady. "Where could we send it, except to the almshouse? An' I would n't want a dog of mine to go there! Of course we 've got to keep it; but he 'll be no end of trouble."

"We 'll all help take care of him," said Pinney; and then as he remembered how hard he had been obliged to work, trying to stand on his head in the hope of amusing the little fellow, he added quickly, "I mean that we 'll buy the milk for him, an' sich things as that."



"IKEY WENT AT HIS TASK MANFULLY, WITH MANY CONTORTIONS OF HIS FACE." (SEE PAGE 351.)

"It 's all right if he 's goin' to stay," and Tom settled back in his seat contentedly as he spoke. "You see he was the first boarder that came to the house, an' I would n't like to have him turned away. He won't be so much bother, 'cause we 'll get him a dog, an' a sled, an' everything he wants, so 's he can have a good time."

"Why, Thomas Downing, what do you suppose a ten-months-old baby could do with a dog and a sled? That 's just the foolish way boys will talk!" cried Mrs. Parsons.

"Well, even if he don't want a dog, he 's got to have a name, now has n't he?" asked Tom, looking sharply at the old lady to see if she understood that he knew a thing or two about babies, even if he did happen to make a trifling mistake regarding the proper kind of playthings.

"Yes," she assented; "I suppose we ought to know what to call him."

"Of course we ought; and as he belongs to all of us, it 's our business to pick out his name. What shall it be, fellers?" Tom inquired.

"He oughter be named after some of us," said Sam, as he assumed his favorite attitude in front of the fire, with his arms folded across his breast in a manner which he thought very becoming. "Now, if you fellers want to call him Samuel Tousey Parsons, I think it would fit him, 'cause he looks as if he was a pretty smart kind of a baby."

"Well, then he oughter n't be called Sam Tousey," replied Tom with a laugh; and at this unkind allusion to his indolence, Master Tousey walked sulkily to the window, mentally resolving that he would have nothing whatever to do with the baby, and that "it was n't so very much, after all."

"If we could call him Jenny, that would be jest the thing," said Ikey, quite positive that he had paid the young landlady a very pretty compliment.

"Of course you can't call a boy Jenny," Pinney said; and Sam thought this a good chance to get even with the others, by laughing boisterously.

Mrs. Parsons suggested several names, among which were Obed and Ephraim; but Tom had decided objections to them all, probably because he had one in his mind which he thought would be very appropriate.

Pinney proposed that they give the little fellow plenty of names by calling him, after every one of the partners, "Isaac Thomas Alpenna Jack Samuel Parsons."

Jenny thought that much too long, and suggested Francis.

Tom listened patiently until all had exhausted their lists of names, and then he said:

"It 's November now, an' we found him on Carpenter street, so what better do you want than November Carpenter?"

It was a brilliant idea, and there was not a voice raised against the proposition; therefore it was so settled without discussion, just in time for the hungry party to answer Jenny's summons to the long-delayed supper.

Every one was in a condition to do full justice to the meal; and when it was finished, the boys were quite willing to go to bed, for it was necessary that they should begin work very early in the morning. All were thoroughly tired, and even little November slept soundly until nearly daybreak.

Neither Jenny nor her mother expected any assistance from the boys in putting the house to rights, save, perhaps, what might be done in the evening. But it was important that the directors should pay, as quickly as possible, the amount of money they had agreed to raise; therefore Jenny had breakfast ready for them before the day had fairly dawned.

"It 'll be 'most a week before we can take any other boarders," she said, in reply to a question of Sam's. "Of course you boys are willing to sleep anywhere, because half the profits will come to you; but we could n't have regular boarders until we get things fixed properly. I shall write down everything I buy, and when you come home to-night, we will begin to keep a regular account of how much money we take in and pay out. Sell as many papers as possible to-day, so that I can get what we need this week."

Even Sam was urged into something approaching activity by Jenny's air of business, and during that day all the stockholders worked very hard to earn money. They were obliged to spend no small amount of time answering the questions of those who proposed to become Jenny's boarders, as well as of those who ridiculed the scheme; but when they figured up their profits in the evening, it was found that they had done even better than had been expected.

Owing to the fact that November had insisted on receiving a great deal of attention, Mrs. Parsons had not been able to assist Jenny very much in the work of putting the house in order; but the young landlady had accomplished wonders, at least, so the boys thought. She had set up two beds, and otherwise furnished three rooms with the furniture her mother had brought from their old home; and the house began really to look like a comfortable place in which to live.

Dinner was on the table when the directors came in about seven o'clock; and after that meal had been eaten, the boys settled their accounts with Treasurer Ikey.

"There 's the whole of it," said the treasurer as he added together the amounts each boy had paid. "Now we owe Jenny twenty-five dollars and a quarter. We must square up as soon as we can, so 's the boarders may come."

"Indeed you must," added Jenny, earnestly. "Mother had furniture enough to fix four rooms, and I want to get the rest this week if possible.

Things won't be very nice at first; but if you all help me, we will have the house looking beautiful in a little while. Here 's a book I got for Ikey to keep the accounts in, so that every one can see just how much money we make."

The treasurer looked disturbed as he understood that he was to act as book-keeper, for it had been hard work for him to write, or, rather, print, even the little that was contained in the four receipts. But he went at his task manfully, with many contortions of his face; and while he was struggling with the letters, which would persist in being made wrong, Mrs. Parsons said:

"Now, boys, something must be done about the baby."

"Why, he 's goin' to stay here, is n't he?" Tom asked quickly.

"He shall, if no one claims him; but it would never do to bring him in here without a word to anybody. You must contrive some way to let folks know that we 've found him."

Tom looked very uncomfortable at the prospect of giving up the baby, for he had indulged in considerable boasting during the day about the little fellow in whom he owned a share. To surrender their ward now would be, in Tom's mind at least, like losing the principal attraction of the house, and he said mournfully:

"If you think we oughter tell folks 'bout him, I s'pose we must; but I don't see how it 's goin' to be done."

It was some moments before any of the directors said anything; and then Pinney exclaimed, as he started to his feet:

"I know how to fix it! You fellers stay here while I go down to Nat Taylor's, an' I 'll rig up somethin' mighty quick!"

He was out of the house before any one could speak, slamming the door behind him.

By the time the excitement consequent upon Mrs. Parsons' suggestion had died away, Ikey, who had been working with his tongue held tightly between his teeth, announced that he had succeeded in finishing the first portion of his task. He had entered in the book the name of every director, together with the amount of money each had paid, and was ready for further instructions from Jenny.

"Now, we must decide how much you are to give each week," she said. "I thought we might charge the other boarders two dollars, and you just half of that."

Both Ikey and Jack thought that such an arrangement would be fair; but Sam insisted that the directors, since they were to contribute ten dollars each, ought not be charged anything for board.

"What difference does it make if the thing is a success?" asked Ikey. "We 're to divide the profits, an' then we shall get it back; but if we don't pay any board at first, Jenny can't get the place started."

Even Jack could understand that it was necessary for the stockholders to be charged a certain amount each week; and although Sam was not convinced, he was forced to content himself with the arrangement. Jenny had decided that the five directors should occupy the room in which they had slept the night previous, and she would thus have seven other rooms to let. By careful stowing she thought that at least four boys might sleep in each room, and if she could fill the house with boarders, she would have twenty-eight, without including her partners. This, she thought, would be quite as large a family as she and her mother could care for.

"That will give us fifty-six dollars a week from the boarders, and five dollars from you boys," she said, triumphantly. "Out of all that money we ought to make a good profit."

The directors were fairly staggered by the immensity of the prospective revenue, and Sam was even more certain than he had been before that it was an injustice to ask the partners to contribute more than the original amount. He did not advance any further arguments on the question, however, because he had a plan to propose, to which he was anxious that all should agree, and he was willing to let the matter of paying board rest for a while.

"If you get so many boarders as that, it 'll be like a reg'lar hotel, won't it?" he asked.

Jenny was not prepared to claim quite as much for the boarding-house; but she admitted that they had an opportunity to do a large amount of business.

"Then I 'll tell you how it oughter be fixed," said Sam, as he stood in front of the fire, where all could see and hear him without difficulty. "You 'll want a clerk to take care of the fellers that board here — somebody, you know, who 'll see that they pay their bills, an' don't kick up any rows, an' all that kind of thing. Now, if you say the word, I 'll rig up a counter — jest like the counters they have in hotels — in the entry close by the front door, an' I 'll be the clerk."

As he ceased speaking, Sam looked around, as if he expected to see approval of his very brilliant plan written on every face; but in this he was disappointed. No one appeared to think that there was any necessity for a clerk, and his brother directors even laughed at the idea.

"That 's jest a plan of yours to get rid of doin' any work," said Tom, as soon as it was possible for

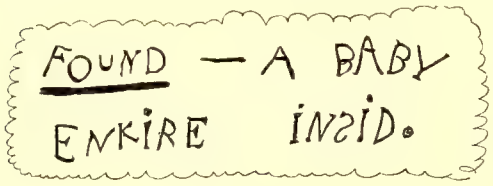
him to speak. "We don't want any clerk here, Sam. But I 'll tell you what we 'll do after we get the house runnin' all right; we 'll buy a glass case, an' put you in it for the boarders to look at when they want to see somethin' funny."

"All right," said Master Tousey, indignantly, as he went into the darkest and coldest corner of the room, in order to deprive the others of even a sight of himself. "You run this house your way, an' I can tell you now that it won't last very long. Duddy Foss said the thing would bust up before Christmas, an' I 'll bet he 's right."

This time both Jenny and her mother joined in the general merriment at the expense of the would-be clerk, who had just prepared himself for a long fit of the sulks, when Pinney burst into the room, looking very cold but equally triumphant.

"I 've fixed it!" he cried, holding the door open so that the wind blew a wintry blast directly on November's head, which caused Mrs. Parsons literally to drag the excited boy inside, that the baby might be protected from the cold. "If the folks 'round here don't know that we 've found a youngster, it won't be my fault. Come an' look!"

They all, excepting the old lady and November, followed Pinney out on the doorstep, where by the light of the street lamp they saw, fastened to the side of the house, a large sheet of brown paper on which had been printed in variously shaped letters the following announcement:



CHAPTER III.

BOARDING-HOUSE RULES.

STRANGE as it may seem, neither Jenny nor her mother appeared to think that Pinney's plan of advertising the finding of the baby was a very brilliant one. Mrs. Parsons at first insisted that he should take the placard down; but the other directors fancied that it was the only manner by which they could let the public know that they had a stray baby, and the old lady reluctantly consented to allow it to remain.

Whatever the others said about it, Pinney was positive that the placard would serve every purpose of an advertisement, and he thought it such a work of art that he felt obliged to go out of doors to look at it several times before he went to bed. In fact, he was so charmed with his own idea that he conceived a dazzling scheme which he resolved to carry into effect on the following day, but regarding which he was careful not to say a word to any one. He had in his mind what he believed would be a delightful surprise for his partners, as well as for Mrs. Parsons, and more than once he slipped into the adjoining room where he could chuckle over it without betraying his secret.

Sam continued in the sulks during the remainder of the evening, and on the following day he had a long consultation with Duddy Foss, during which, so it was reported on the street, he declared that he wished to sell his interest in the boarding-house because of the ill-treatment he had received from his brother directors.

As a matter of course the other stockholders heard these stories, which were freely circulated among the business acquaintances of both parties; and Tom, Ikey and Pinney asked the would-be boarding-house clerk if he really was anxious to dispose of his interest. The questioners were angry, as Sam could see by their faces, and he began to realize that he had made a mistake; so he said in what he intended should be a confidential tone:

"If I told the fellers anything like that, I was only foolin'; for what would be the use of my sellin' out before the house is really started?"

"Well, Sam, I 've got jest this much to say,"—and Tom spoke in a very severe tone,—"we can't have you runnin' 'round talkin' to the fellers as if the thing was near bustin' up, 'cause if they thought that, we could n't get any of them to board with us. You 've only put in a dollar an' fifty-five cents, an' whenever you want that back, all you 've got to do is to ask us; we 'll raise it somehow."

During the remainder of the day, Master Tousey was more careful how he spoke about the boarding-house. Later in the afternoon, when he heard that Duddy Foss was one of six who were ready to become Jenny's boarders as soon as a room should be ready for them, he felt that it would be necessary for him to be very careful in the future as to what he said, since the boarding-house seemed to be in a better way of success than he had believed.

When the boys started toward home that evening, Pinney was nowhere to be seen, and then it was remembered that he had not been met by any of the party since noon. At that time he had gone away alone, saying to Jack that he should not sell papers in the afternoon, but without explaining why he took a partial holiday. It was unusual for Master White to remain idle except with some very good excuse, for he was ever ready to begin work as early and continue at it as late as any one.

When they entered the house, and before they

had time either to ask any questions or to express their fears, Mrs. Parsons, who was busy giving November his supper, inquired in a decidedly angry tone:

"Has that boy Pinney come yet?"

"Indeed he has n't," began Tom, "an' we don't know ——"

"Never mind, you are just as bad as he is, and you may as well try to undo some of the mischief since you encouraged him in it. I want you to go right to work an' take that notice off the house. Don't stop to talk now; but do it at once."

"Why, what is the matter, Mrs. Parsons?" Tom asked, in bewilderment.

"Matter?" repeated the old lady, in great excitement, as she poured several sips of milk over November's chin before she discovered that it was not going down his throat. "That notice has caused us more trouble than a dozen babies."

"But what has the notice done?" asked Tom.

"Done?" cried the old lady. "We have n't had a moment's peace since you went out this morning, for the people that have been coming in. No one seems to have lost a baby; but the moment any one sees that sign, in they come and ask foolish questions about how we found him, and all that sort of thing, until we 've hardly had a minute to ourselves to-day. I 've tried and Jenny has tried to get it down; but that scamp of a Pinney put it up so high and so hard that we can't budge it. Now you boys walk right out, and don't you dare to expect a mouthful of supper till every scrap of it is down!"

The boys, dazed by this outburst from the old lady, left the house in silence, seeing nothing comical in the matter until they were on the sidewalk, when Ikey said: "It was lucky for November that there was n't much milk in that cup, or he 'd 'a' been drown'ded sure."

Then they all laughed, as they pictured to themselves a constant stream of visitors invited by Pinney's notice, each boy suggesting some comical and probable incident, until it was almost impossible for them to carry out the old lady's commands, so great was their mirth.

As they seated themselves at dinner, after removing the offending placard, Jenny noticed Pinney's absence for the first time; but before any one could reply to her questions as to where he was, a loud thumping was heard at the door.

November, who had but just fallen asleep, awakened with what Tom called "one of his patent yells." The boys jumped to their feet, fancying



"TOM, TAKING HOLD OF ONE END OF THE SIGN, FAIRLY BACKED PINNEY OUT OF THE HOUSE."

for the instant that some of their enemies were trying to wreck the boarding-house; and general confusion reigned until Jenny opened the door, when the cause of all the uproar was seen to be Pinney, who, staggering under the weight of a long board which he had been using as a knocker, stood on the steps wearing a triumphantly happy smile on his sunburned face. It was evident that he had counted upon making a sensation; but he had succeeded beyond his expectations.

November was screaming lustily. Mrs. Parsons, still angry because of her many callers, was trying at the same time to soothe the baby and look sternly at the cause of her trouble, who marched into the room with the long board which prevented him from closing the door, while the boys and Jenny watched him in silent astonishment.

"There!" said Pinney, trying to put the board in the corner, and knocking the tea-pot from the stove in the attempt. "Well, I did n't mean to do that," he added, as he dropped his burden on Tom's toes in his efforts to help Jenny repair the mischief. "Did n't know where I had gone, did you?" he asked, as he began to wipe the tea from the floor with a dress Mrs. Parsons was making for November.

"Put that down!" cried the old lady, as she darted forward, with the baby in her arms, to save the garment from total ruin. "We did n't care where you had gone; but I wish I 'd had you here just a few minutes this afternoon."

"It 's too bad I did n't know it, 'cause I could 'a' come up jest as well as not," Pinney said, so unsuspicious of anything but a friendly meaning in Mrs. Parsons' words that the boys fairly shouted in glee. "I reckon this thing I 've been workin' at 'll make Dud Foss stare when he sees it! You know how I fixed that notice 'bout findin' the baby?"

"Indeed we do!" replied Mrs. Parsons so emphatically that Pinney would have understood something was wrong if he had not been so engrossed with his latest scheme.

"Well, I 've got somethin' here that 'll knock it all holler. I 'm goin' to put it right over the front door, an' I tell you it 'll make this house look swell!"

As he spoke, Pinney turned the board over, and held it in his arms so that all might see it plainly.

It was evidently intended for a sign, and despite the paint that had been rubbed from it, which could be plainly seen on various portions of Pinney's waistcoat, one might read these words in Master White's peculiar style of printing:

"JENNYS BORDING HOUS."

"There! What do you think of that?" asked Pinney, triumphantly. And then a look of surprise began to creep over his face as he saw Jenny and the boys shaking in a very curious fashion, while Mrs. Parsons was actually glaring at him.

"Wh-wha-what is it?" stammered Pinney, understanding now that something was wrong.

After a short but painful pause, Mrs. Parsons said impressively:

"Pinney White, take that board out of here! I 've had all the trouble with signs of your making that I 'm goin' to have."

"But I 'm goin' to put this up over the door, so 's folks will know it 's a boarding-house. Some of the paint has got rubbed off; but it won't be much trouble to touch it up agin," explained Pinney.

"Take it away, and never let me catch you putting any more signs on the outside of this house!" cried Mrs. Parsons.

"But you see ——," persisted Pinney.

"Better leave quick," whispered Tom; and, taking hold of one end of the sign, he fairly backed Pinney out of the house.

As soon as Tom could control his laughter sufficiently to speak, he told the would-be artist all that he knew regarding the cause of Mrs. Parsons' anger, and concluded by saying:

"You see, Pinney, it won't be very safe for you to bring any more signs 'round here for a good while. You 'd better put this board somewhere out of sight, an' come in to dinner."

"But she said she wanted folks to know that we 'd found a baby," persisted Pinney, who would not believe that the old lady's anger was caused by so trifling a matter; but he secreted the board, as Tom advised, and the two went in to dinner.

Mrs. Parsons recovered her usual good nature by the time the meal was finished; and as the directors had tired of making sport of Pinney's troubles, Jenny thought best to attend to the important business of the house, even before Ikey had collected such moneys as the stockholders were ready to pay. This she did by saying:

"I 've one room arranged so that we can take four boarders to-morrow, and if you boys have earned as much as you did yesterday, I can be ready for four more the day after."

"An' you 're goin' to try to get along 'thout a clerk, are you?" Sam asked.

"Now don't start any more talk about that idea, Sam," said Tom coaxingly. "Let 's choose which four of the fellers we 'll have come here to-morrow."

"Duddy Foss must be one, 'cause he spoke first," and Ikey headed the list of boarders with his name.

"Bart Jones an' Bill Sleeper wanted to come when Duddy did," suggested Jack.

"Yes, an' Fen Howard told me that if he

could n't be with the first lot, he would n't come at all," cried Pinney, who was becoming so interested in the opening of the house that he forgot, for the time being, the unpleasant affair of the evening.

"That makes the four," said Tom. "Write the names down, an' we 'll tell the other fellers that we will take a new lot every day or two till the place is full."

"If the boarders are comin', we 'll have to get the rules posted up, or they won't know how to behave," said Pinney; and then he sighed deeply as he thought how much more attractive the house would have looked with his gorgeously painted sign over the front door.

"Let 's go to work an' print out what rules we want," said Ikey, quickly, fearing lest his partners might insist on his doing all the artistic work, if he did not make this suggestion in time.

"Where are you going to put them?" asked Jenny, thinking, perhaps, that slips of paper posted about the house might not be strictly ornamental.

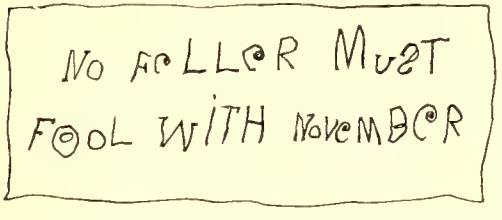
"We 'll tack 'em up in the entry, close by the door, an' then the fellers can't help seein' 'em when they come in," said Pinney.

"If we were goin' to have a clerk, he could read the rules to the boarders every mornin' before breakfast, an' then they 'd be sure to know what they had to do," suggested Sam.

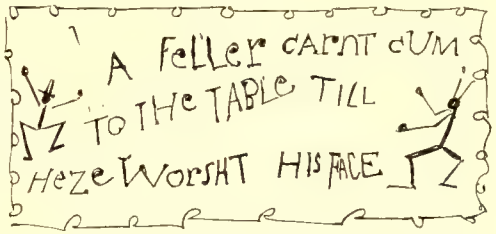
"We 'd have to find a clerk that got up earlier than you do, Sam, for the fellers would all be at work before you were ready," said Tom, laughing; and then he added, "Come on, now! let 's get to work an' make the things, so we can go to bed early."

Five minutes later, each of the directors was trying his artistic best, with a lead-pencil and a piece of brown paper, to outdo the others in making his special rule the most ornamental as well as the most useful of the lot.

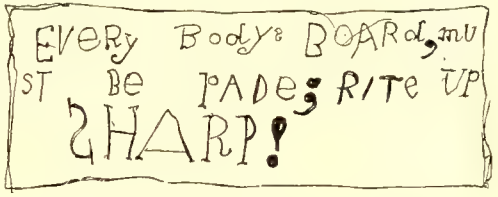
Pinney finished his first, posting it temporarily on the wall of the sitting-room, where all could see and admire. And below may be found a reproduction of his efforts:



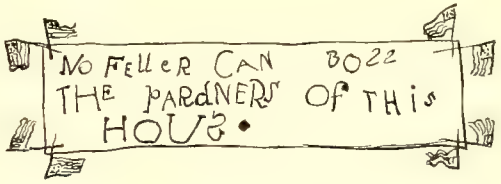
A few moments later, Tom had completed his and placed it below Pinney's. He found it necessary to explain that the figure on the left was intended to represent one of the boarders who was undecided as to whether he would comply with the rule or not, and that the one on the right was himself in an attitude that would convince even the most stubborn how necessary it was that he should obey. Here is the rule, and if the artist has not made the figure on the right to look as ferocious as the one drawn by Tom, he has copied the rule in other respects very faithfully:



Ikey's rule was such a one as the treasurer of a corporation might be expected to make; and as he placed it below the others, Jenny decided that it was the best, from a business point of view:



Sam felt certain that his rule was one which would meet with the full approbation of his brother directors, and as he placed it by the side of the others, he looked as if half the sting of being refused the position of clerk had been removed from his mind in the satisfaction it afforded him. In addition to its being the most important rule for the boarders to follow, he was confident that it was by far the most ornamental in appearance:



To his great surprise, no one appeared to be delighted with the result of his labors, and Jenny's mother even went so far as to say that she thought it would be unwise to post it with the rest, since some of the boarders might take offense.

"It seems as if I can't do anythin' in this house," he said angrily. "If the other fellers want to do anythin', they do it; but the minute I say what I think, the rest make an awful fuss, like

the one you raised 'bout my bein' clerk. That 's one of the best rules we 've got, 'cause it shows the fellers that they must walk straight."

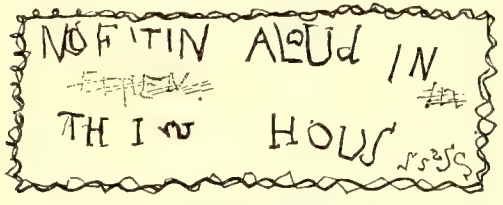
"It shall go up with the others, Sam," said Jenny, soothingly; "but if the boarders should raise any trouble about it, we must tell them you made it."

"Of course you can do that," replied Master Tousey, quickly. "You don't s'pose I 'm afraid of any feller that 's coming here to board, do you? They 've got to know who the bosses are, an' that rule 'll show 'em."

"Now let 's see what Jack has made," said Tom, anxious to change the conversation, lest a quarrel should be the result.

"It 's not very much," said Jack, modestly; "but it was all I could think of, an' if the rest of you don't like it, I 'd jest as soon take it down as not."

Then Jack placed by the side of the others his rule, of which the following is an exact copy:



Owing to the rather peculiar method of spelling, the stockholders were at a loss to understand what the author had intended to say, and it was with an air of compassion because of their ignorance, that Jack explained his meaning.

"Can't you see what I 've printed? 'No fightin' allowed in this house'— plain enough for anybody."

It was plain after the explanation, and every one agreed that it was a good rule, even though it was badly spelled.

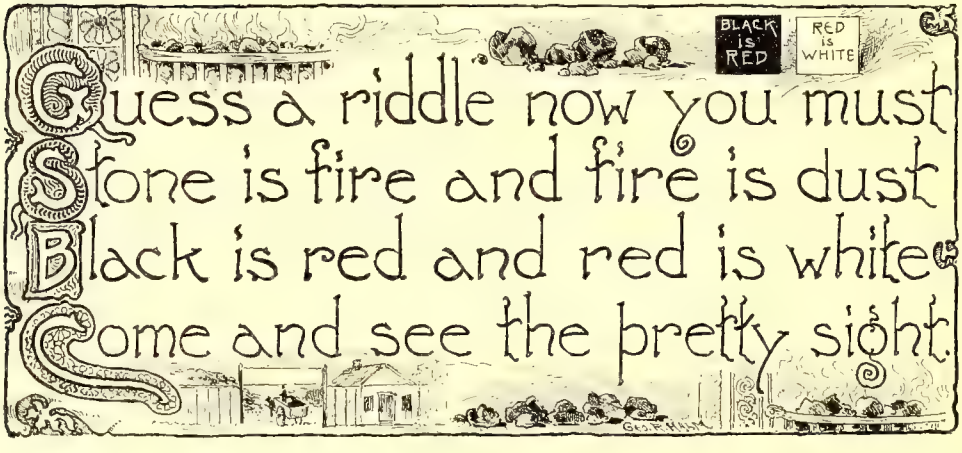
"Please paste them up, Ikey," Jenny said; "but I would n't have any more, for I think they won't make the house look very much prettier."

Ikey did as he had been requested, and when his labor was concluded, he intimated that it would be well for the directors to pay such money into the treasury as they could afford, in order to lessen as much as possible the amount of their indebtedness. He had enough to complete his payment of ten dollars, as he showed his partners; and although the others could not do as well, they contributed, according to their means, their profits from the day's work.

Something over five dollars was the amount Jenny received; and with that she believed it would be possible to furnish another room, providing she did not spend too much for food.

"If you jest have *enough*, it don't make much difference what it is," Ikey said; and all agreed that quantity, not quality, should be the rule in providing for the table.

(To be continued.)



READY FOR BUSINESS; OR, CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION.*

A SERIES OF PRACTICAL PAPERS FOR BOYS.

By George J. Manson.

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

"Here comes a missionary!"

And the bluff Westerner who made the remark pointed to a slim, well-dressed young man who jumped briskly off the train and walked quickly up the main business street toward the best hotel in the place.

The young man did not look like a missionary; he did not act as if he were one; and his trunk, larger than the largest "Saratoga," was not, to all appearance, such a one as missionaries usually carry. The fact is, he was not a missionary; he was a commercial traveler, sometimes called a "drummer." Some people in the West call these active gentlemen "missionaries,"—I suppose because they come to them from afar.

The young man registered at a hotel. After he had been in the city about an hour, he found a number of gentlemen, young, old, and middle-aged, who were engaged in the same general industry of disposing of goods by sample. There was one man who represented the chocolate trade, another the jewelry business, another suspender manufacturing, another the paper business; there was a manufacturer's representative, a man in the silk line, and a man who took orders for railway supplies.

These were the commercial travelers, drummers, salesmen, agents, representatives, or whatever name they chose to call themselves, whom he saw. He might have seen others who represented dry goods, fancy goods, domestic lace goods, imported lace goods, hardware, harness, tailors' trimmings, ladies' trimmings, fringes, buttons, shoes, books, plumbers' ware,—in fact, he might have seen a salesman for almost every important trade and business you can mention. This shows the scope of the occupation. The census of 1870 stated the number of persons engaged in it to be 7262; while, ten years later, the census of 1880 put the figure at 28,158.

The future traveling salesman, at the age of about fifteen, enters the occupation he prefers, and learns the business. That is, he learns all about the "line" of goods he is going to sell,—the prices, the various qualities, the details of manufacture; in short, every useful fact that he can gather.

If the boy, by the time he is eighteen or twenty, has gained a complete knowledge of the goods he is to sell, he starts out "on the road." After he has recovered from his surprise at seeing the countless number of brisk young gentlemen who have chosen the same occupation that he has, he will be painfully startled at one feature of the calling. He has always been taught that the young, the energetic, the pushing, active, buoyant young man is the young man to succeed and make his way in the great battle of life. He is young, energetic, pushing, active, buoyant (at least he *was* buoyant when he started); but he soon finds, in spite of all these admirable qualities, that the old men get ahead of him. Merchants gaze upon our young friend coldly, but to some gouty old salesman of forty-five or fifty they give a hearty shake of the hand, and cry out: "Welcome, old boy, I am glad to see you!"

As Artemas Ward used to say: "Why is this thus?"

Well, it is because the merchants don't know the young man; he is just starting in; he is "green." They like the old fellow because his face is familjar to them. These old salesmen do well, and it must be admitted that they are often a sore hindrance to the success of their younger brethren; but a plucky young man will not be discouraged—he will work all the harder to be successful. And here and there, too, will be found instances where, through careless habits, or too great a reliance on social popularity, and too little on a thorough knowledge of his business, the older salesman will be beaten by the younger man, who has taken pains to keep himself better informed on matters relating to the trade.

No general rule can be laid down as to where the salesmen travel. Generally they go over a certain territory previously agreed upon. The Eastern circuit, as it is usually called, is from New York to Portland, Maine, and from Providence, R. I., to Springfield, Mass., the large towns between these places being visited on the way. The New York State circuit reaches as far as Cleveland, and includes all the important places on the line of the Erie and the Central Railroads. A salesman for the Southern circuit will probably cover the territory from Pittsburg to New Orleans, not going west of the Mississippi River; while a

* Copyright by G. J. Manson, 1884.

"drummer" for the Western section will start from Pittsburg and go through to Missouri, which is usually the limit of this means of trade in that direction, although travel is gradually reaching beyond that point. A few firms in the dry goods business now send their agents to California. Traveling is nearly always done by night. Time being very precious, the days must be given up to work. No "license" is required to sell goods, except in one or two of the Southern States, and there, through some technicality of the law, its payment, as a direct fee, is often not required.

The salesman travels almost throughout the twelve months of the year, though the length of his tour depends in large degree upon the kind of business in which he is engaged. For instance, dry goods agents are sometimes away for a year at a time, going on very long trips, while the representative of a jeweler will take only short journeys, and will return to New York, or the city where he has his headquarters, once in every six or eight weeks. One man, having been absent from his hearth-stone nearly all the time for five years, remarked gravely to a friend that he thought of retiring from the business, not because he was not making money, but because he wished to get acquainted with his family.

While soliciting orders, the commercial traveler has, as a rule, enough to do to occupy his time. Sometimes it will happen that he has only two or three firms to see in a city, and then finds himself unable to catch a train to his next destination for several hours. But such instances are rare.

Salesmen start on their journeys at all times of the year, dependent upon the trade they represent and the length of the "season" they are selling for. In the winter, they are soliciting orders for goods that people will need in the summer. From July until Christmas is the busiest time for those who sell furs for the winter, and the "new styles" in spring goods, which, when they are placed in the retail store, will furnish a pleasant and inexhaustible fund of talk for our sisters and our mothers. Each particular business has its "season," while in a few industries there may be as much demand at one time of the year as at another.

As to the pay, or, rather, the earnings, of salesmen, the minimum amount may be placed at $800, and the maximum at $5000 a year, though there are salesmen who make more than this. There is no other occupation, perhaps, where the earnings depend more absolutely upon the man himself. There are three methods of remuneration:

1. A man may be paid a salary. He comes to a store, and says to the firm: "I am Mr. Sellwell; you have heard of me? Very good. Now, I wish to make a change; and if you will pay me a salary of $5000, I will guarantee to sell for your house —— thousand dollars' worth of goods, within a year" (stating, of course, the value of the goods which he will agree to sell).

The firm may not accept his offer; but we will say that Dhrygoods & Co. have heard of this man; they know he is a good man to have, and they know when he comes to their house he wishes to make a permanent engagement; it would be very foolish for him to say he could sell such an amount of goods and then fail to do it. In order to keep the respect of business men, if for no other reason, he would use every effort to accomplish what he had promised. And so Dhrygoods & Co. engage him.

2. A man may be paid a salary and also a commission on what he sells.

3. He may not be paid any salary, but work on commission entirely.

In the majority of cases, one of the first two plans is adopted. But whatever the plan may be, the price he is paid for his services depends entirely on the amount of goods he can sell. And it seems to be an axiom among business men that the high-priced travelers are the cheapest in the end. Sometimes an agent will be confined to a comparatively small district, say New York State. He will work on commission, and will receive a commission on all the country orders in his district, whether they have been given to him or not. The reason for this is because his employer wishes the agent in every way to build up the trade of the house, and to make a thorough canvass of the places to which he is sent, instead of calling only on the best customers, which might alienate the smaller houses which he had slighted.

Hotel and traveling expenses are nearly always borne by the firm for which he is traveling. A salaried man has his salary and his expenses; but a man working on a commission may receive a high commission, and pay his own expenses. A man's expenses, of course, vary according to the amount of his baggage and his style of hotel living. The matter of sample-trunks — square, double-boarded, iron-bound, monstrous affairs— is a large item in the expense account. If he can do so, he will endeavor always to stop at the best hotels. But sometimes, of course, he will be obliged to put up at a poorer house, and murmur, like Touchstone: "When I was at home, I was in a better place; but travelers must be content."

When the salesman takes an order in his book (usually a common blank book), he makes a copy

of it on a printed slip about seven inches long, with some such heading as this:

Order No. (1). . . (2). . . . 188 .

. . . . . (3). . . . . .

. . . . . .

Please send the following goods to

. (4)

. . . . . (5). . . . . Salesman.

Terms. . (6)	. Time . . (7)	Ship via (8)

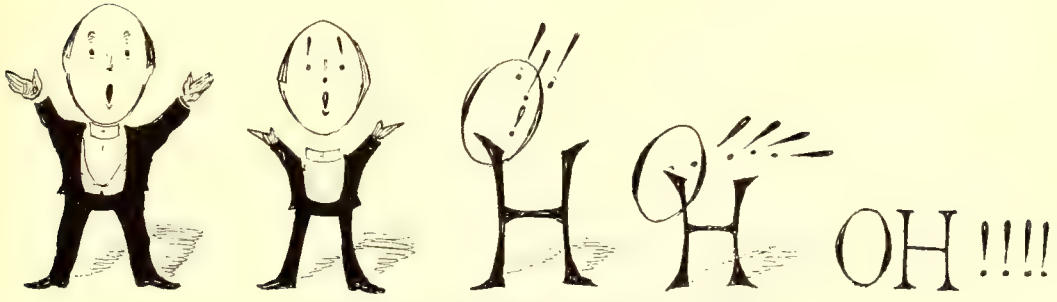
(9)	(10)	(11)

Explanation.—1. Number of the order taken by salesman. 2. Date of taking the order. 3. Name of firm for whom he works. 4. Name of firm ordering the goods. 5. Name of salesman. 6. Terms of payment, as 5-30; that is, five per cent. off the bill, if paid within thirty days. 7. The time (so many months hence) within which the bill must be paid. 8. The "line" by which goods are to be shipped. 9 The number of the "lot" from which goods have been bought. 10. The quantity bought. 11. The price charged.

A successful salesman does his best to interest a man; if he can induce the merchant to look at his goods, the chances are that he will make a sale. If the merchant does not buy the particular article to which his attention has been called, he may purchase something else. Then, too, a salesman must inspire confidence in the buyer, and I suppose the best way to inspire confidence is to have confidence in the goods one is selling and in the work one is doing. The salesman must not be afraid, as some are in starting out, to ask a good, fair profit on his goods. And he must make a study of the moods of men. One man will say "no" when he means "yes"; another will tell him to "call again" when he might just as well remain and make a sale. He should stick to one business. Some young men have a smattering of half a dozen occupations, but a thorough knowledge of none. His object is to sell all the goods he can, and, finally, if possible, to become a member of the firm for which he is working.

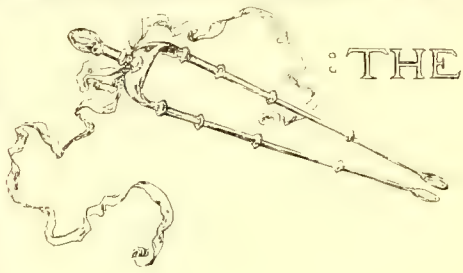
A good salesman will heed his own work and mind his own business. He will not talk about his sales to his salesmen acquaintances, or, to use a stronger term, salesmen friends. "Thy friend," says the Talmud, "hath a friend, and thy friend's friend hath a friend; be discreet."

Commercial travelers are convivial, smart, good-natured fellows. They meet one another far away from home. Is it any wonder that they should be friendly, and like to get together and tell stories and exchange experiences? Up to a certain point, this is all well enough, but many of them get into habits that are likely to do them much harm. On long journeys such as I have mentioned, many temptations must come to a young man. In the excitement and companionship to be met with in large cities, or in the dullness often experienced in small towns and villages, he will be urged many a time to become a party to that most pernicious and silly of all habits—"treating." For the sake of his health and business success, if for no better reasons, the young salesman should refuse to partake of strong drink. Let him, at the commencement of his career, firmly but good-naturedly, decline all such invitations; not in a churlish or Pharisaical way, but courageously from a simple love of decency and of the principles which should animate a true gentleman.



THE FATE OF THE MAN WHO WAS TOO EASILY SURPRISED.

:THE TONGS:



By C. Lydia Gould

COME forth, old Tongs, from chimney-place!
Perchance your history well may grace
Some rhythmic page of poet's skill,—
At least, some corner snugly fill.

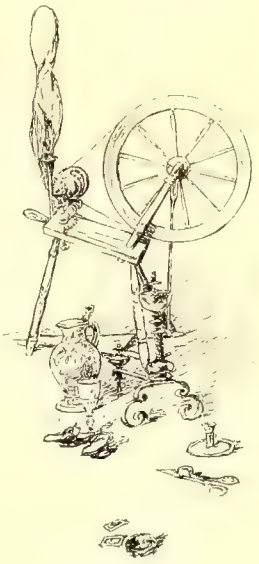
What would'st thou tell of all the years
That swift have flown,— the hopes and fears
That mark Dame Fashion's onward way,
Whose mandate human folk obey?

A quiet voice methinks I hear.
In mute attention I draw near,
To listen to your story gay,—
Or grave, perchance; speak on, I pray.

In shining steel of brightest hue
I stood, when first this world I knew.
A grand success all said was mine,
For, surely, I was bound to shine.

In parlor grand I then was placed—
A quiet little corner graced;
My mate the shovel, too, was there,
Just opposite, all bright and fair.

And of that home,— why, words would fail,
In this not very lengthy tale,
To speak its wonders, sing its praise;
Suffice, I wished no better days.



But time rolled on, and lo! a change:
Self-feeders, grates, and modern range
Came trooping in, to my dismay:
Alas! I knew I 'd had my day.

Then forth I went, and up the stairs
To dingy garret. There the wares
Of bygone years lay side by side,
And there I knew I must abide.

In dusky silence sped the years;
Alternate were my hopes and fears,
Till Time, great worker of all change,
At last my rescue might arrange.

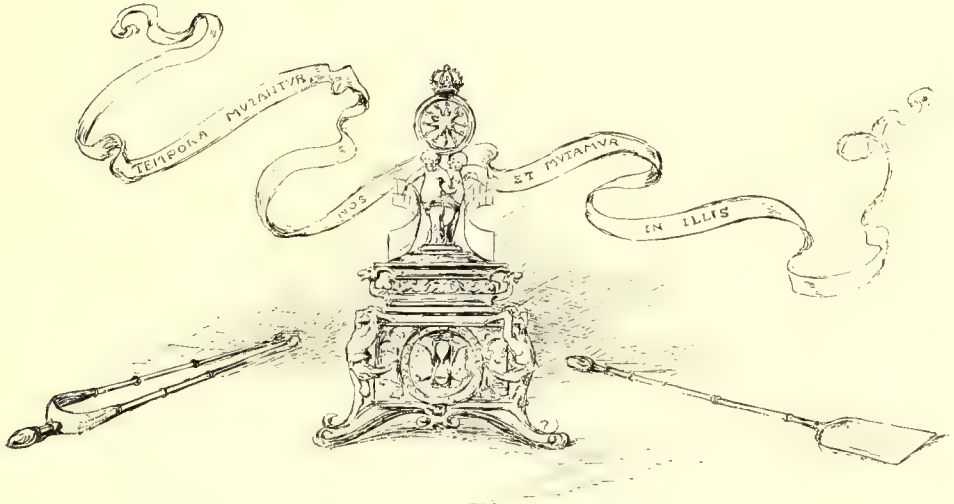


From cobwebbed nook, from dusty wall,
Came, at the relic-hunter's call,
A rusty train of antique wares;
And marshaled forth, we went downstairs.

Such din, I ween, was never heard:
The spinning-wheel to spinning stirred;
The bellows blew and puffed and wheezed;
We all with frantic joy were seized.

In pleasant room each finds a place,
While I my little corner grace;
My mate the shovel, too, is there,
Just opposite, all bright and fair.

If now a lesson you would learn,
It is — of patience for your turn;
For good and ill must both have room
Within the web of Life's great loom.





WHAT A BOY SAW IN MADEIRA.

By D. H. Tribon.

One of my young friends, whose name is George Tyler, once took a three-years' cruise in a man-of-war, and during the cruise he made a visit to Madeira. He was very glad when the ship dropped her anchor at Funchal, the port of Madeira, and very anxious to get ashore to see the island. When his turn came to go ashore, George and a friend of his called one of the many boats that continually surrounded the ship, and, stepping into it, were soon landed on the beach.

Leaving the boatman, George and his friend walked up to the open square which is quite near the water, and sat down for a moment to look about them.

Here under the shade of the trees with which the square is planted, they saw quite a number of the inhabitants. The peasants attracted their attention at once; George thought the little funnel-shaped caps which most of the men and some of the women wore, were the oddest he had ever seen. A group of beggars soon grew so troublesome with their pitiful petitions that George and his friend were glad to leave the square for a saunter through the streets. These they found curiously paved with small pebbles, and very slippery. George's feet, unaccustomed to the small paving-stones, soon grew tired, and, as there are no side-walks in the city, he suggested to his companion that they should hire one of the "street-cars," as he called the "bullock carts" on runners.

Engaging one of these at six hundred *reis* per hour (the *rei* of Madeira is about the same as our mill, or a tenth of a cent), they spent a long time in riding about the city. The driver walked beside the cart with his goad, shouting occasionally at the top of his voice. His shout consisted of a long succession of calls, "*Ca-oo-oo-oo-ah!* Ca-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-ah!" preceded or followed by Portuguese phrases, which George could not catch. Just ahead walked a boy calling out now and then in his shrill voice, "*Ca para mim boi!*" (Come here to me, oxen!)

The oxen were small, but handsome and well cared for. Occasionally the boy would stop for the cart, and allow first one runner and then the other to pass over a little bag of grease which he carried in his hand. In this way the runners are greased so that they may glide along easily, and this is what makes the street so slippery.

Everything is drawn on runners in Madeira. At the time when George was there, there was but one wheeled carriage on the island. The greater part of the people walk. A few ride in the carts, a few in hammocks borne on men's shoulders, and for long distances they ride horseback. Merchandise is drawn on sledges, many of which are seen in the lower parts of the city.

It was a new experience to George to be where every one spoke a language he could not understand; to ride through the streets hour after hour without seeing a single carriage on wheels; to be in a land where every month has its flowers, and bees gather honey summer and winter; where fruit succeeds fruit through all the seasons, and the air is soft and mild through all the year.

When he went off to the ship at night, and saw the beautiful island in the shade, with its many lights far up and far along the hillside, and heard bells now and then breaking the silence of the night, he could hardly realize that it was not

all a dream from which he should awake the next morning wondering whither the beautiful island had vanished.

But when he went on deck the next morning, there it was, far more beautiful in the sunlight than it was the night before. George was charmed with the wonderful lights and shades which the passing clouds produced on the many mountain-sides, and he wondered how a simple collection of mountains could be so lovely. The sea was smooth, but the long swells came in from the Atlantic, and, breaking on the shingly beach, formed a fitting frame for the picture.

There is a church at Funchal, nearly two thousand feet above the level of the sea, called the church of "Our Lady of the Mount," which George had watched from the ship, and which he set out to visit the next time he was allowed to go ashore. Accompanied by his friend, he went to a stable to hire a horse to ride up the hill. After some delay in making a bargain, they were seated in their saddles. Each horse was attended by a "*burriqueiro*," or horseboy, and as soon as they were ready each *burriqueiro* seized the tail of his horse, and shouted a little Portuguese command. Away they went at a brisk pace, the boys following. Coming to a comparatively level place in the road, they struck into a run, trying to see if they could shake these boys off. They did not succeed, for the little fellows clung to the horses' tails, and never thought of letting go or giving up. It was nearly three miles to the church by the way they went, and in some places the road was so steep that there were steps cut for the horses to place their feet.

At first, the road was walled in, so that they saw nothing but the tops of the houses and the trees in the gardens. In many places the walls were overhung with flowers of different hues which filled the air with a grateful perfume. Farther up, the walls were not so high, and a little beyond, there were none at all. Myriads of lizards were basking in the sun, but they were not poisonous; indeed there are no poisonous reptiles on the island. The horses walked up the hill very rapidly, and the boys followed as easily as if they were walking for pleasure. They stopped to rest but once, and in little more than half an hour were at the church.

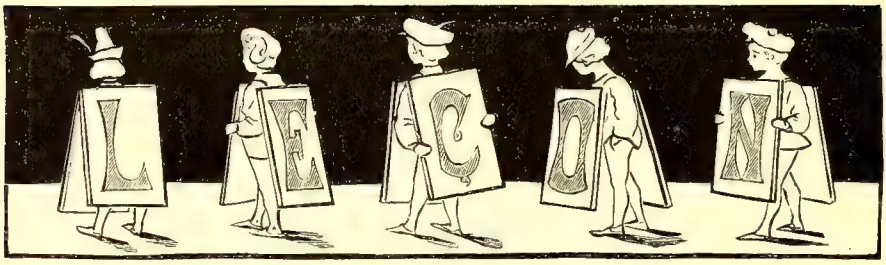
They sent their horses back to the stables, for they were to go down in a quite different way. The view from the church steps comprises all the town, the harbor with its shipping, and the broad Atlantic.

But George was too much excited at the thought of descending the hill to care much about the view, and he hurried his friend to the sledge-stand near by. Here he selected his sledge, which is made of willow, stoutly braced and placed on runners. With one attendant on each side and one behind, every one holding on with a leathern thong in his hand, the sledge was started. They dashed down the steep way as a boy slides downhill in winter, and the skillful attendants guided the sledge, no matter how fast it went, with a dexterity that has often surprised older and more experienced travelers than George. Down they went with fearful rapidity, turning corners without upsetting, but with long slides to leeward, always going on, with many an exclamation from George, who could not feel quite safe while flying at so furious a rate. In nine minutes they were at the foot of the hill, more than two miles from the church.

George thought that this beat all the sliding downhill that he had ever imagined, and he would gladly have walked back for the sake of another slide if he could have found any one to go with him.



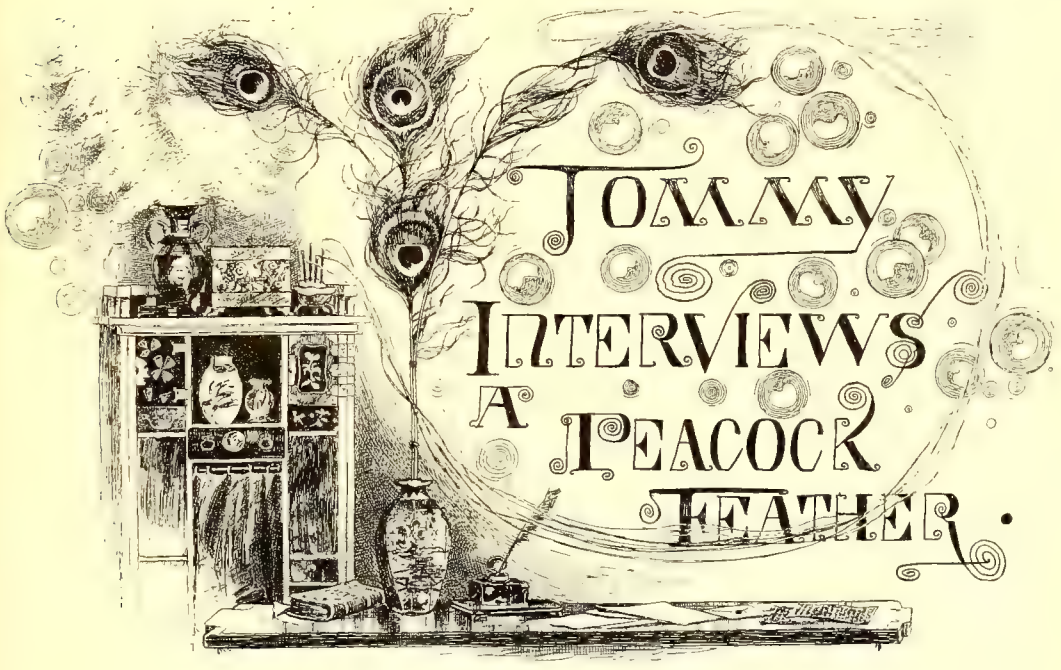
WHO CAN READ THIS LITTLE



LA MAIN.

LE pouce, le premier des cinq doigts de la main,
Dit au second : "Ah ! que j'ai faim ! "
L'index, le second, dit : " Nous n'avons pas de pain."
Le doigt du milieu : " Comment faire ? "
" Comme on pourra ! " dit l'annulaire.
" Pieù ! pieù ! pieù ! " dit le plus petit,
" Qui travaille vit,
Qui travaille vit."





By Alice Wellington Rollins.

"What can you see with that big eye of yours?" asked Tommy, as he climbed upon a chair, and gazed fixedly at a tall peacock feather in a vase on his mother's table.

"Alas!" sighed the Peacock Feather, "I can not see anything."

"Not see anything, with so beautiful an eye? Why, what is your eye for?"

"I don't know," said the Peacock Feather, sadly. "But I think," it added, timidly, after a moment—"I think there are some other people who have eyes and can't see."

"Yes, I know," said Tommy, quickly,—"blind people."

"No, I don't mean blind people; I mean people who have eyes and could see, but won't see."

"I don't wish to contradict you," said Tommy, politely. "But I really don't think there are any such people."

"Well," said the Peacock Feather, thoughtfully, "tell me something *you* can see. You have very bright eyes. I wonder if you always see everything there is to be seen?"

"My mother says I do."

"Well, tell me something that you see."

"I see," said Tommy, gazing wildly about, as if he saw so much that he could not possibly limit his vision to one thing, "I see — I see a tree!"

"But I can't see a tree, you know, so I have n't the least idea what a tree is. You must describe it to me. How does a tree grow? or does n't it grow at all? What is it made of? What feeds it? Do the leaves fall off in winter, or do they stay on? Does it bear fruit, or only flowers, or does n't it even have any flowers? What colors the leaves green? If the leaves turn red in the autumn, what makes them red? What is a tree good for? Did it grow wild where you see it, or was it planted there? How many kinds of trees are there? What effect on the amount of rain in any country does the number of trees have? What ——"

"Dear me!" interrupted Tommy. "Wait a minute. You can't expect a fellow to see all that."

"No," said the Peacock Feather, quietly; "I did n't. I thought you were one of the people who have eyes and yet can't see."

"Oh, but see here!"

"Is it kind of you," inquired the Feather with dignity, "to tell me to 'see here,' when you know I can't see?"

"Excuse me, please," said Tommy, blushing violently to think he had hurt the Feather's feelings. "What I meant to say was '*look* here!'"

"And of what use is it to me to *look* when I can't *see?*" demanded the Feather, a little snappishly.

"Oh, no! — yes! — of course!" stammered Tommy in embarrassment. "I only meant to tell you that I don't see all those things you asked about now; but I *could* see them if I had a mind to."

"If you had a mind to? What is that? I suppose I could see them, if I had a mind to."

Now this was a very old joke indeed; a joke as old as the funny things that Charles Lamb used to say; but then you could hardly expect a Peacock Feather to have read Charles Lamb, and the poor thing thought it was saying something original.

"Yes, of course you could; but this is the difference, you see ——"

"You *what?*" snapped the Feather.

"Excuse me; I meant to say, 'You *know*'; this is the difference: you have n't any *mind* to see with, and I have n't any mind to *see*. What I mean is, that there 's a kind of an eye in my mind that can see all those things you asked me about whenever I choose to make it. If I chose to go and read a lot of books, and ask my father a lot of questions, and listen to a lot of my teachers' lectures, I should soon know every one of those things you asked me about. It 's a kind of an eye inside of me, and I can open it and find out things whenever I please. Now, *you* have n't any mind, you know; and so of course you could never understand any of these things, if you tried ever so hard. See?"

"Yes, I see," answered the Feather, thoughtfully.

"But I thought you could n't see," retorted Tommy, a little wickedly, rather pleased at having at last caught the Feather who had tripped him up so many times in his remarks.

"Oh, I am seeing with my inner eye," answered the Feather, calmly. "I, too, have a kind of an eye inside of me. It is not a mind's eye,—of course I don't make any pretension towards having a mind,—but it 's a very good eye of its kind, and it sees some things very clearly. It sees, for instance, that a little boy who could see and won't take the trouble to see is a much more pitiable being than a poor Feather who could n't see anything if it should try a year. Do you really mean to say," it added with increasing emphasis, lifting all its little fibers in astonishment to its face, as a light breeze swept through the room — "do you really mean to say, little boy, that you actually *have a mind, and that you don't care anything about it?*"

"Oh, yes! I care about it, some," answered Tommy, sheepishly.

"But not enough to take the trouble to open your mind's eye very wide. Very well; good-bye, little boy."

And the Feather waved its delicate fibers again, as if to dismiss so insignificant an object from its presence.

"So I 'm a 'pitiable being,' am I," muttered Tommy, as he pushed his chair back against the wall, "just because I don't happen to know everything there is to be known about trees? Well, I guess the Feather is right about that inner eye of its own; it certainly saw some things that never struck me before. I 've a great mind——"

"You 've a great mind!" repeated the Feather, with delicate irony. "Have you, indeed, a great mind?"

"I mean, Feather," said Tommy, with a very low and polite bow — "I mean, that, having a mind, I 'm going to make it a great mind if I can. I 'm going to begin with finding out all that you asked me about the trees. I *can* find out, if I choose to, and I 'm going to choose to. You will see to-morrow how much I shall know."

"I shall see, to-morrow?" exclaimed the Feather, delightedly.

"Oh, no, no, I beg your pardon! I did n't mean to excite any false hopes in your heart. I meant to say that you will *hear* to-morrow how wise I have become. You see, you know, you are really so intelligent, and have such a very beautiful eye, that I keep forgetting your limitations."

"Little boy," said a soft voice, with a sigh, as Tommy closed the door, "appreciate your opportunities!"

And Tommy went to school half an hour earlier than usual that day, and was so very attentive, and asked so many intelligent questions, that his teachers were greatly delighted. But it all came from his interview with a Peacock Feather, and from his discovering how sad a thing it is to have eyes and yet not to be able to see.

PAUL AND NICOLAI IN ALASKA.

By M. L. Tidball.



"SEIZING THE ROPE, SHE MADE OFF WITH THE SLED." (SEE PAGE 368.)

Chapter I.

THE THEFT OF THE SLED.

Nicolai Nicoloff stood on the shore at Sitka watching the Russian ships as they disappeared on the horizon, carrying with them his best companions. He brushed a tear away with the back of his chubby hand, and turned resolutely home to the pilot's house. It was hard to carry a cheerful face to the little lame sister.

Alaska had been sold to the Americans; and all was now finished, to the very last. The Russian Prince Maksoutoff and his pretty wife had sailed away to-day, taking with them every Russian — even every one that claimed to be a Russian — save only the few, the very few, who remained behind from choice, unwilling to forsake their only home.

Nicolai, or Collia, as he was most often called, trudged along, gulping down great sighs, which ended in groans, half of anger, half of desolation. Had he not a right to be angry as well as desolate? For to-day his Russian mother, of whom he had been so proud and fond, had deserted her home, her husband, and her children. This day she had gone back to her Russia, taking the pretty daughter Alickneeda.

The boy, with an impatient shake of his shoulders, followed for a short distance the road leading from the deserted wharf, and then turned into an open square. Around this square were built substantial log houses, some of them rude stores, some already the homes of American officers.

On an eminence to the right stood a clumsy pile of buildings, once the Prince's palace, now the home of the American commandant.

As Nicolai approached the rude, ice-covered

steps that led to this "palace," a cheery voice called to him from the height above; and he stopped, half reluctant to be seen in such a plight of grief, yet from long habit of obedience not thinking to disobey a summons.

A fur cap was lifted from a crown of yellow curls and waved to him with swift impatience. "Ho, Collia! here is my sled. Come with me to the Indian River!"

Even as he shouted, a little lad coasted perilously down a steep pathway near the steps, and in the next moment stood beside Collia.

Paul, the son of the new American commandant, was a handsome lad; and he looked so brave and friendly as he smiled a welcome at Nicolai, that our poor little Russki already felt almost comforted.

Boy-like, they darted off together; and a brisk run soon brought them to the Greek church, whose clamoring chime of bells was calling the Aleuts and Indians to one of its frequent services. Here they found a group of Indians, who half filled the open space in front and quite blocked the sidewalk. They were not collected for any devotional purpose; but squatted cross-legged in the snow and ice, idly gossiping and gambling with one another.

Paul and Nicolai, in order to pass them, turned from the walk into the rough frozen road; and the little sled, dragging behind Paul, brushed too closely the outstretched foot of an Indian girl. With a sharp, angry cry, she immediately gave chase to the boys, who ran on, unconscious of any offense. When within reach of Paul, she snatched his hat from his head, and tossed it far out into the untrodden snow, while with saucy lips she pelted him with some rather rude Chenook words.

When Paul, on turning, found his assailant was only a little Indian girl of his own height, his first impulse of anger gave way to a merry laugh, and dropping the rope of his sled, he stepped out into the drift to recover his insulted cap.

The girl watched him with a malicious gleam in her great black eyes. He had not gone many feet out into the drift, when, with a sudden toss, she drew her Indian blanket over her arms, and, seizing the rope of the deserted sled, made off with it, leaping and bounding like a young deer. Every now and then she threw over her shoulder a defiant whoop, and was almost at once out of reach of the two astonished boys. Nicolai was the first to give chase, and he called to his comrade to follow. The girl ran back upon the straight road, or street, over which they had just come, until she reached the open square; then, turning abruptly to the right, and running along that side of the square until beyond its nearest corner, she came to a gate in a heavy barricade of upright logs.

This gate connected the Indian village with the white settlement. But at sundown the Indians, who had the freedom of the garrison by day, were marched home, their unwilling steps closely followed by a sentinel, who barricaded the gate and kept guard until sunrise.

CHAPTER II.

IN A TIGHT PLACE.

IT was still an hour before sunset, and there was neither sentinel nor other observer when Alounka, the Indian girl, with a last whoop of triumph, slipped through the gate and, all breathless, ran into the market-building. In this great open shed, the Indian hunters every morning sold venison and other game; here squaws brought the earliest salmon-berries, blueberries, and cranberries; and here fishermen sold their salmon, halibut, and the oily eulachon, or candle-fish, which is used literally as its name suggests.* These commodities were the main dependence of the garrison. The building was deep, and in its distant corners dark enough for a refuge. Alounka thrust herself and the sled under a pile of deer-skins — and waited.

Collia arrived at the gate shortly behind the girl, but waited for Paul to join him, and there the two took counsel. Collia knew well enough the treachery of their dark-skinned neighbors, and he quickly explained to Paul, the stranger boy, how great a risk they both must run to enter this village unprotected and claiming stolen property.

But Paul was too angry and impatient to listen to prudent counsel, and brushing past his little Aleut friend he entered the village and stood for one moment in front of the market-place, uncertain what to do next. Alounka was nowhere in sight. Before him was an apparently empty shed running parallel with the beach, its back to the water and its black opening facing him.

Far along the shore stretched, one after the other, great, clumsy structures of hewn logs — the Indian houses. Paul had arrived in Sitka only a few days before, and, except from shipboard, had not yet seen this curious place. In front of each structure was planted a huge pole, or log, elaborately carved, called a *totem*.

These poles looked like dreadful monsters to the boy's unaccustomed eyes. They were gayly painted in all colors — one hideous head rising out of and over another, and one hideous frog, reptile, or figure rising out of another, continuously, in an ugly, confused mass, looming to the height of an enormous Alaska cedar. These threshold guardians, standing solemnly one in front of each round entrance, looked so horrid and forbidding,

*See p. 393, ST. NICHOLAS for March, 1886.

that the American boy, hesitating, turned — to find Nicolai standing beside him, pale and quiet, but plainly resolved not to leave him.

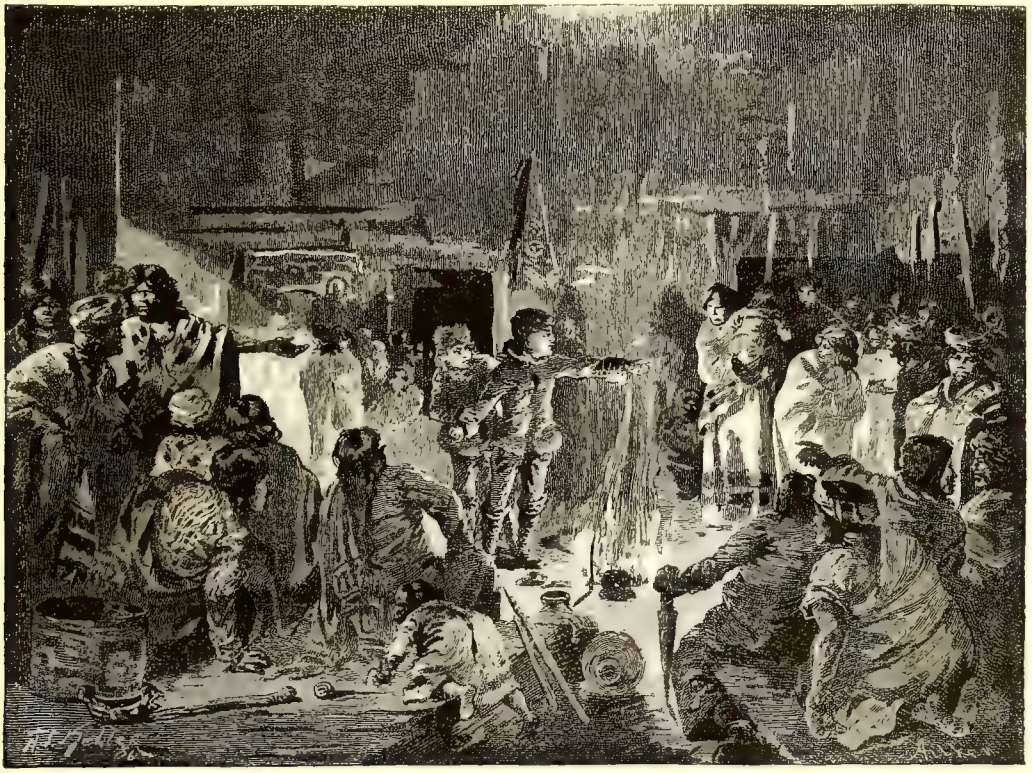
The market seemed quite deserted and empty; so, after a brief survey, Paul and Collia left it, and ran through the Indian village its whole length, searching as they went, not venturing yet to enter a lodge, but looking closely at groups of Indians, in the hope of finding Alounka.

In a few moments, the boys themselves became objects of interest and curiosity, and they were soon surrounded, and their progress blocked by a leering crowd. Braves, squaws, pappooses pressed around, and peered curiously into their faces; shaggy, wolf-like dogs snuffed and snarled at the heels of the new-comers, who with difficulty maintained a brave appearance.

They were returning toward the market-place, when suddenly, Paul quite forgot the crowd around him at sight of Alounka, whom he now beheld lazily sauntering on the beach, skipping pebbles over the water and apparently unconscious of their presence. He ran quickly toward her; and Alounka, turning at the same instant to face him, uttered a few rapid words to one of the largest braves, at the same time gesticulating angrily and pointing at Paul and Collia. Before the boys could quite realize what had happened, they were seized and roughly dragged toward the opening that answered for a door in one of the Indian houses.

These openings are the only means of entrance, except by the roof, and are at a considerable height from the ground. The two boys were lifted, hustled, hurried through one of the holes, and immediately found themselves in a large apartment, or rather square court. A fire burned on the earthen floor, the smoke disappearing overhead through a large opening in the roof. A wooden platform ran around the sides of the court, and many small doors opened upon the platform. These doors, Nicolai afterward told Paul, belonged to tiny rooms, each occupied by an Indian family.

Many Indians were already assembled there, and a large number swarmed in after the boys, until the space was filled. For some moments there was a very bedlam of voices. Alounka and the large brave were prominent in an apparent dispute with



"STILL HOLDING PAUL'S HAND, COLLIA FACED THE EXCITED INDIANS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

two powerful Indians who had risen from their pipes on the entrance of Alounka and her captives. These two Indians talked apart with Alounka. She had drawn her scarlet blanket closely around her, squaring her shoulders and elbows, and lifting a defiant, wayward, mocking face, as she answered them daringly.

The blanket parted below, showing a dark blue cotton slip, or narrow gown, and under it Paul could see a little moccasin every now and then pat the floor impatiently.

Collia held Paul firmly by the hand, and said:

"Be not fear.— Ez gurl is make hers father *minorga cultus* — (much mad).— Wait now.— Be not fear!"

CHAPTER III.

AN UNEXPECTED TURN OF EVENTS.

THE Aleuts are a race small of stature, gentle, and almost timid. Their origin is uncertain, but some wise men believe that they came from Asia, across the Pacific or by Behring's Strait. The Aleuts believe themselves to be Russians, and they speak a Russian dialect, but their appearance is not unlike that of the Chinese. Nothing insults them more than to be thought related to the Indians. Collia, was the son of Father Nicol, the pilot,—as Russians, Aleuts, and Indians called him. Nicol, besides being the skillful and only pilot at Sitka, was also the owner of the Russian baths, to which the whole populace flocked, and was the Aleut of chief influence in the Alaskan capital.

Nicolai Nicoloff was his father's only son and great pride. Collia always went with Father Nicol in the little pilot-boat to meet incoming vessels. There was never weather too stormy for the boy, who had been trained from babyhood to think it gay sport to go tossing over the crests of high waves. Besides his training at the Russian school, Collia, from frequent intercourse with English and American sailors, had picked up bits of their language; so that when the Americans took possession of Sitka, he could understand them, and make himself partly understood in broken English.

Paul, looking at Collia now, saw that he was pale to the lips. Still holding Paul's hand, the little Aleut stepped out into the open space near the fire, and raised one hand high. Standing thus, he faced the excited Indians, and their loud voices became still at a gesture from Annahoots, their chief. Collia now spoke in their own tongue, and his voice was quiet and low. Paul, listening to him, began to feel a sense of protection; and his own fast-beating heart beat less wildly, even though he could not understand this strange language. As the boy continued to speak, in quiet, even tones, Paul saw that the Indians looked at one another uneasily. Once Collia pointed toward Alounka, and her eyes dropped as she turned half away. Once he drew himself up proudly and looked about into those dark faces, while among a few hurried utterances could be heard the words "Russki" and "Czär." Then followed some rapid, excited speech, as he pointed at Paul, and then, with a gesture of horror, toward the garrison.

He once more drew Paul to him, and, with an arm over his friend's shoulder, made motion among the throng in the direction of the entrance. Paul had not looked for this, and he was astonished to find the Indians give way before the boy. Soon the two again stood under the open sky.

"*Skurrai*,* Paul! *Skurrai!* that they not change. Come!" said Nicolai, as both boys started on a run for the gate.

When almost there, the sound of pursuing feet made them hurriedly glance over their shoulders. They saw close behind them the elfish face of Alounka, and with it, to their terror, that of her scowling father.

This man, Hintza, was a son of Annahoots, chief of the Sitkas. Peaceful old Annahoots wished always to be on good terms with his neighbors; but Hintza, since early youth, had been the means of getting his father into difficulties with the Russians and with the neighboring and remote Indian tribes. Hintza found an enemy in every man he encountered; and he was himself a very terror to his own tribe, since they were frequently at war with other tribes on his account.

When Collia saw that they were pursued by this Indian, a wild terror seized him, but he still held Paul's hand, and urged him on. The boys ran for their lives, but seemed to run in vain, for the Indian gained upon them with every stride. His crooked legs, grown misshapen as they had from a cross-legged existence in a canoe, were yet fleet enough to outstrip his prey; and twenty yards from the gate he seized them both, dragging them roughly behind him toward the nearest lodge.

Both boys cried out for help — but gained nothing by it. Even if the sentinel had already arrived at the gate with the straggling crowd of Indians for the evening barricade, he would only have supposed these cries to come from two pappooses getting their usual paternal correction. And so, piteously pleading and struggling, Paul and Collia were now close to the entrance of another prison-house.

But just then something happened to Alounka. Instead of trying to help her father, as he had expected, in this second capture, she was standing apart on the very tip-toe of eager anticipation. Her breath came quickly, and her gaze was fixed, not upon

* Hurry.

the capture which she had instigated, but out upon the water, where, just beyond the almost intercepting market-house, a large black object, surrounded by a multitude of smaller specks, was rounding the point of land swiftly and noiselessly. In another instant, suspicion became certainty. Alounka uttered a peculiar piercing call, which caused everything in the village to change as if by magic.



"THE INDIAN GAINED UPON THEM WITH EVERY STRIDE."

Hintza, with a swift glance over his shoulder at the water, loosed his hold of Paul and Collia, and in that instant forgot them. He, too, gave to the startled village that same piercing call, which was caught up, as though by a thousand echoes, all along the beach. Out from the houses poured a swarm of braves: every man armed, every man rushing to his own seat in his own canoe. The occasion demanded action at once.

Multitudes of canoes, fully manned, pushed out from the beach as with one stroke; and before the invading chief Kauklutz and his monster Chilkat war-boat, with its attendant canoes, were abreast of the market-house, the Sitkas were already there awaiting the attack; both tribes, meanwhile, alarming the garrison with cries of defiance and menace.

To Paul and Collia the whole thing meant only liberty — life. They did not wait to see the gathering braves; their push from shore; the squaws, pappooses, and dogs howling on the beach; the fierce battle of the two fleets. They only put speed into their young legs, and hardly noticed the flocking Indians, whom they met rushing through the gate at the call of their tribe.

Even when safely almost across the open square, or parade, they did not slacken speed, but ran as though pursued by both tribes; and so, all breathless, they rushed pell-mell into the arms of an artillery officer, who was hurrying to rouse the guards. Nicolai, the usually stolid, quiet-voiced Aleut, shouted out a torrent of Russian English: "*Skurrai, O Excellenza! Skurrai! Minorga** Kootzenoos! *Minorga* Chilkats! *Minorga* Stickines! *Secchas*† come — plenty come!"

Chapter IV.

CULTUS POTLATCH.

This officer, Colonel Wentworth, was Paul's father. He had but lately been placed in command of Alaska. So little was known by the American troops of what they might expect from these northern Indians, that the clamor now filling the air was naturally alarming to the whole settlement. In the gathering dusk nothing could be seen, nothing was known. Colonel Wentworth at once discovered that the two boys had seen with their own eyes — something; so, as he rapidly walked to the guard-house, he directed them to keep with him and tell their story.

When they had finished, he knew enough to guide him in stationing his guards in case of an attack.

Then followed an anxious night for the garrison. Officers' wives and children, and many other weak and helpless people, flocked to the palace, feeling safer on the hill, at the foot of which the soldiers were on guard, than they could below, in dangerous neighborhood to the Indian village.

* Many. † Immediately.

The two boys who had so lately been together in a pressing danger were now fast friends. They were at once sent to the hill by Colonel Wentworth, and with them went Nicol, the pilot, and Collia's little lame sister, Oftotia. Paul conducted his three friends to Mrs. Wentworth's presence, relieving at once her motherly anxiety at his prolonged absence, and gaining for his friends a kindly welcome.

Nicolai became the hero of the hour when Paul, with much enthusiasm, told the story of their misadventures.

There was little sleeping throughout that long night. Paul and Collia mixed with the crowd assembled on the hill, and for hours watched a moving myriad of torches that flashed around the Indian village. Sometimes these torches seemed chasing up and down the narrow beach; again they flashed in long reflections from the water; and, almost without ceasing, the horrid cries continued.

Paul looked carefully to the comfort of little Oftotia, and was rewarded by a grateful smile from the pale, patient child. As for Nicolai and himself, having grown accustomed to the ceaseless din, and even to the suspense and uncertainty, they by-and-by grew heavy-eyed, and curled up, each in a corner, and fell fast asleep.

At sunrise, the gate of the barricade remained barred, of course; but with the aid of field-glasses the garrison could easily watch the battle between the Chilkats and the Sitkas.

The Indians showed no disposition to intrude on the white settlement, and it was decided not to interfere with them. Colonel Wentworth learned from the pilot that this quarrel with the Chilkats dated back to former years. Hintza, while visiting the Stickines, had killed a Chilkat brave in a hasty quarrel, and the offense had never yet been forgiven. The rule with Indian disputes required an extended feud of probably years' duration, all captives taken in battle being perpetual slaves to the captors; or else, absurd as it may seem, a *cultus potlatch* ended the feud. The *cultus potlatch* was a gift, usually of blankets, to appease the anger of a grieving and aggrieved relative — so many blankets for the murder of a brave, so many for that of an old woman, and so on.

The garrison being assured of its own safety, people returned to their homes; but, for the three days in which this little war lasted, no one was quite easy in mind. The invaders interrupted their siege with an occasional rest on lovely Japonska Island, just across the narrow channel. On the third day, Nicol discovered the approach of an American man-of-war; and when he had conducted it to its moorings, immediately opposite the Indian village, there was a sudden end to hostilities.

Guns that thrust their black muzzles from the ship's sides opened fire to salute the flag of the garrison. And at this, Chilkats and Sitkas were alike convinced that the terrible noise threatened punishment to both, and they made immediate preparations for a *cultus potlatch*.

Hintza, wisely remembering his recent offense, disappeared altogether. Old Annahoots sent ambassadors with grave ceremonial, begging the great *Tyees*, or leading officers of the fort and of the man-of-war, to be present at the grand peace-making between the tribes. Paul obtained from his father permission to attend the ceremony with Collia; and so, to the sound of tum-tums and Indian rattles, the boys entered Annahoots' lodge, this time with the great *Tyees*, and were led to seats of honor with solemn parade and ceremony.

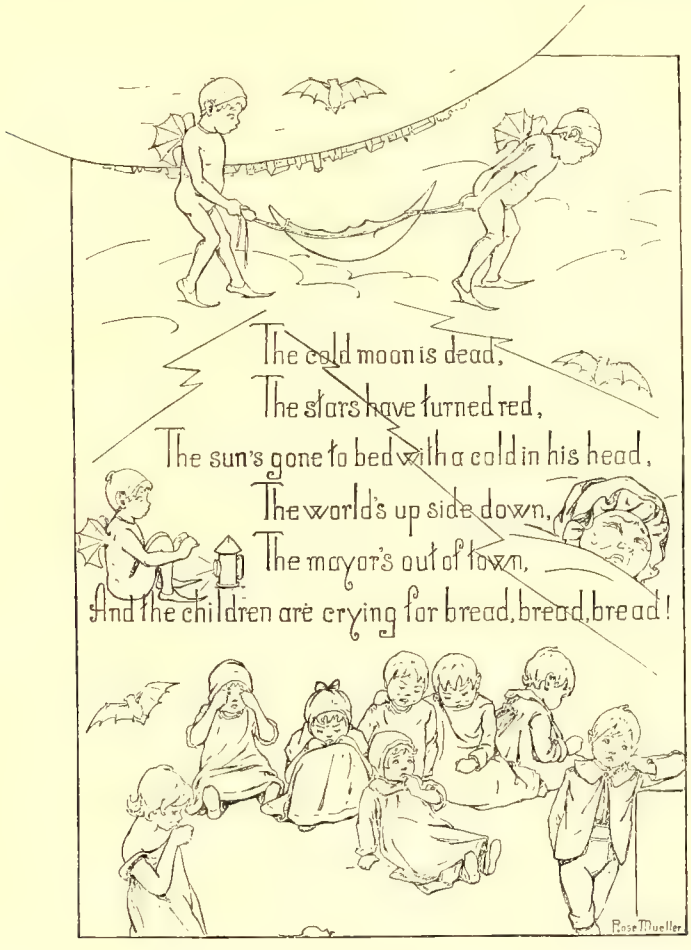
While the painted and much ornamented warriors performed their *cultus potlatch* dances with frightful howls to the shaking of their gaudy wooden rattles — a weird, almost terrible scene — Nicolai and Paul, after the first novel emotions, cast their glances about in search of Alounka. So far from disliking that peculiar little maiden, they began to feel a sense of disappointment that she was nowhere in sight. Then for a while their attention was again engaged as the imposing ceremony of the *cultus potlatch* was performed, while Kauklutz and his braves condescended to accept with dignity the pile of blankets bound with bark strips.

Paul was gazing at a particularly ridiculous dancer, when turning toward Collia, his fun-loving face aglow with merriment, he saw instead of the little Aleut the roguish black eyes of Alounka.

She stood close beside him — in one hand a basket, which she offered him, with a gesture that was partly shy and friendly, and partly defiant. This basket, such as only Alaskan Indians can make, was cunningly woven, delicately shaped, and of brilliant colors. The straw, dyed stitch by stitch, and of all colors, was woven in, also stitch by stitch, over the under-plaited rootlets in a manner resembling the work on old tapestry. It contained a number of walrus-ivory and black-horn carvings — carvings for which the Alaskan Indians are now famous, and in which none were more deft and cunning than the elfish maid Alounka. As Paul colored and hesitated, Alounka besought his acceptance of her gift with a real Indian laugh — half guttural utterance, half childish mirth, and wholly bewitching. Then, as the basket lay in his hand, she said, in a soft, broken way, "Alounka *cultus potlatch*."

And even as she spoke, though Paul impulsively thrust out his free hand to detain her, the girl slipped away, and was lost in the pressing throng.

THE END.



A NEW LEAF FROM WASHINGTON'S BOY LIFE.

By Wm. F. Carne.

George Washington, as every schoolboy knows, was the son of Augustine Washington, of Westmoreland County, Virginia. Lawrence Washington, George's half-brother, and fifteen years his senior, was, while George was yet a schoolboy, an officer of Virginia troops fighting for the English flag against the "Dons," at Carthagena and on the Spanish Main. Colonel William Fairfax, of Belvoir, a great man in the old Virginia days, was the county lieutenant, member of the Governor's Council, and the resident manager of the vast Virginian estates of his cousin Thomas, Lord Fairfax. Belvoir lay among the Potomac hills in that beautiful stretch of country that many readers of St. Nicholas have doubtless seen from the great white dome of

the Capitol. After his father's death, Lawrence Washington built a home, which he called Mount Vernon, upon his inherited estate of 7000 acres on the Potomac, and he married Annie Fairfax, the daughter of the great man of Belvoir.

So to that beautiful home, his school days over, came young George Washington, a bright boy of fourteen. Madame Lawrence Washington's brothers and sisters at Belvoir were, most of them, of a companionable age for young George, and he soon grew intimate and familiar at the Fairfax mansion. The abundance of youthful society made Belvoir very attractive to a lad of Washington's tastes, surroundings, and disposition.

The sports of the open air and the pleasant indoor amusements led to a friendship that colored all of Washington's life. The elder of the two Fairfax lads, George William Fairfax, early won the admiration of Washington, and his influence is shown in a curious way, by the fact that, just as Washington grew into manhood, he changed his signature and fashioned it anew upon the model of George Fairfax's autograph.

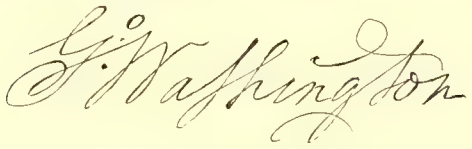
When Washington was seventeen years of age he wrote his name thus:



George William Fairfax's signature, still to be seen on a score of documents at Fairfax Court House, is as follows:



After Washington had been acquainted with Mr. Fairfax for some years, and had corresponded with him, he changed his autograph to this:



The second of the Fairfax boys bore the name of Thomas. This lad young Washington never saw, but it was this absent Thomas who exerted the strongest influence over young George Washington's developing youth, and excited a spirit of manliness and emulation that none of his actual associates could inspire. Before Washington became intimate at Belvoir, young Thomas Fairfax, then scarcely more than a child, had been made a midshipman in the "King's Navee," and had sailed away to foreign seas.

But, though away from Belvoir, he was by no means forgotten in the loving family circle into which George Washington had been admitted. Indeed, the absent lad Thomas Fairfax was the hero of that Virginian home. Around his name there hung the glamour of romance, and to the home-folk the boy's doings and experiences were of far more importance than were the events of which they formed a part.

In March, 1744, all Europe became involved in the strife over the claims of Maria Theresa, the great Archduchess of Austria: and France declared war against England. In the fall of 1744, a British squadron, comprising two ships-of-war of sixty guns and one of twenty guns, under the flag of Commodore Barnet, sailed from Portsmouth, England, with orders to cruise against the French in the East Indian seas; and on one of these — the ship-of-war Harwick, Captain Cartaret commanding — sailed young Thomas Fairfax, Midshipman.

The fleet was to cruise in the Bay of Bengal, mainly between Ceylon and Madras; but no sooner had it appeared in East Indian waters, than Monsieur Labourdonnais, commandant of the Isles of France and Bourbon,* and an adventurous and daring sailor, hastened to oppose their maneuvers. Embarking a crew of three thousand untried men, of whom seven hundred were negroes, on nine leaky vessels, he sailed to the attack; but with an unseaworthy fleet, and an equally unseaworthy crew, the ocean defeated him even before he met the enemy. One of his ships was wrecked on the coast of Madagascar, and he was obliged to put back for repairs. So not until 1746 did the hostile squadrons meet. They joined then in what the chronicles of the day call "a distant and almost bloodless action," in which "neither party could lay claim to any decided advantage." But that "almost bloodless action," of which the histories of India scarcely make mention, had its effect, in one way, upon the future of what is now a nation of fifty millions of people. For on the deck of the Harwick, His Britannic Majesty's ship-of-war, fell the young Virginian, Thomas Fairfax, the brave boy midshipman.

With the first winds of winter came the sad news to Belvoir; and young George Washington, then about fifteen, joined in the deep but stately grief of the stricken family, and, under the inspiration of the report of courageous deeds, woke to a new ambition that never died.

Funeral rites were performed at Belvoir for the young hero who had been buried at sea. His

* Now known as Mauritius, and famous in literature as the scene of the story of "Paul and Virginia."

father inscribed upon the marble that commemorated his death that quaint epitaph:—

To the Memory of
THOMAS FAIRFAX ESQUIRE

Who died fighting in his Country's cause on board the Harwick Ship of War in an engagement with Monsieur Bourdenaye, commander of a French Squadron on the Indian Coast

the 26th of June 1746,
and in the 21st year of his age,

Beloved by his commander, Captain Carteret, and highly favored by his friend Commodore Barnet for his politeness of manners. He was a comely personage, of undoubted bravery, skilled in the theory of the profession; excelled by few as a Naval Draughtsman, gave early promises, by a pregnant genius and diligent application, of a consummate officer for the service of his country. But the Wisdom of Heaven is inscrutable: human life is ever in the hands of its author; and while the good and brave are always ready for death, resignation becomes their surviving friends. Convinced of this duty yet subdued by the sentiments of a tender parent this tablet was inscribed and dedicated by his sorrowing father.

May, Britain, all thy sons like him behave —
May all be virtuous and like him be brave.
Thy fiercest foes undaunted he withstood,
And perished fighting for his country's good.

A manly boy is quick to listen and ready to respond to the story of manliness in others. To young George Washington the dirges for the dead midshipman at Belvoir came rather as a note of triumph than a song of sorrow, for they told of a heroic death — the epic of a boy, scarce older than himself, who had fallen under the enemies' guns on far-off eastern seas, where the flag of his ship, unstruck, waved at the peak above his ocean funeral.

Bold, ambitious, accustomed to see no boy excel him, full of high sentiments of honor, loyalty, and duty — who can doubt what pulses thrilled the heart of Washington, when this example was brought face to face with him every hour of his life? Who can fail to see in these events the motive which led him to seek, like Fairfax, a midshipman's commission? You all know the story: how a vessel waited in the Potomac; how Washington's luggage was sent on board; how his mother, agonized lest her son, too, should die among strangers on far-off seas, intervened; and how, at her entreaties, he abandoned a career that seemed to him full of promise and of glory,— all these are familiar themes. He laid his ambition at his mother's feet, and turned his steps to the then quiet paths that lay about his home. And soon those paths extended into scenes of peril and adventure that gave him fame even before he reached the age at which Thomas Fairfax fell. But the influence of the midshipman's example did not stop there. And the heights of Boston and the field of Yorktown witnessed in after years the display of the martial spirit that was quickened into life by the memory of Thomas Fairfax and of his death in that unchronicled fight, when the Virginia boy builded his life into the foundations of the Empire of India.





A HAPPY FAMILY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HEGGER.)

ST. NICHOLAS DOG STORIES.

XXIII.—THE HISTORY OF JACK.

(A true story.)

By Oliver Ellsworth Wood.



Jack was a little yellow dog, with a very long body and very short legs. When I bought him of one of the soldiers of our post at Madison Barracks, on the shore of Lake Ontario, Jack was but a puppy, and he had a slim tail that in after years curled up over his back like the curve of an old-fashioned Dutch skate. His eyes were sharp and as bright as two stars, his ears had been well trimmed to points, and with the exception of a long pointed black muzzle, he was as yellow as a pumpkin all over, and his skin was as soft as silk. He could lay claim to more good blood than his appearance warranted, and he was one of the most intelligent dogs I ever saw. He had a rare streak of fun in him that was simply irresistible, and a saucy way of looking up at you with his head cocked on one side. He was a comical little chap, always ready for a frolic; the expression of his face was so human that it seemed as if he was about to say, "I know such a good joke! Come on, now! Hurry up."

Jack was death on cats. So long as they would run away from him, how he would chase them, and bark, as much as to say, "You just wait till I catch you and eat you up"! He once ran straight through a bed of live mortar, so great was his haste to catch a fleeing puss—and of course he suffered severely in consequence. But let one of those much-pursued cats stop, turn around, and look Jack square in the face—and with a yelp of terror, he would stop so quickly that he would tumble heels over head, scramble to his feet, turn and run for home with his tail between his legs, howling for dear life, as much as to say, "For mercy's sake, let me alone. I'm not touching you."

When Jack first came to us, he had a little old-fashioned sleigh bell fastened around his neck with a string. The string was replaced by a new collar to which the little bell was attached, and excepting once or twice when the bell was temporarily lost, its tinkling always heralded his approach. The very tone of it was peculiar, and I believe I could have recognized it had I heard it in China.

Jack proved to be a very teachable dog. Whenever he desired to attract my attention, he would sneeze vigorously; and he was taught to sing in a manner peculiarly his own. He would throw his head back, a little on one side, and begin, "Row-row-row-row-row-row!" bobbing his head with every "row," until the listener would be fairly convulsed with laughter. I bought him a rubber ball, and taught him to find it and bring it to me. He became quite expert at catching the ball in his mouth. No matter whether it was tossed directly at him, or thrown into the air, Jack was always at the right spot when the ball came down. At times, when he could n't get any of us to play, he would go out with the ball in his mouth and hunt up some boy to play with him.



One day when Jack was coming into the house through the front door, it shut with a slam before he and his tail were through. This resulted badly for the tail, for the tip was held fast by the closed door, and there Jack sprawled and howled until the door was opened. Upon his recovery, there was a permanent crook in the end of his tail, as if a knot had been tied in it.

After that occurrence Jack never went through a half-closed door, unless some one held it open. If it was wide open, he would make a wild dash through, all ready to yell, with his tail between his legs — for *safety*, not because he was afraid — oh, no!

One of the officers of the post, who had recently come in from the plains, had ten or a dozen large greyhounds, which had there been used to chase deer.

Notwithstanding its size, the greyhound, when alone, is an arrant coward, unless cornered; then he becomes a dangerous antagonist. And when greyhounds run together in a pack, in pursuit of an animal, and catch it, their sharp teeth soon tear it to pieces.

Jack was a coward, too, but he knew by instinct that a single greyhound was even a greater coward than himself; and when one of the hounds would stroll along by the house, it was ludicrous to see the little scamp rush out quivering with excitement, and barking as if he would eat Mr. Greyhound. Invariably, the greyhound would turn tail and run; Jack would follow a few steps and then return with a look in his face which plainly said, "Did you *ever* see such a coward?"

But one day Jack was taking a walk with me on the parade-ground down toward the lake, and some distance from the house. All at once the whole pack of hounds, as if urged by one common impulse to get even with him for the indignities he had heaped upon them singly, started in a body for Jack. At first he did not notice them, but when he did, instead of coming to me for protection, he turned and struck out for home in the usual manner, with his tail between his legs and with the usual accompaniment of howls. How he did run! He was running this time for his life, and he knew it. He looked like a tiny yellow speck as he scampered toward the house. The pack of hounds keeping well together, gained on him at every jump. Twice I thought they had him, and half turned away my head; but, no! he doubled on them and fairly flew in another direction. The hounds could not turn as quickly as he could, and fell over one another in their attempts to do so. As Jack reached the terrace in front of the quarters, he flew into the house through the open door, safe! The door was closed by my wife — who had been watching the desperate race — just as the hounds met in a body over a boy's straw hat that was lying upon the grass before the door. In about two seconds there was nothing left of that hat; it was torn into ribbons before they found out it was n't Jack, after all! But from that time, Jack was not on speaking terms with any of those hounds.

One day he accompanied me to the little village of Sackett's Harbor, and while in one of the stores, the proprietor called me back into the counting-room to see a cat and a litter of kittens that were in a large wooden box on the floor. Jack was not invited, but with his usual impudence, he



"HOW HE DID RUN!"

followed me, and evidently wondered what we could be looking at.

His curiosity got the better of his judgment, and he raised up on his hind legs to look over into the box, when, with a tremendous "miaouw!" Mrs. Puss made one jump and, fastening her claws well on Jack's back, rode the astonished dog through the store to the front door, which, fortunately for him, was wide open.

How that yellow dog did howl! I do not really suppose that Jack ever knew what struck him, it was done so quickly. Without once turning around, he dashed through the door, the cat falling off; and away he started for the barracks, yelping with pain and chagrin, positive in his own mind that he was still pursued by some ferocious animal which would devour him whole if he should be caught.

Many times after that, I tried to coax him to enter that store, but, no — he had learned his lesson, and would quietly wait for me on the outside.

In the summer after Jack came to us, our command was ordered to Fort Adams, Rhode Island, and Jack, of course, went along. Much of our leisure during the summer was devoted to fishing, and as we sat upon the stone dock, trying to lure the mackerel or the skipper to our hook, Jack was always on hand, quite as interested in the results as were we.

One day we were short of bait, and asked a passing fisherman to throw us a live lobster. As soon as it struck the dock, Jack decided that here was something to be attended to at once; but, while walking around and sniffing at it, he was

fairly caught in the jaw by its strong claw. In his attempts to free himself, Jack's eyes almost bulged out of his head, and his agonizing yelps were enough to deafen any respectable lobster. His captor, however, held him in its powerful grip without relaxing. As soon as we discovered his predicament we flew to the rescue, and I was actually obliged to break the lobster's claw, in order to release Jack. Once free, he started for home and never stopped till he was safe in his own bed.

From that day he lost his interest in fishing, and the sight of a lobster would make him shiver as if he had a chill.

In December of the following year our regiment moved South, and Jack accompanied us to Fort Barrancas, Florida.

Thus far his trials had been few in comparison with those he was to undergo.

The short grass that covered the parade ground was of peculiar nature; it is a hardy kind of spur grass which grows in sand, needing little or no moisture, and has small cockle spurs which are indeed a thorn in the flesh to all animals with tender feet. There was an abundance of good brick walks, however, in every direction, and after a brief



"HIS YELPS WERE ENOUGH TO DEAFEN ANY RESPECTABLE LOBSTER."

experience, every dog at the post soon learned to keep off the grass.

It was very amusing to see Jack, when as sometimes happened, his ball would be thrown out into the spur grass. He would watch where it went, and then run up and down the walk barking and crying, as much as to say, "Oh, dear, how shall I ever get that ball?" He would sit down on the walk at the point nearest the ball, and with his ears drooping and the tears fairly rolling from his eyes, he would cry in the most piteous manner, until finally realizing that he must go after it, he would pick his way gingerly along, until he struck a spur with one of his feet, when he would give a quick, short yelp, and hobble along on three feet until another foot was crippled, and then in sheer desperation he would make a few stiff-legged jumps, and get the ball in his mouth; then he would rush crying for the walk, drop the ball, and set himself to work to extract the spurs with his teeth, occasionally transferring one to his lip during the operation.

That would generally settle him, and he would sit there crying for some one to come and help him. He learned, after several experiences of that sort, to lie down on his back, and hold up his four paws to have the spurs extracted.

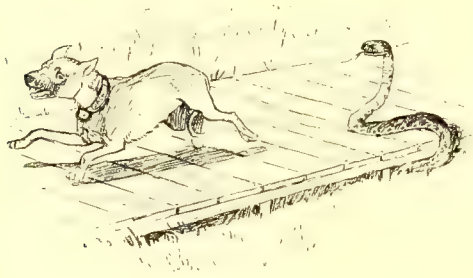
Leading from my quarters to the adjoining house was a board walk with wide cracks, a fine resort for snakes, and one day as Jack was taking his constitutional along this walk, a snake popped up its head and struck at him. Fortunately it did not hit him, but the effect was well nigh as bad, for, as usual, Jack made a dash for home, yelling with terror. After that experience, when Jack was following me along that walk, I have seen him several times, just before reaching the spot where the snake had interviewed him, step deliberately off into the spur grass, and go entirely round the place, filling his paws with the spurs, rather than run the risk of meeting another member of that family of moccasin snakes.

On many a rainy day when we would all be seated around the room, some reading and others sewing, Jack would waken from a nap, fetch his ball and go through the following programme with each person in the room, until he would find some one to play with him.

First he would lay the ball at some one's feet, look up in his saucy way, his bright eyes sparkling with fun, his head a little on one side, and give a short, quick, quiet sort of a bark, as much as to say, "Oh! give me a toss! just one!" If that proved unsuccessful, he would give two or three barks, and then sneeze, and follow it up with two or three sneezes, all the time looking up in an appealing sort of a way that meant, "Come on now! You might!" That generally would accomplish his desires; but if it did not, he would again go through the whole performance, and then kick out with his hind foot, scratching the carpet, by which he expressed, "Hurry up, for pity's sake!" If all that did not touch his friend's heart, Jack would repeat it all faithfully, and then taking the ball in his mouth, would rise on his hind feet, place his fore paws on the obdurate one's lap, quietly lay the ball thereon, and holding it by one paw, would simply stare the person out of countenance, until for very shame the ball would have to be thrown for so persistent a beggar.

One evening, during a severe norther, we were

about ready to retire, when some one said, "Where 's Jack?" I looked in his box, where he generally slept, but he was not there. I whistled and called him, but no answering tinkle of his bell could be heard. I went from room to room and searched everywhere, calling and whistling repeatedly, but with no response. I opened the front door, went around the house, but no Jack. At last, we retired to our bedroom, and gave up



"A SNAKE POPPED UP ITS HEAD AND STRUCK AT HIM."

the search, feeling assured that he would eventually turn up all right; but just as I turned down the bed-clothes, there, in the very middle of the bed, between the sheets, was Mr. Jack, with his bright eyes twinkling, all curled up in a heap, as comfortable as you please, with that saucy look in his face meaning, "Don't fret about me! I 'm all right!"

How do you suppose he got there without leaving a mark to indicate that he had even touched the bed? When we entered the room, the bed looked immaculate, the pillows and the shams were not even disturbed, and there was no lump visible indicating his presence; but we found out that he had jumped into a chair that stood at the head of the bed, had carefully picked his way *behind* the pillows close to the headboard, until he reached the middle, and then had burrowed his way down to the place where we found him.

The little rascal was so cunning that we could n't punish him, although I ordered him, in a very stern voice, to march straight to his box in the adjoining room.

In the following autumn, we were transferred to Charleston, S. C.; and, while quartered in the citadel in that city, Jack's great delight was to ride at the baby's feet in his little carriage, to the amusement of all the children in the vicinity.

Indeed the fame of Jack had spread abroad, and every officer, lady, and child in the regiment knew so much about his funny tricks and wise ways that he was frequently borrowed for the purpose of amusing friends.

His reputation as a canine singer was simply unequaled, and his performances afforded great fun to those who heard him.

On one occasion, an officer took him to the Charleston Hotel, for the purpose of showing his accomplishments to some ladies. When he was taken up into the parlor, the officer held up the ball, called Jack's attention to it, and then threw it down, saying: "Now, Jack, bring it to me!" But, no! Jack did not propose to show off on that occasion; he retired under the piano, and laid down with his nose on his paws, his ears drooping and a disgusted look in his eyes, as much as to say: "This business of having to make a display is tiresome!" They coaxed him, offered him his dearly loved cake, did everything to induce him to play, threw the ball for him—he wouldn't even look at it! So finally the exhibition had to be given up. Jack's stubbornness would not yield.

During the hot season the troops were all removed to Summerville, back in the piney woods about thirty miles from Charleston. It is a place infested with fleas and abounding in various kinds of snakes, including rattlesnakes and moccasins, which live in the swamps and low grounds.

One day I was sitting in my tent, when I heard the tinkle of Jack's bell and a peculiar moaning cry that was almost human, and in he came, crying and rubbing his head with his paws. I examined the spot and saw indications of a snake's fangs having punctured the skin. I rubbed it with whisky, notwithstanding his heartrending cries, but in a short time his head was dreadfully swollen; he refused all food, and seemed to suffer much pain, although in a few days the swelling decreased.

Poor Jack would scratch the place with his paws, so I had him regularly consigned to the hospital. An attendant took charge of him and bandaged his paws so that he could not scratch at all while the wound was healing. The only time the bandages were removed was when Jack was brought over to see the baby, when he exhibited the most marked and human satisfaction in again being at home; he seemed to understand that as a convalescent he was not expected to work and play, so he would quietly settle down at our feet and sink into the most profound slumber. Perhaps we would forget his presence, until the tinkle of his little bell attracted our attention, and we would see him lying flat on his back, a most dejected look on his face, his four paws held straight up in the air,—and "What for?" do I hear my readers ask? He had recognized the step of the attendant in the distance, long before we knew of his approach, and had placed himself in readiness to have the rags wrapped around his paws, preparatory to returning to the hospital.

The bite left an ugly scar, but Jack soon recovered his health and spirits.

After we returned to Charleston, he frequently used to go up to the arsenal, about a mile and a half from the citadel, to see his friends, and after he learned the way, would go alone, and be gone sometimes all day long. Poor Jack! He made the trip once too often, for one day, as it happened, he was missing; night came and went without our hearing the tinkle of his little bell.

Toward night, on the second day of his absence, a soldier from the arsenal met me and put in my hand a torn and bloody collar with a little old-fashioned sleigh-bell attached to it, without saying a word. I looked up and saw tears in the man's eyes; he controlled himself sufficiently to tell me that dear little Jack was dead.

A big bull-dog had throttled him at the entrance of the arsenal, and his mangled body was found by some of the soldiers, and tenderly buried under one of the live-oak trees.

Every one who knew Jack mourned for him; he had more friends than usually falls to the lot of a dog, and it was many days before we could speak of him at all. His like we have never seen.



THE STORY OF GRUMBLE TONE.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

There was a boy named Grumble Tone, who ran away to sea.
"I 'm sick of things on land," he said, "as sick as I can be!
A life upon the bounding wave will suit a lad like me!"

The seething ocean billows failed to stimulate his mirth,
For he did not like the vessel, or the dizzy rolling berth,
And he thought the sea was almost as unpleasant as the earth.

He wandered into foreign lands, he saw each wondrous sight,
But nothing that he heard or saw seemed just exactly right,
And so he journeyed on and on, still seeking for delight.

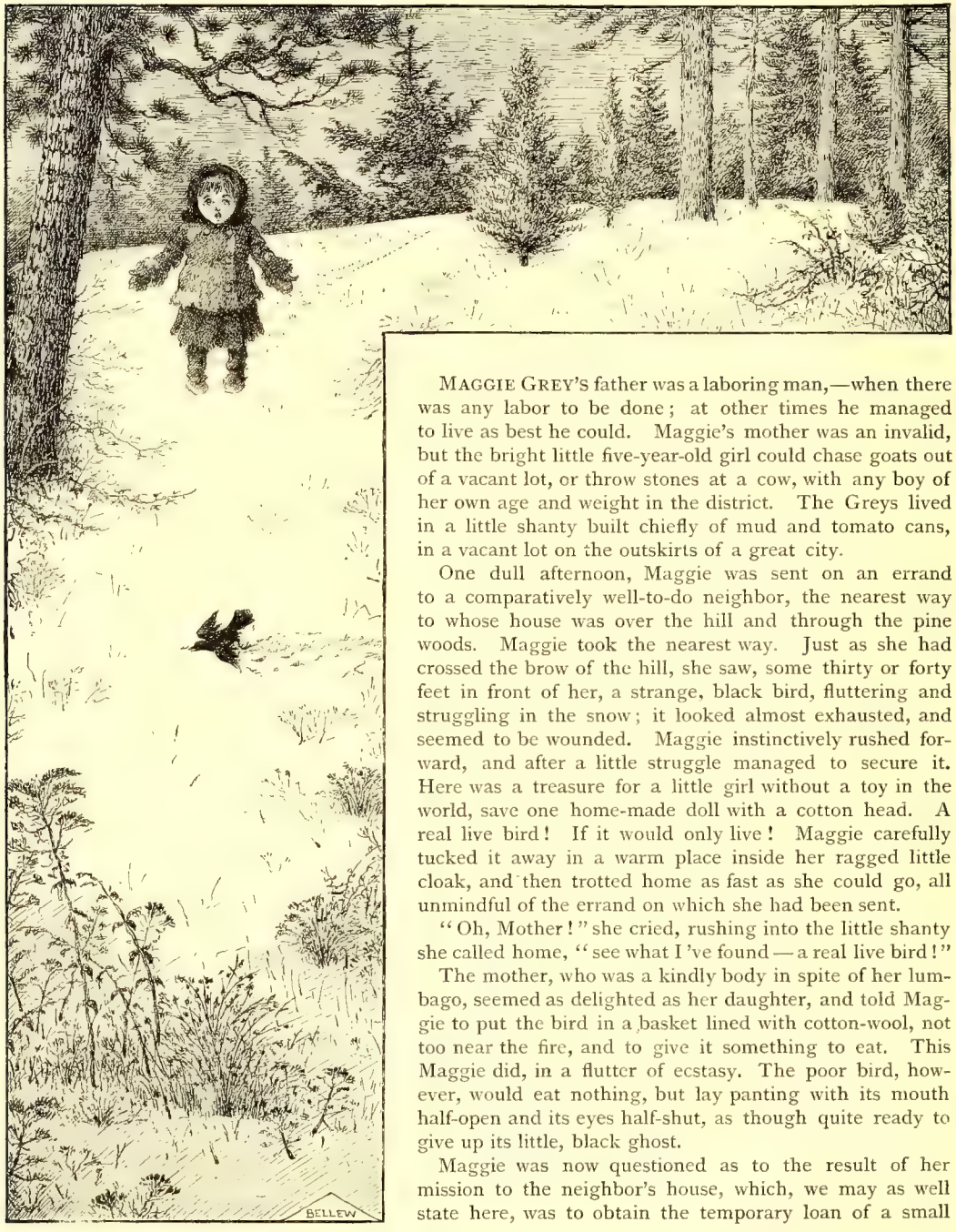
He talked with kings and ladies fair, he dined in courts, they say,
But always found the people dull, and longed to get away,
To search for that mysterious land where he should like to stay.

He wandered over all the world, his hair grew white as snow,
He reached that final bourne at last, where all of us must go;
But never found the land he sought. The reason would you know?

The reason was that, north or south, where'er his steps were bent,
On land or sea, in court or hall, he found but discontent;
For he took his disposition with him everywhere he went.

MAGGIE GREY'S BIRD.

BY FRANK BELLEW.



MAGGIE GREY'S father was a laboring man,—when there was any labor to be done; at other times he managed to live as best he could. Maggie's mother was an invalid, but the bright little five-year-old girl could chase goats out of a vacant lot, or throw stones at a cow, with any boy of her own age and weight in the district. The Greys lived in a little shanty built chiefly of mud and tomato cans, in a vacant lot on the outskirts of a great city.

One dull afternoon, Maggie was sent on an errand to a comparatively well-to-do neighbor, the nearest way to whose house was over the hill and through the pine woods. Maggie took the nearest way. Just as she had crossed the brow of the hill, she saw, some thirty or forty feet in front of her, a strange, black bird, fluttering and struggling in the snow; it looked almost exhausted, and seemed to be wounded. Maggie instinctively rushed forward, and after a little struggle managed to secure it. Here was a treasure for a little girl without a toy in the world, save one home-made doll with a cotton head. A real live bird! If it would only live! Maggie carefully tucked it away in a warm place inside her ragged little cloak, and then trotted home as fast as she could go, all unmindful of the errand on which she had been sent.

"Oh, Mother!" she cried, rushing into the little shanty she called home, "see what I've found — a real live bird!"

The mother, who was a kindly body in spite of her lumbago, seemed as delighted as her daughter, and told Maggie to put the bird in a basket lined with cotton-wool, not too near the fire, and to give it something to eat. This Maggie did, in a flutter of ecstasy. The poor bird, however, would eat nothing, but lay panting with its mouth half-open and its eyes half-shut, as though quite ready to give up its little, black ghost.

Maggie was now questioned as to the result of her mission to the neighbor's house, which, we may as well state here, was to obtain the temporary loan of a small

invoice of tea and sugar. When she explained that she had considered the necessities of the bird as of more immediate consequence than anything else, her mother told her that she had done right, but that she must now immediately scamper off, and try to effect the desired negotiation. Maggie was very loath to leave her new-found treasure, but she knew what tea and sugar meant to her mother; so without a murmur, off she went.

On her return home she was delighted to find the yellow-billed stranger much improved in general physical health. Its eyes were open, and it could even hold up its head at intervals.

Next day the ornithological foundling showed still greater signs of improvement. It could stand on its legs after a fashion, and partake of food. This was delightful. Even Maggie's soft-headed doll was forgotten in the excitement of the hour. The whole day was devoted to yellow-bill. It was named Lily, after much discussion. It was fed. It was moved from place to place. It was addressed with much gibberish such as people bestow upon children and pets, and it would have been washed and dressed had such attentions been possible.

After the excitement of the day, the Greys slept soundly that night until about four o'clock in the morning, when they were suddenly awakened by a loud voice in the room, uttering the words:

"Here, here; have it cut—have it cut!" They all sat up in their beds, and Mr. Grey groped about in the dark for a stick, or a spade, or some other weapon. "Ho! ho! ho!" cried the intruder. "Mind your work—mind your work! This way, sir; this way!"

"Who 's there?" cried old Mr. Grey, jumping out of bed and seizing a chair, "and what do you want here in a poor man's house?"

With trembling hands he struck a match, and with some difficulty held it steadily enough to light their solitary lamp. Then he went about the room, peering into every nook and corner, with the light in one hand and the ax in the other. When he poked his head into a corner closet which served as larder and lumber-room, he was startled by a harsh voice crying out behind him:

"Hello! this way, sir — this way!"

He turned around like a flash, but could see no one. Then he went into the wash-house, whence the voice seemed to come, but he was scarcely inside it, when the voice was heard again, still behind him:

"This way, sir — this way; does it hurt — does it hurt?"

Maggie's father was now nearly crazy with terror and bewilderment; he rushed back to the living-room, with his hair flying. He had almost made up his mind to flee from the house, and seek aid, or shelter outside, when his attention was attracted by Maggie, who stood with open mouth and staring eyes. Following the direction of her gaze, her father saw the sable stranger perched on the back of a chair.

"It 's — the — the — b-i-r-d," gasped Maggie.

"The bird!" cried her father, as he fell back on the bed, where his wife lay, frightened and cowering. The poor woman thought her hour had come.

The bird, excited by the woman's screams, began flapping its wings and hopping from one side of the chair-back to the other, crying out all the time, "Next — next — next — this way, sir,— this way!"

When the three scared people had somewhat recovered their senses, they were more astonished, though less frightened than they had been before. To find they had picked up a talking bird in the woods was something incomprehensible, and decidedly uncanny. However, by daylight they had accepted the fact as a thing not explainable, and there they let it rest.

For several months they enjoyed the society and conversation of the bird, teaching it many new words and phrases; among others the suggestive remark, "twenty-five cents." They also renamed it Mino, from a habit it had of frequently repeating "Poor Mino! — poor Mino!"

The fame of Mino spread abroad through Shantytown, and hosts of the neighbors came to see the wonderful creature, bringing with them tribute, in the shape of eggs, bacon, tea, and other commodities, which greatly improved the condition of the Grey family. When spring came, Mino's cage would often hang outside the door, and Maggie would talk to the bird while she did her work. One day while thus engaged, she was surprised to see a tall, dignified gentleman, who looked like a foreign diplomat, walking straight toward the door and only a few yards from her.

"So, so!" he exclaimed, "I see you have mine bird. They told me I should find him here. Where you gets him, eh?"

"Sir?" queried Maggie in astonishment.

"Where you gets that bird? He is mine, and I wants him."

"Your bird, sir? — No, sir! — I found it in the snow, in the woods, last winter; nearly frozen he was, too!"

Now, it must be known that the visitor was no diplomat after all, but a well-to-do German barber who had a shaving establishment in the city, and a pretty little home on the outskirts, not far from where Maggie lived. He was very fond of animals, and he had a choice collection of rare birds, both in his shop and at his residence. It seems that this mino bird had somehow

managed to escape through an open window a few hours before Maggie found it; but, after flying as far as it could, it had succumbed to the bitter cold and fallen in her path as has been described. Of course it would have died very soon had it not been discovered, for mino birds come from Sumatra and Java, two of the East India islands, where it is always hot. They are very rare birds, and very valuable, being able to talk better than parrots, when properly taught. This the barber explained to Maggie, and told her that Mino was worth quite a sum of money.

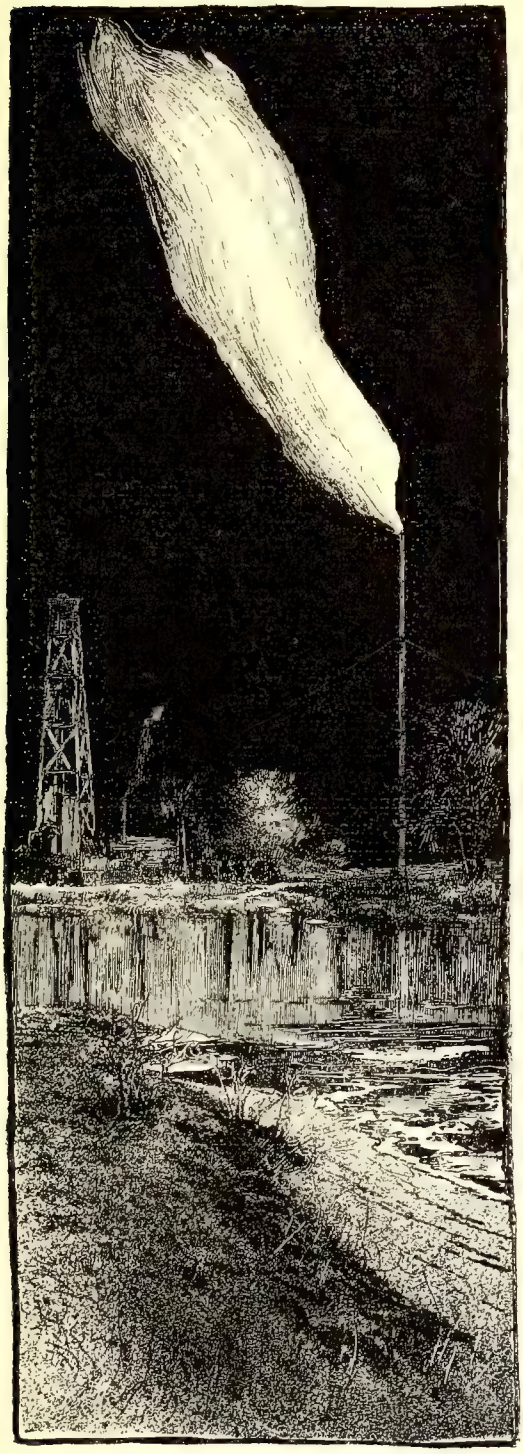
"Well, little one," he said, when he had sufficiently enjoyed Maggie's perplexity, "I will not worry you. Do not be afraid; I lose me my bird — he is dead to me; you finds him — he is yours. I gets another mino bird some day."

Then he patted puzzled Maggie on the head, and began to talk with Mino. He laughed heartily at the bird's newly acquired vocabulary, especially when he heard "Poor Mino — twenty-five cents." He chatted a little longer with Maggie, asking her many questions about her father and mother, and her mode of life, and as he turned to go he gave her a silver dollar. Maggie breathed freely when he left her. Mino was hers, and she had a whole dollar for her own.

That night a banquet of fried liver and bacon, tea, white bread, and — you will hardly believe it, gentle reader — a whole ten-cent mince pie — graced the table in the little shanty.

The life of the Greys was now one of peace and plenty. The fame of Mino brought many visitors and many quarter-dollars; but what was better still, it brought friends, who found work for Maggie's father and medicines for her poor mother's lumbago; who took an interest, too, in pretty little Maggie, teaching her to read and write and sew, and to do many other things that would help to make her a good woman when she grew up.





MORE ABOUT GAS-WELLS.

By G. Frederick Wright.

Readers of Mr. Samuel W. Hall's article "Among the Gas-Wells," printed in the February St. Nicholas, will be interested in the accompanying illustration. It is taken from a photograph of a burning gas-well which was discovered in Findlay, Ohio, about fifty miles south of Toledo, on January 20, 1886. The gas was conducted forty-eight feet above the ground, through a six-inch iron pipe, and when lighted the flame rose from twenty to thirty feet above the pipe, as shown in the picture. It is difficult to exaggerate the magnificent and impressive effect of this burning well at night. The noise of the escaping gas is like the roar of Niagara. It has frequently been heard at a distance of five miles; and under favorable conditions it is said to have been heard even fifteen miles. The whole town is brightly illuminated by the light of the flame. When I left Findlay, I watched from the rear of the train the fading glare of the great torch, and, although the night was clear and the moon full, I could distinctly see the light of the gas-well for fifteen miles. It is said to have been observed on a dark night from a distance of fifty-five miles.

When I made my visit to the well, one evening in February, 1886, snow covered the ground to the depth of three or four inches; but for a distance of two hundred yards in every direction, the heat of the flame had melted the snow from the ground, and the grass and weeds had grown two or three inches in height. The crickets also seemed to have mistaken the season of the year, for they were enlivening the night with their cheerful song. The neighborhood of the well was also a paradise for tramps. I noticed one who lay soundly sleeping with his head in a barrel, and the rest of his body projecting outward to receive the genial warmth from the flame high up in the air above. Cold as it was all around, he slept in perfect comfort upon the turf and in the open air. There was no danger of his suffering within that charmed circle.

The amount of gas furnished by this well is enormous, and has been estimated by competent judges to be as great as 40,000,000 cubic feet per day. As 1000 cubic feet of gas require for their production fifty pounds of soft coal, it follows that the heat daily generated at this single burning well is equal to that which would be produced by the burning of 1000 tons of soft coal. The pressure of the gas at this well has not been measured. But in some of the wells of Western

Pennsylvania, the pressure has been calculated to be as high as 750 or 800 pounds to the square inch, which is five times the pressure of steam in a locomotive-boiler when doing effective work.

The use of natural gas for fuel has grown rapidly during the past three years. In 1882, the total capital employed in this business throughout the entire country was estimated at only $215,000; while two years later the amount had increased to $1,500,000; and in September, 1885, fifteen hundred dwellings and one hundred and fifty factories and mills in the city of Pittsburg alone were depending upon natural gas for fuel. The gas used in Pittsburg in one day at that time had a heating capacity equal to that of 10,000 tons of coal. Formerly Pittsburg rested continually under a dense cloud of smoke from the vast quantities of soft coal that were daily consumed, and clean cuffs and collars were almost unknown. But now Pittsburg is often called the "ex-smoky city."

How long the gas will continue to flow is not only an interesting question, but to capitalists and all persons concerned a very important question; for to build a mill or a furnace adapted to the use of natural gas for fuel, and just as it was completed, to have the gas cease to flow, would be very disastrous.

And the gas does sometimes cease to flow.

A large well was discovered in Olean, New York, in 1877. For four years it continued to yield a large supply of gas, and then gradually ceased to breathe, and has since been only an insignificant oil-well. Perhaps one after another all the gas-wells in due time will thus subside. But the supply may be kept up for a long time, like that of oil, by the sinking of new wells or by the discovery of new gas-fields. In western Pennsylvania, several cities are now supplied with gas carried from twenty to fifty miles through wrought-iron pipes. How far it can thus be carried is not yet determined. But it is much easier to move the gas through pipes to cities than to build new cities in the vicinity of the wells.

The territory in which gas in profitable quantities has been discovered is not large, nor is it continuous. One center for its production is in the neighborhood of Olean, New York; another is in the neighborhood of Oil City, Pennsylvania; there are several centers between Pittsburg and Wheeling; and others are reported near the boundary between West Virginia and Kentucky. All these gas-fields are in or near the coal region, and the gas is found not far below the coal measures, and about twelve hundred or fifteen hundred feet below the surface. But the well at Findlay, described on the preceding page, is a hundred miles or more outside the coal region. The Findlay well brings its gas from the Trenton limestone, at a depth of about twelve hundred feet. To reach this limestone in western Pennsylvania, wells would have to be drilled at least three thousand feet. To find gas in these old rocks was a great surprise to geologists. How it is formed and what is the cause of the enormous pressure under which it is confined are not known.

The use of natural gas as a fuel is sometimes beset with great danger. The gas is invisible, and some of it is without odor, so that there is often no warning of its presence until an explosion occurs. In several cases, explosions have occurred in dwelling-houses into which no pipes to convey the gas have been permitted to enter. For if a leak occur in the main pipe outside, the gas will at times pass through the loose soil into the cellar of a neighboring house. Now, gas and air in certain proportions form a very explosive compound; and a person going with a light into a cellar where the gas has been collecting, usually finds everything ready for a first-class explosion, which will send the walls of the house flying in every direction. But with the continued use of natural gas as fuel have come many safeguards by which accidents can generally be prevented. Most of the gas in western Pennsylvania is inodorous; that at Findlay, however, has a strong odor.

The discovery of these fountains of gas impresses one with the lavish way in which this generation is living upon the reserved stores of Nature. Our lumbermen are busy cutting down forests which have been growing for hundreds of years. The farmers of the West are reaping great crops of wheat from soil that has been fallow for thousands of years. The coal with which we warm ourselves was formed long ages ago. And now deep down in the earth we have struck these vast reservoirs of compressed gas. What will come next is more than any one can conjecture. There is now, however, almost a superabundant supply of good things; and it is not surprising that the coal-miners in the vicinity of Pittsburg complain of the prodigality with which Nature pours out her treasures. As one expressed it, he did not see the necessity of discovering gas before he had had a chance to sell his coal!

THE BROWNIES' FRIENDLY TURN.

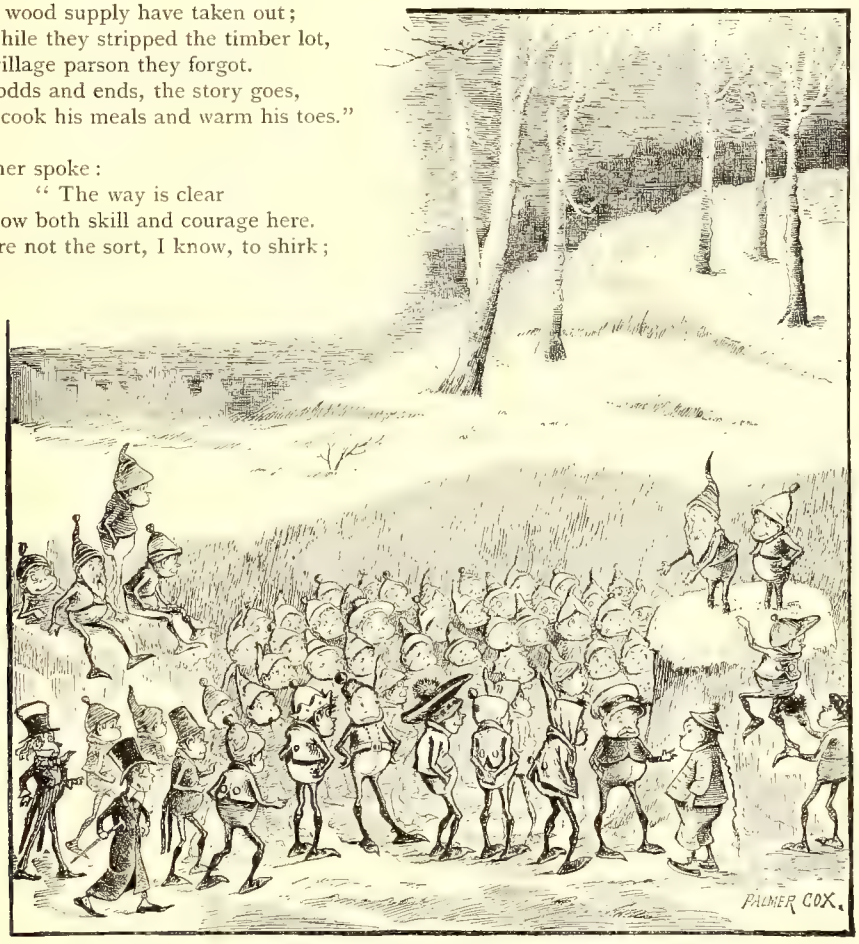
By Palmer Cox.

One night while snow was lying deep
On level plain and mountain steep,
A sheltered nook the Brownies found,
Where conversation might go 'round.
Said one:

"The people hereabout
Their wood supply have taken out;
But while they stripped the timber lot,
The village parson they forgot.
Now odds and ends, the story goes,
Must cook his meals and warm his toes."

Another spoke:

"The way is clear
To show both skill and courage here.
You 're not the sort, I know, to shirk;
The signs of change are in the air;
A storm is near though skies are fair;
As oft when smiles the broadest lie,
The tears are nearest to the eye.
To work let every Brownie bend,

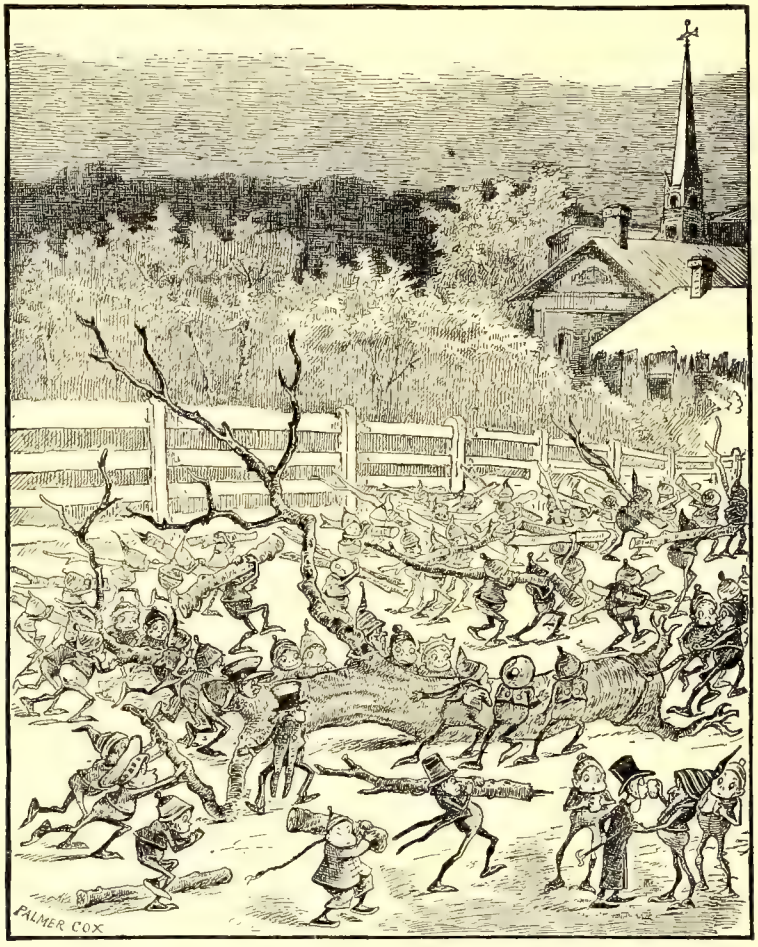


And coward-like to flee from work.
You act at once whene'er you find
A chance to render service kind,
Nor wait to see what others do
In matters that appeal to you.
This task in waiting must be done
Before another day has run.
And prove to-night the parson's friend.
We 'll not take oxen from the stall,
That through the day must pull and haul,
Nor horses from the manger lead;
But let them take the rest they need.
Since mystic power is at our call,
By our own selves we 'll do it all.

Our willing arms shall take the place
Of clanking chain and leathern trace,
And 'round the door the wood we 'll strew
Until we hide the house from view."

At once the Brownies sought the ground
Where fuel could with ease be found,—
A place where forest fires had spread,
And left the timber scorched and dead.
And there through all the chilly night
They tugged and tore with all their might;
Some bearing branches as their load;
With lengthy poles still others strode,
Or struggled, till they scarce could see,
With logs that bent them like a V;
While more from under drifts of snow
Removed old trees, and made them go
Like plows along the icy street,
With half their limbs and roots complete.

The wind that night was cold and keen,
And frosted Brownies oft were seen.
They clapped their hands and stamped their toes,
They rubbed with snow each numbing nose,
And drew the frost from every face
Before it proved a painful case.



And thus, in spite of every ill,
The work was carried forward still.

Around the house some staid to pile
The gathered wood in proper style;
Which ever harder work they found
As high and higher rose the mound.

Above the window-sill it grew,
And next, the cornice hid from view;
And, ere the dawn had forced a stop,
The pile o'erlooked the chimney-top.

That morning, when the parson rose,
Against the pane he pressed his nose,
And tried the outer world to scan
To learn how signs of weather ran.
But, 'round the house, behind, before,

He touched upon the strange affair,
And asked a blessing rich to fall
Upon the heads and homes of all
Who through the night had worked so hard
To heap the fuel 'round the yard.

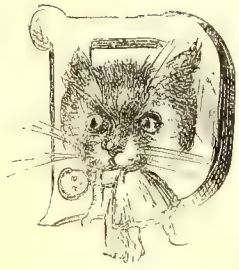


In front of window, shed, and door,
The wood was piled to such a height
But little sky was left in sight!
When next he climbed his pulpit stair,

His hearers knew they had no claim
To such a blessing, if it came,
But whispered: "We don't understand —
It must have been the Brownie Band."

A LETTER FROM A DOLL.

"THE NURSERY," February, 1887.



DEAR CHILDREN: Don't ever believe a single good thing you hear about cats. They are cross, ugly things, and they have no respect for dolls. I am a very nice doll indeed, and I have a lovely mother named Daisy. She is four years old. She likes me because she is a good girl, and she likes her ugly cat because she does n't know any better. Sometimes the cat gets mad at me and shakes me, and I can't shake the cat at all. I am too weak. I wish my mother had a fierce dog to fight for me. Don't you think I am good to let the ugly thing alone? We are both pets, but I am the nicest. This is all I have to say. I have a pain in my side to-day; and so would you if your little mother had a pet cat. Your poor friend,



LUCY.

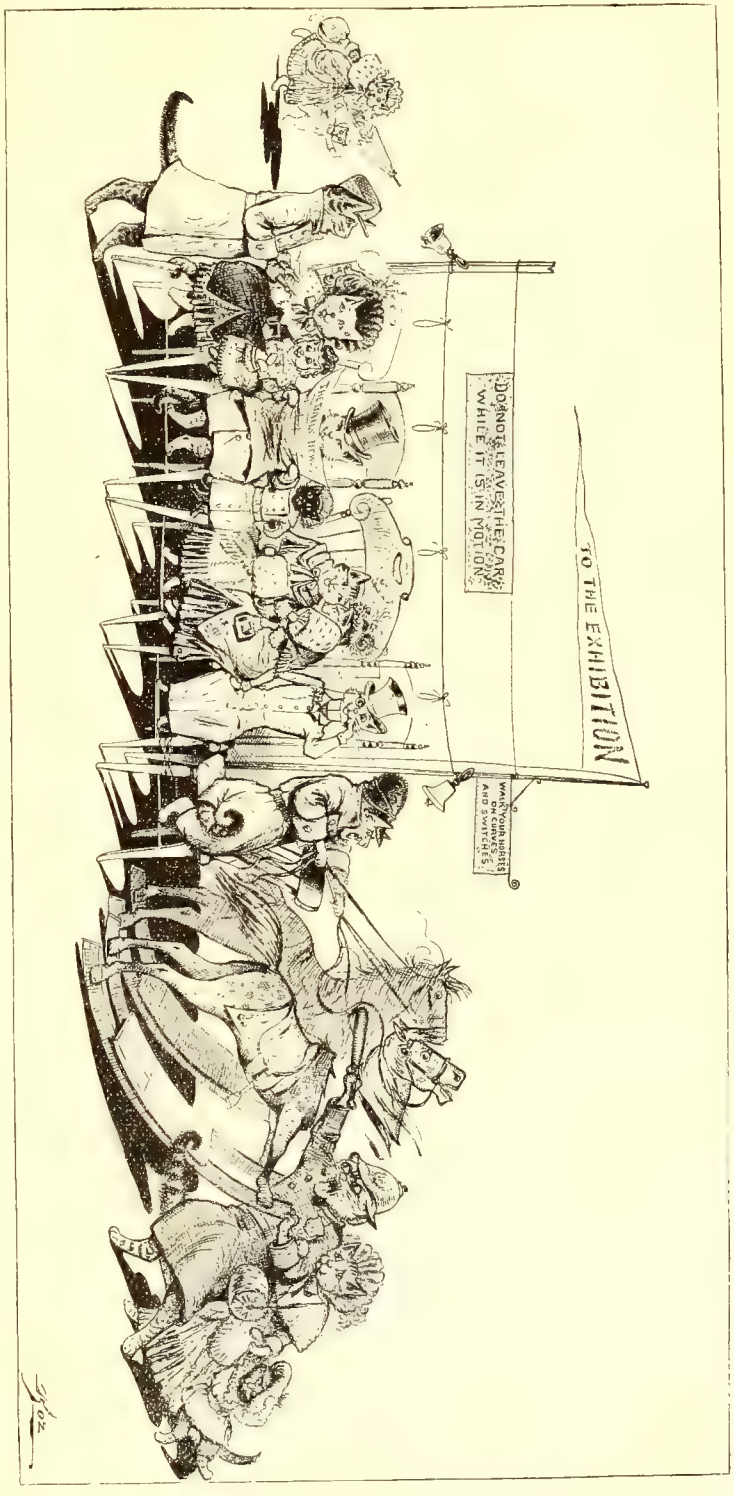
A QUEER HORSE-CAR.

ONCE there was a little boy named Neddie, and he had three cats. One day he and his pets had so much fun that even when he went to bed he was still thinking of the pussies. And may be they were thinking of him, for as soon as he fell asleep they came to him, with several of their cat-friends, and begged him to get up and have some more fun. Well, almost before Ned knew what he was doing, he and his visitors were having a grand time! First they played that they were tigers, and Ned was a big hunter man. He carried a great pop-gun, and every time he would shoot a tiger the tiger would fall down and roll about, laughing and mewing at a great rate. This sport made them tired, and so, by way of resting, they said, "Let 's play horse-cars!"

"Oh, yes!" said Ned. So, in a twinkling, they put the chairs behind his best hobby-horses, and made a very nice horse-car. Everybody had a seat, and no one was crowded. There was a dude in the corner, and old Tom

had plenty of room to read his morning paper, while little Blackie sat by his side. Miss Mouser and Miss Kitty, in the double chair, kept talking to each other all the time. Mother Puss, in the last seat, hugged up her baby kit and would not pay any fare for him. Then the conductor became so excited that he rang his bell-punch four times by mistake, and never saw old Marm Tabby, who rushed after the car calling, "Hey, hey! Miaw, mee-ow! Stop that car!" But the car went so fast that a great big cat-police-man, who was helping a lady across the street, stopped the horses, and shouted so loudly at the driver, that the car all fell to pieces, the horses ran away, the cats jumped into nowhere, and Ned sat right up in the middle of his bed, and

WOKE UP!





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THE certainty with which we always find one another here, my beloved, as each month approaches, is truly delightful. This time it 's March, made to order as a blusterer and a roisterer! But with all respect to His Roaring Highness, I must say that if he were a month of real spirit, he 'd begin to come in more quietly, instead of always doing exactly as he is expected to do.

Eh?—Ah, here is a rhyme just laid upon my pulpit by our good sister, Maria I. Hammond. As it 's to the point, you shall hear it:

Oh, MARCH! why blow and bluster so?
Why howl and rush and rage as though
Of Winter storms the wildest pack,
Like hungry wolves, were at your back?
Instead of which, on gentle wing
Floats in the fair and flowery Spring.
Hush, noisy March; your shouts, I fear,
This little Spring will overhear.
Hush, noisy March; in all the years,
You frighten April into tears!

"DON'T ALL ANSWER AT ONCE!"

DEAR JACK: I saw in the paper, the other day, a question — How many toes has a cat on all four feet? — and I wish to know if any of your readers can tell me how many a dog has, without first looking at a dog to find out.

Ever your devoted reader,
ROSALIE CASWELL.

To these the Deacon requests me to add a few more gentle queries.

In the first place (no ants being present),—

How many feet has an ordinary field ant? how many feet has a house-fly?

How many wings has a dragon-fly?

How many legs has a grasshopper?

How many teeth has a mole?

How many wings has a bee?

Answer me these queries correctly, my friends, without making fresh investigations, and you 'll surprise us all.

VERY GENTLE BEES.

THAT question about the bees, by the way, reminds me of an interesting letter sent me by a little girl. You shall see it.

CADIZ, OHIO.

I want to tell you a funny thing that our bees did last summer. They swarmed and settled on a limb of an apple-tree in the orchard. Uncle Miles climbed the tree in order to cut off the bee-laden bough, when the queen bee lit right on his nose. In a very few minutes his face and hat were entirely covered with bees. He climbed down from the tree as soon as possible, and bending over the hive that he had prepared for their reception, he gently brushed the queen into it. She was immediately followed by her loyal subjects, and before long he was left entirely free, and without a sting.

LEONORA WOOD.

Who can explain this matter?

OLD SAYINGS IN RHYME.

THE dear Little School-ma'am wishes me to show you a number of old sayings which Miss Charlotte M. Thurston has cleverly strung together in rhyme:

Wild as a hawk, meek as a lamb,
Gentle as a dove, happy as a clam;
Brave as a lion, strong as an ox,
Fierce as a tiger, cunning as a fox;
Nimble as a squirrel, spry as a cat,
Proud as a peacock, gray as a rat;
Dumb as an oyster, ripe as a cherry,
Red as a lobster, brown as a berry;
Wise as an owl, black as a crow,
Bright as a button, dull as a hoe;
Rich as a Jew, dirty as a pig,
Dizzy as a coot, merry as a grig;
Fine as a fiddle, cold as a frog,
Fresh as a daisy, tired as a dog;
Still as a mouse, bright as a spoon,
Deaf as a post, crazy as a loon;
Sound as a nut, cross as a bear,
Mad as a hatter or a March hare;
Grave as a judge, wise as a seer,
Gay as a lark, swift as a deer;
Quick as a flash, fair as the dawn,
Mute as a fish, timid as a fawn;
Keen as a razor, dull as the times,
Old as the hills, or as these rhymes.

"And now, Dear Jack," says the Little School-ma'am, "show them this other list which a friend clipped from a newspaper and sent to me not long ago. It contains only seven of the sayings given in Miss Thurston's verses:"

As poor as a church mouse,
As thin as a rail:
As fat as a porpoise,
As rough as a gale;
As brave as a lion,
As spry as a cat;
As bright as a sixpence,
As weak as a rat.
As round as an apple,
As black as your hat;
As brown as a berry,
As blind as a bat;
As mean as a miser,
As full as a tick;
As plump as a partridge,
As sharp as a stick.

As proud as a peacock,
As sly as a fox;
As mad as a March hare,
As strong as an ox;
As fair as a lily,
As empty as air;
As rich as a Crœsus,
As cross as a bear.

As clean as a penny,
As dark as a pall;
As hard as a millstone,
As bitter as gall;
As fine as a fiddle,
As clear as a bell:
As dry as a herring,
As deep as a well.

As pure as an angel,
As neat as a pin;
As smart as a steel trap,
As ugly as sin;
As dead as a door-nail,
As white as a sheet;
As flat as a pancake,
As red as a beet.

As light as a feather,
As hard as a rock;
As stiff as a poker,
As calm as a clock;
As green as a gosling,
As brisk as a bee;
And now let me stop,
Lest you weary of me.

ABOUT THAT LOBSTER.

NEW YORK.

DEAR JACK: In the January number of ST. NICHOLAS you asked us to explain why the Frenchman was wrong in calling the lobster the "cardinal of the sea." The reason is, I am sure, that lobsters are never red till they are boiled. When they are in the sea, they are a sort of dark olive-green, not at all like cardinal.

I have never written you a letter before, as I am only nine, and I have n't been old enough to understand your questions.

With a great deal of love to the Little School-ma'am and yourself, I remain,

Your little reader, BERTIE RUNKLE.

NED'S VIEW OF THINGS.

"HOW many 's a dozen and half a dime?"
To put such a question is just a crime!
The answer comes different every time.
And spelling comes dreadfully hard to me,
And, oh, to remember geography!
But, Aunty, already I 've made a plan
To be, when I 'm grown up, a learned man.

Of course, all this learning I want to know,
But as for the study, I hate it so!
I 've studied and studied, and tried and tried,—
I wish I 'd been born with it all inside!

MORE QUEER NAMES FOR THINGS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Two of your readers were interested in the "Queer Names for Things." A six-year-old little girl suggested one good addition to the list,— the "head of a pin." Her big brother could not think of anything that was correct, but kept us all laughing with his funny mistakes Different members of the family, even the parents, were pleased to try and think. And I send you the names we thought of:

Knuckle of veal. Hands and face of a clock. Heart of a city. Head and foot of a bed.

Yours sincerely, ELIZABETH G. STRYKER.

THE INSECT WORLD.

TO TINY ants that creep and crawl
The grass blades seem a forest tall.

The bees amid the flowers red
Think rosy clouds are overhead.

The water-spiders on the lake
Their ponds for boundless oceans take.

The beetles climb and look around;
Their mighty mountain is a mound.

—I 'd like to see their world, and then
Change back to my own place again.

IN conclusion, my dears, we will now throw upon the white-board a scene appropriate to the season.



THE BULRUSH CATERPILLAR.

BY JULIA P. BALLARD.

AMONG the most curious productions of New Zealand is the singular plant (called by the natives *Awheto*), the *Sphœria Robertsia*, or bulrush caterpillar. If nature ever takes revenges, one might imagine this to be a case of retaliation. Caterpillars live upon plants, devouring not only leaves, but bark, fruit, pith, root, and seeds; in short, every form of vegetable life is drawn upon by these voracious robbers. And here comes a little seed that seems to say, "Turn about is fair play," and lodges on the wrinkled neck of the caterpillar, just at the time when he, satisfied with his thefts in the vegetable kingdom, goes out of sight, to change into a chrysalis and sleep his way into a new dress and a new life. A vain hope. The seed has the situation. It sends forth its tiny green stem, draws its life from the helpless caterpillar, and not only sends up its little shoot with the bulrush-stem capped with a tiny cat-tail, but fills with its root the entire body of its victim, changing it into a white pith-like vegetable substance. This, however, preserves the exact shape of the caterpillar. It is nut-like in substance, and is eaten by the natives with great relish.



A friend who has recently spent some months in New Zealand brought the specimen, a drawing of which is here shown to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS.

There are other cases of this vegetable retaliation, but none so curious as this of the bulrush caterpillar. The larva of the May beetle is attacked by a fungus which grows out of the sides of its head; but while this growth destroys the life of the larva, it does not change the larva into a vegetable substance.

A near relation of the murdered caterpillar is the larva of the New Zealand swift moth, upon whose tapering head sometimes appears a similar growth, which feeds upon the life-blood of the caterpillar, until it dies from exhaustion.

A very curious sight must be one of these heavily-burdened crawlers moving along with the banner that announces its doom solemnly floating above it. For, when the young caterpillar bears this growth upon its head, it heralds the slow but certain death of the overloaded insect.



LARVÆ OF THE NEW ZEALAND SWIFT MOTH.

A transformation as curious, perhaps, in an opposite direction, is that of the insect *Drilus*, which, in its larva state, lives upon the snail—animal life drawn from animal, instead of vegetable, substance. This beetle larva with its sucker-like feet attaches itself to the shell of the snail, watches its opportunity, and slips inside. It lives upon the snail (sometimes using three snails before changing to the chrysalis state), and then, after it has finished its last meal, it closes the door of the last shell and sleeps into its winged life. If insects think us cruel

in putting out their little lives rather roughly; or if they complain that sometimes revengeful seeds change them into miniature "caterpillars of salt," as it were:

Just let them study how they treat each other,
And learn more tenderness each for his brother;
How innocent the small ant-lion,—sleeping
Beneath his pit of sand, while slowly creeping

Upon its edge a little ant comes near him,—
Then quickly, ere the ant has time to fear him,
Seizes his prey (the small deceitful sinner!)
With no compunction, for his stolen dinner!

The dragon-fly, in gauzy lace, and airy,
Sailing about like some delightful fairy,
Cares he what beauties butterflies embellish?
He darts upon, and eats them with a relish!

In spite of all, if cruel still they style us,
Just let them think upon the thieving *Drilus*,
Who helix-back is very fond of riding,
And also into neighbors' homes of gliding.

And takes his meals without thanks to the donor,
Sleeps in his house and lives upon its owner.
Three rides he takes, three little homes up-breaking;
Of three poor snails three traveling-pantries making.

A fortnight lives in each, the third one keeping
Quite to himself, at last; and soundly sleeping,
Waits for his change—new life in some fair garden;
But quite too late to ask the poor snail's pardon!

A LESSON IN NATURAL HISTORY.

By Margaret Johnson.

"I SUPPOSE you think you know me, child," said he,
"But things are seldom what they seem to be,
And your ignorance I can not but lament.
I can give some information
For your mental cultivation,
If you listen with a mind intelligent."

"O, thank you, sir!" she said in tones polite,
Though her teeth they chattered audibly with fright.
"Then give me your attention," he began,
"And please do not grow fidgetty—
My family is *Strigidæ*,
And *Symium Cinereum* my clan.

"My customs, I may say, are quite nocturnal,
Though my cousins, the *Nycteas*, are diurnal
(They are dear but distant relatives of mine).
My habits are carnivorous
And sometimes insectivorous,
To rodents I especially incline.

"My eyes *are* rather luminous, I own,"
He continued in a meditative tone,
"But if it would oblige you, I could wink.
My pupils are dilating,
But the lids are nictitating,
Which enables me to give my noted blink.

"I grieve to say that persons superstitious
Abuse me in a manner most malicious,
But you—regard me not with careless eyes!
Let me ask you to observe a
Final fact—that to Minerva
I am sacred,—and I 'm counted very wise."

"I thank you very kindly, sir," said she,
"But all your Latin words are Greek to me;
Don't think me rude—you *are* a learned fowl,
And I much admire your feathers,
So suited to all weathers;
But—excuse me!—are you not our common owl?"



THE LETTER-BOX.

COLUMBUS, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received the January number of your splendid magazine to-day, and have just finished reading "A Christmas Conspiracy," and I think that all of us could profit by it by taking our gift money, no matter how little we may have, and spending a part of it for some one poorer than ourselves. I have enjoyed "Lord Fauntleroy" so much, and was very glad when he came out so nicely after all his troubles. I thought I would write to you last month, but have been very busy dressing dolls for my three small sisters, as Mamma is an invalid, and was not able to attend to it this year. I am deeply interested in "Prince Fairyfoot," as is also my sister next younger than myself. Papa is an editor, and we have a large number of magazines and papers, but ST. NICHOLAS is mine, as I chose it, and I am well satisfied with my choice, as I like it better than any of the other papers or books. I remain

Your sincere friend and admirer, A. B. J——.

MEDFORD, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eight years old, and live in one of the oldest towns in the United States, in the Craddock house. At the time of the Revolutionary war it was used as a fort. I have no brothers or sisters, or even cousins, being the only grandchild. I have taken you for a year and am always glad when I see you coming in at the door. EDNA J. M——.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have had such fun in my holidays coasting, skating, and tobogganing on a friend's slide, but I have not yet acquired the art of snowshoeing.

I go to the Wellesley Public School, and was promoted at the Christmas examination to the Senior Fourth Book. Though I live in Canada, I am still one of Uncle Sam's boys, or "Yankee," as the "Canucks" call me. I came from New York City when I was eleven, and have been here three years; but I hope to see it again soon.

Hoping that dear old ST. NICHOLAS will continue to bring as much happiness to others as to me,

I remain, affectionately, HERBERT M——.

IONIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I earned money to take ST. NICHOLAS by husking corn. I am eleven years old.

Yours truly, LAWRENCE W——.

WINTON PLACE, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very fond of your stories, and I want to write and tell you so. I have been taking you for years, and enjoy you better every time I get you. I enjoyed "Little Lord Fauntleroy" very much, and I just love "Juan and Juanita," and think "The Story of Prince Fairyfoot" very interesting. I am twelve years old. Your faithful reader. A. B. H——.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy ten years old. I was born on the 4th of July, 1876. Papa brings me your splendid magazine every month. I am very much interested in your story named "Juan and Juanita." I can hardly wait for the next number to come out. I can not write any more, so good-bye. COURTNEY H——.

WALTHAM, MASS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a new subscriber to ST. NICHOLAS. I like "Juan and Juanita" the best of all the stories, and "Brownies" next. I am eight years old. I am interested in the planets. I am up every morning at twenty minutes past five and can see several of them. JOSEPH B. E——.

HARTFORD, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is storming so hard I can't go out; so, as I 've nothing to do, I 'll write to you. But the next thing is to think of something to say. I think that the ST. NICHOLAS is the best magazine ever printed. We have taken you fifteen years. I like "The Story of Prince Fairyfoot" about the best of all. I was eleven years old last September. Last year, the year of 1886, I wrote a letter to you, and it was not printed; so I think it was not good enough to print, for none of mine have ever been printed. I think if I write much more, it will be too long to be printed. I remain

Your constant reader, FRED B. W——.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am four years old, and can not write; so I am telling my big sister what to say to you. I have three kittens and one big dog, which runs after me and pulls me down when I am eating anything he wants. I have a pony and a cunning little dog-cart, and I take a long drive with my nurse every morning. I have a little baby sister, but I don't like her, for she cries most all the time, and then I can't help slapping her, and then nurse slaps me; so I don't like her one bit. They are going to call her Elizabeth Eleanor, and I don't like that either, for it 's too hard to say. Good-bye. Yours lovingly, DONALD A. E——.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been receiving your paper for three years, and I always have been charmed with your pretty stories. I take much interest in the Brownies, and especially in the dude. I like the story of "Juan and Juanita" very much, and I may say that I am named just like the poor mother. I remain,

Your faithful reader, ANITA C——.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read two letters in your November issue,—"Budd's Idea of the Revolution of the Earth," and "The Value of Observation,"—both about two clever little boys.

Here is another story of a small boy only five years old. His mother found him one night at the window, and looking outside so intently that his little nose was all flattened against the pane.

"What are you looking at, Bertie?" said she. "It is so dark out there that I can see nothing. Come and stay with me by the fire." Bertie was evidently much interested in something, for he did not stir.

"What *are* you looking at, Bertie?" asked his mother a second time, a little later.

At last he answered: "I want to see God hang up the moon."

Your constant friend and reader, NETTIE M. T——.

ARIZONA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little army girl, and, as I have never seen a letter from Arizona, I thought I would write one.

First, I want to tell you that I see eight or nine Chinamen every day, which, I think, is rather unusual up North. I have not seen snow (except at the distance) for nearly two years, and have not been on the cars for about the same time; but Papa says some little children have not been on the cars for ten years.

I thought "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was a lovely story; and I find "Juan and Juanita" very interesting so far. Last year we were troubled with hostile Indians, but they were captured and sent to Florida. I guess by this time you think I am never going to stop; but I am.

Your devoted reader, DAISY M. B——.

CRAIGLEIGH, TORONTO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Not very long ago I sent a letter to you; at least I thought I did. I looked in all the books for about three months for my letter. I was at last quite angry, and I said, "Father, now I believe it is still in your pocket," and Father told me I might look, but I did not.

The next morning Father brought it out of his pocket, so old look-

ing, you would almost tear it, if you handled it. I was just ten the twelfth of last July. One of your little readers,

ELLIE P. O——.

MUNICH, BAVARIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eight years old and my little brother is five. We live in Munich this winter, and we want to write you a letter on St. Nicholas Eve, because it was in our ST. NICHOLAS that we read about keeping this holiday. Last year Mamma put a present in our shoes, and we expect to find something to-morrow. We love our ST. NICHOLAS better than all our other books. We have seen the King's horses and carriages, all velvet, fur, and gold. We have seen many long processions with music, but the King's funeral was the longest of all. We saw the Schafflers' dance and the Butchers' leap last winter.

ST. NICHOLAS DAY, Dec. 6.

Yes, we did have a present, dear ST. NICHOLAS, in our shoes last night. I had a little inkstand, and Malcolm had a little box of pictures to paint. Good-bye. From your affectionate friends,

ROSAMOND AND MALCOLM L——.

NORFOLK, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In last month's number of your nicest of magazines, I noticed a letter signed "Subscriber," criticising your article "Keeping the Cream of One's Reading."

I should like to tell him (or her) that I find it useful and convenient to carry on both methods suggested.

While I never scruple to mark my books, I copy short and striking passages, bits of verse, and many things that I may want to use quickly, without having to search through a large book.

I am studying English literature, and constantly copy scraps of the author I am reading into my quotation book.

My latest hobby is a quotation book of descriptions of historical characters, by famous authors. I can get passages from borrowed books, and thus will probably, in the course of a few years, have a collection of quotations that I would otherwise have to ransack a library for. Yours, in all admiration,

GEORGINE K——.

ELIZABETH, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been studying chemistry for three years, and I have a small laboratory. Last winter I went to the barn and found that a bottle of sulphate of zinc in solution, which I had left there over night, was frozen and had pushed up a slender column of ice two or three inches above the mouth of the bottle. I saw an account of a similar instance in the "Scientific American" soon after.

Now, I have seen a still more curious formation. I was trying experiments in fermentation, and I filled a bottle with a solution of yeast and molasses. To-day it has frozen, and I send you a sketch of the remarkable shape it took. The ice is of a beautiful light-yellow color. The cork, being loose, was pushed up on the very top of the column. The length of the column is about three and one-half inches.



We have been subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS — or have bought it — since the beginning of 1877, and are among your most loyal friends. I think if you could see the many invalids, country children longing for books, and friends away from home in the summer time, that have pored over our copies, you would realize what good service ST. NICHOLAS has done for us.

JAMES MASON K——.

M. N. M.— If you will send your name and address, your question will be answered by post.

MORRISTOWN, N. J.

DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: Just think, I am eighteen years old, and stricken down with that dreadful disease, the mumps! To think of lying here, with my cheeks swollen like two puff-balls, and my neck so stiff that if I move it ever so little I am racked with pain, to be waited on like a baby who has n't even learned how to walk! All I do is to think, till it seems as if I had thought of everything that could be thought about, everything I ever saw, every book I ever read, every picture in the ST. NICHOLAS for December, how Juan and Juanita felt when they were being carried off by the Indians; how the man and his wife felt in "A Fortunate Opening," when they returned to the big ship, and knew that it would sink when the next storm came up; and, in fact, I have grown so weary of thinking, that I am willing to bear a little pain just to do something with my hands. So I thought I would write to you.

Your affectionate friend,

LULU D. W——.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have something quite wonderful to tell your readers. I live in Minneapolis, Minn., and we have a very high electric-light mast. I think it is the highest in the world. When they were putting in the engine, a man got hold of a wrong rope, which ran over a wheel at the top of the mast, and had a heavy weight on the other end of it; and the weight slipped off a beam and pulled the man to the top of the mast in about one second. The man was knocked off the rope, and fell a little way down, but he caught himself, and was not injured.

I have taken you for five years, and like you very much.

Your constant reader, WILLIE B——.

TOWER LODGE, WIMBLEDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One of my kind uncles (he is my godpapa) has taken you for me for about three years; and, as I like you so much, I want to tell you of a very strange thing that has just happened. My papa is having some rooms in our house made larger, and after some plaster was put on the wall inside, we noticed a piece of it swelled up, just like a person with a face-ache, and two or three days after, the piece of plaster fell off, and there, in the hole, was a French bean growing; it is so firmly fixed in that we can not move it. Don't you think this is very funny? I like reading the letters the little children send you, and I think, perhaps, they might like to read this.

From your loving little friend, HILDA MAUDE L——.

P. S.— I can not write very well, because I am only eight years old.

HERIOT HILL HOUSE, EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother Herbert and I have a scramble every month to get you first. Herbert is thirteen, I am eleven.

I am to have a history examination at school in a fortnight, just about William Rufus and his father and Edgar Atheling and those times, and it is all ever so much more interesting to me after reading "Edith of Scotland," in November number, 1886.

Papa has been on *haciendas* in Texas and Mexico, and tells us that "Juan and Juanita" is sure to be a fine story, and that everything is correctly described in it.

I remain your loving little friend, S. EDITH S——.

SALTVILLE, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eight years old. I love dearly to read what Jack has to say every month. I live in Saltville, where they make salt. The snow is three feet deep, and it looks like the salt we make at our furnaces. I wish all your little boys and girls could see how salt is made here. MARGARET H. D——.

CLINTON, LOUISIANA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen so many nice letters in your magazine, until I thought I would send a short letter just to tell you what a comfort you are to me, and I want you to know that I love you.

All the children tell about their pets, and, though I have a great many, I will only tell about my horse and dog. My horse is named St. Claire, and my dog is called "The Don"; we call him Don all the time, and he knows his name as well as a boy. He is a shepherd dog, and very intelligent.

I live in the country, and saddle my own horse, and when Don sees me get my bridle he jumps up and runs ahead, barking all the time with joy. But pony is better even than doggie, and I am never so happy as when galloping "over the hills and far away."

I have, or rather we have, taken you ever since you commenced, and I would n't give you up for anything.

I have a little cousin living with me now; his name is Frank, and

nothing pleases him better than for me or Grandma to read your stories to him. He likes the "Brownies," and always finds the funny little dude. This letter is too long now, so good-bye. From your reader,

DIMPLE K——.

ASBURY PARK, N. J.

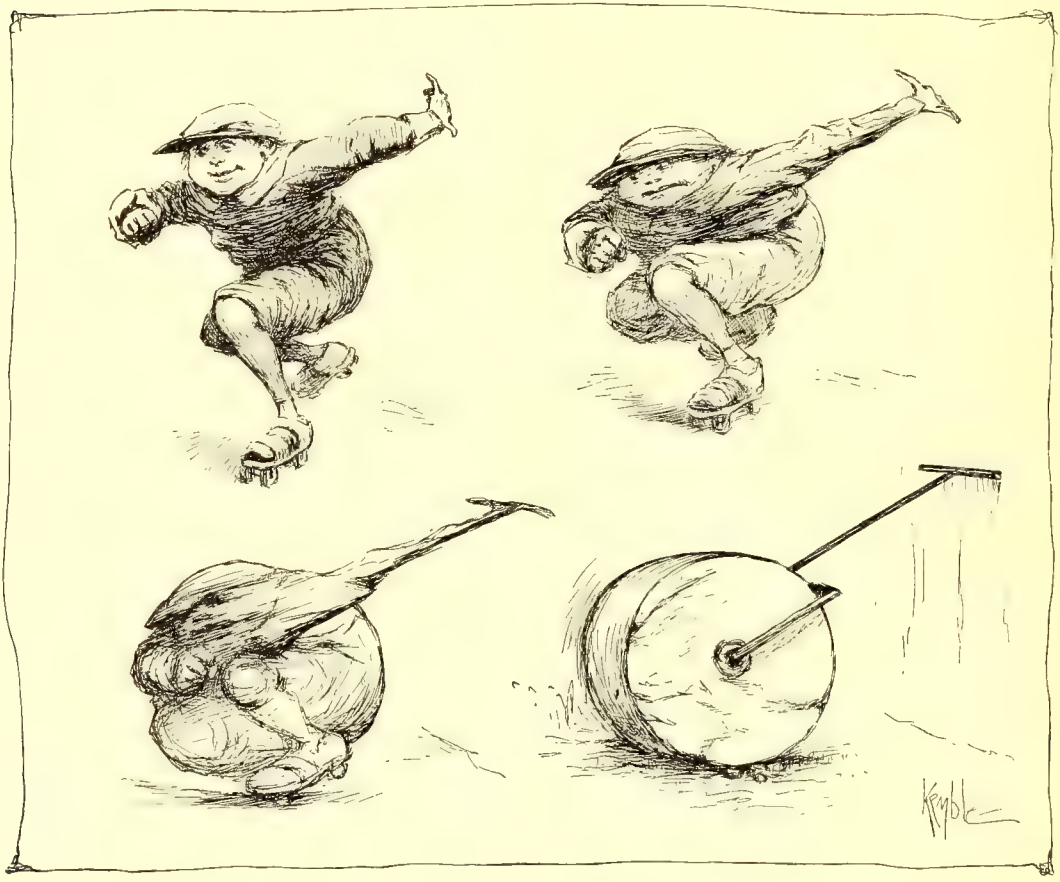
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We, like many others, think there is no magazine like yours; and should the month pass without bringing us our number, we would feel lost. Each one of us tries to get the first look at it. We have taken you nearly twelve years, and, as I am only twelve, you can see that I have been used to it all my life. Some of your readers may like to hear how we spend our winters at the seaside. We enjoy it more than summer. For several weeks we have had a great deal of sport on Deal Lake shooting ducks. We were out gunning, the other day, and Papa shot some quail; one was only winged. It is living, and is as lively as a cricket; it is getting so tame it sits in its box, and whistles. My favorite sport in winter is ice-boating. Our ice-boat has a lateen-sail, and goes so fast you would think you were flying. Saturday the ice-boating was grand; Deal Lake, Sunset, and Wesley are all frozen, and are fine for ice-boating or skating; so you see we have a good deal of sport in winter. We have a pointer dog; he is stone blind, but he is very good for gunning. One day, when we were going across a bridge, he fell right off into the lake.

I hope ST. NICHOLAS will excuse all mistakes, and believe me a warm friend.

WILLIE D. P——.

THE publication of the present number of ST. NICHOLAS in advance of the regular date of issue has made it impracticable to print, this month, the report concerning the King's Move Puzzle, which appeared in the Riddle-Box of the January number. The report will be published in the April ST. NICHOLAS.

WE wish to express our thanks for the pleasant letters we have received from the young friends whose names are given herewith: Clinton, G. P. W., Ruth J. H., E. H. Pope, Robert W. P., Jr., K. M. Cathcart, "Morag," Wallace L. Durant, Rosa L. C., Clara Estabrook, Mabel G., Edgar H., Faye Dunkle, Mamie S. Wilson, Katie H., Fannie Michel, K. E. N., Grace S., Alice R., May Hartley, Annie May Wallace, Amy F. Dart, F. H. M., Frank A. B., Josephine Sewall, C. E. C., Etta H., Clara Louise R., Marion C., Henrietta D., Mabel D., Louie Linder, Celia Loeb, Laura Cook, Maude McAllister, L. Marx, Dottie Russell, Meta Warburten, Judith Verplanck, Cora S. Harrison, Daisy May G., Pearl, Lottie F. B., Beatrice Dyer, Marian Murray, Marian Tooker, Abie Hooley, Ellen A. and Susy B., Grace Stevenson, James A. D., Ada Matthias, Charles Ross G., Belle Rogers, Muriel, Philip R. B., Harry G., Julian C. Verplanck, Mary G. W., Alice B., Henry H. K., Winifred Lawrence, Pearlie Gleason, S. R. P., Mabel H. Chase, Georgia Richmond.



THE FATE OF A ROLLER SKATER.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

PROGRESSIVE ENIGMA. Washington.

MONUMENT. Central letters, Gettysburg. Cross-words: 1. G. 2. gEt. 3. aTe. 4. eTc. 5. eYe. 6. aSk. 7. aBe. 8. eqUip. 9. paRty. 10. misGive.

BEHEADINGS. I. Charleston. 1. C-rush. 2. H-asp. 3. A-gate. 4. R-ice. 5. L-one 6. E-bony. 7. S-wing. 8. T-race. 9. O-bey. 10. N-umber. II. Madison. 1. M-art. 2. A-bet. 3. D-ash. 4. I-con. 5. S-how. 6. O-men. 7. N-ice.

HOUR-GLASS. I. Tarnish. Cross-words: 1. Station. 2. Stamp. 3. Pry. 4. N. 5. Pin. 6. Taste. 7. Rushing. II. Support Cross-words: 1. Bluster. 2. Tough. 3. Ape. 4. P. 5. Row. 6. Array. 7. Wistful.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Napoleon; finals, Waterloo. Cross-words: 1. NarroW. 2. AlpacA. 3. PatenT. 4. OpaquE. 5. LingeR. 6. EspiaL. 7. OportO. 8. NunciO.

A FLIGHT OF STAIRS. Guacharo. Woo, orb, baa, aha, act, tar, rue, egg.

ZIGZAG. George Washington. Cross-words: 1. Give. 2. bEat. 3. frOg. 4. seeR. 5. toGa. 6. tErm. 7. Wane. 8. pArt. 9. paSs. 10. ricH. 11. trIm. 12. sNug. 13. Grip. 14. sTop. 15. prOp. 16. spiN.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. I. 1. A. 2. Alb. 3. Armor. 4. Almeria. 5. Bored. 6. Rid. 7. A. II. 1. A. 2. Rum. 3. Shred. 4. Aurania. 5. Mends. 6. Dis. 7. A. III 1. A. 2. Dum(b). 3. Dosed. 4. Austria. 5. Merge. 6. Die 7. A. IV. 1. A. 2. Hum. 3. Hired. 4. Aurelia. 5. Melon. 6. Din. 7. A. V. 1. A. 2. Era. 3. Exile. 4. Arizona. 5. Aloud. 6. End. 7. A.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. The eye of a master will do more work than both of his hands.

WORD HEXAGON. From 1 to 2, ninth; 2 to 3, hello; 3 to 4, ovate; 5 to 4, ladle; 6 to 5, extol; 1 to 6, noble; 1 to 4, novitiate, 2 to 5, heretical; 3 to 6, over-trade.—— RIDDLE. D I M

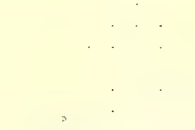
COMBINATION PUZZLE. 1. Let "Never Despair" be your motto. 2. A blithe heart makes a blooming visage. 3. Folly is the poverty of the mind. 4. A guilty conscience needs no accuser. 5. A penny saved is a penny earned. 6. Idleness and poverty are well mated. 7. All blood is alike ancient. 8. He who studies his content wants it most. 9. Little strokes fell great oaks. 10. A hasty man never wants woe. Central letters, "Valentines." Cross-words: 1. ne-V-er. 2. he-A-rt. 3. fo-L-ly. 4. ne-E-ds. 5. pe-N-ny. 6. ma-T-ed. 7. al-I-ke. 8. wa-N-ts. 9. gr-E-at. 10. ha-S-ty.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: In sending answers to puzzles, sign only your initials or use a short assumed name; but if you send a complete list of answers, you may sign your full name. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 20, from Paul Reese — Maud E. Palmer — Sandyside — Maggie T. Turrill — Russell Davis — Nellie and Reggie — Beth — Birdie Koehler — Mamma and Fanny — F. W. Islip — "Spoopendyke" — Mary Ludlow.

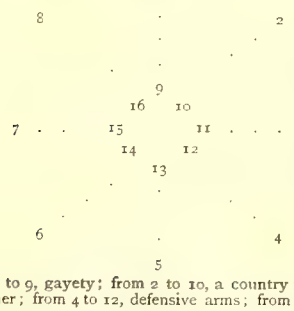
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 20, from A. J. N. G., 1 — Boz, 1 — Tad, 2 — C. M. Knight, 2 — Bebeé, 1 — Nina T., 3 — Eddie B., 1 — "Colonel," 1 — T. C. S., 1 — Wm. D. Keep, 2 — R. Chapman, Jr., 1 — W. K. C., 2 — Annadora Baer, 1 — May Granger, 1 — Gus and Marie S., 1 — R. Hoffman, Jr., 1 — M. D. B., 2 — "Block and Chip," 4 — H. A. W., 1 — Mignon, 3 — H. H. K., Jr., 1 — M. L. Masters, 1 — U. S. and Co., 3 — Justus Holme, 1 — W. P. B., 1 — A. F., 2 — L. C. B., 1 — "Lock and Key," 1 — Lucy Lee Brookes, 3 — M. H. E., 3 — George Seymour, 5 — "Yum Yum," 1 — W. X. Y. Z., 1 — Comaya, 1 — Louise A. Hofmann, 1 — Papa and Karl Webb, 10 — "Sally Lunn" and "Johnny Cake," 8 — "V. U. L. Can," 2 — "Wamba," 1 — "Carl," 1 — Susie M., 1 — Faith, Hope, and Charity, 3 — Daisy Colton, 1 — M. Blake, 1 — S. and B. Rhodes, 9 — Effie K. Talboys, 8 — Jew, 2 — R. A. Bartley, 1 — T. S., 1 — "Pop and I," 9 — Blithedale, 9 — Irene M., 1 — "Livy," 1 — Adele F. F. Lockwood, 1 — Lizzie W., 5 — "Clito," 1 — W. H. P., 1 — "The P's and K's," 4 — Dick and Kittley, 4 — The Stewart Browns, 6 — Professor and Co., 10 — Jamie and Mamma, 11 — Bricktop, 1 — R. V. O., 6 — "Diana Vernon," 3 — "Nan Dell," 3 — "Buffalo Will," 4 — Sammy Cotton, 2 — Martha Nicholson, 2 — Essie C. Adams, 2 — Ethel Tebault, 2 — Lilian Tebault, 2 — Andrew Moody, 2 — Charles T. Land, 2 — Herbert Davis, 2 — Blanche Rolland, 2 — Eda Beck, 2 — Lily Alt, 2 — Essie A., 2 — Carry Whitehurst, 2 — Grace Boller, 2 — Rosa V. Bloxsom, 2 — Mister Y., 2 — Elsie Clark, 1 — A. F. Lockwood, 1 — Colonel and Reg, 5 — Two Cousins, 9 — M. Williams, 2 — Dash, 11 — "Ben Zeene," 6 — "Cleo," 5 — Jo and I, 11 — B. G., 1 — Grace L. Dunham, 1 — J. J., 7 — A. L. L., 2 — Arthur G. Lewis, 7 — "May and 79," 6 — M. G. F. and M. L. G, 8 — M. P. Farr, 2 — Original Puzzle Club, 6 — Jock and Sandy, 3 — Alona, 4 — V. S. G., 3.

A PENTAGON.



ACROSS: 1. In the Riddle-box. 2. A household deity among the Romans. 3. An Egyptian aquatic plant. 4. A network of slats or rods. 5. Demolished. 6. Place of occurrence. 7. A delightful region. This reads the same up and down as across. "L LOS REGNI."

RIMLESS WHEELS AND HUBS.



I. FROM 1 to 9, gayety; from 2 to 10, a country in Asia; from 3 to 11, a runner; from 4 to 12, defensive arms; from 5 to 13, a scriptural name which occurs in I. Chronicles, vi. 5; from 6 to 14, water-pitchers; from 7 to 15, a famous French astronomer; from 8 to 16, confederation.

Perimeter of wheel (from 1 to 8), the name of a distinguished French statesman and orator who was born March 9, 1749. Hub of wheel, (from 9 to 16) the name of a distinguished American statesman who was born on March 9, 1773.

II. From 1 to 9, a mountain mentioned in the Bible; from 2 to 10, a feminine name; from 3 to 11, a wanderer; from 4 to 12, a low dwarf tree; from 5 to 13, a punctuation point; from 6 to 14, a native inhabitant of Hindostan; from 7 to 15, uniform; from 8 to 16, of a lead color.

Perimeter of wheel, the name of a distinguished astronomer Hub of wheel, the name of an English authoress who died on March 9, 1825. CYRIL DEANE.

HOUR-GLASS.

READING ACROSS: 1. Parsons. 2. The human race. 3. On every dinner-table. 4. A poem. 5. In hour-glass. 6. A feminine name. 7. A beverage. 8. A scamp. 9. Speaking indistinctly.

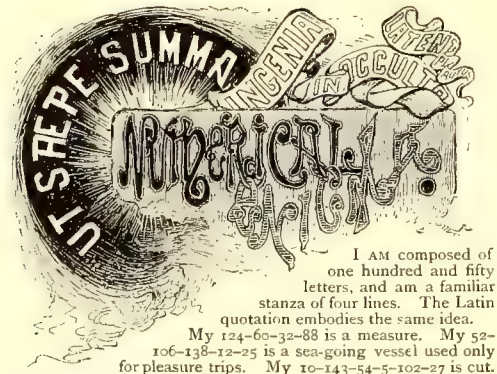
The central letters, reading downward, spell a word which means to run away with precipitation. AGGIE M. D.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in cabbage, but not in plum;
My second in hautboy, but not in drum;
My third is in hammock, but not in swing;
My fourth is in March-wind, but not in spring.
My whole is a man of world-wide fame,—
It has but four letters, pray tell me his name.

DIAMOND.

1. IN diamonds. 2. A Spanish coin formerly current in Ireland. 3. Narrow roads. 4. A large artery. 5. Unvaried tones. 6. To indicate. 7. A geometrical term. 8. A haunt. 9. In diamonds. "DON ALVAREZ."



I AM composed of one hundred and fifty letters, and am a familiar stanza of four lines. The Latin quotation embodies the same idea.

My 124-60-32-88 is a measure. My 52-106-138-12-25 is a sea-going vessel used only for pleasure trips. My 10-143-54-5-102-27 is cut. My 132-39-147-82-36-117-63-99-93-72 is healthy. My 79-130-114-74-90-28-141-66-125-3 is a note to help the memory. My 69-86-135-96-146-46-128 is to restrain. My 47-85-111-56-122-104 is a very small amount. My 78-108-126-67-139-30 is a poetical word meaning a prayer. My 62-17-55 is a marsh. My 77-15-89-98-8-121-137-112 is very clean. My 34-84-51-70-49-38 is to decide. My 19-91-18-4 is a prong. My 87-7-115-80-58-140-127 is joyous. My 43-149-68-97 is a mournful cry. My 31-92-133-83-71-145-2-119-11 is pleasant to the taste. My 35-142-37-64-23 is to scatter. My 134-13-95-136-110-101 is to starve. My 40-129-75-42 is a groove. My 61-9-100-20-33-150-53-24-105 is a Jewish council. My 131-59-21-45-123-57-120 is superficial. My 65-148-73-29-94 is an Egyptian plant similar to the water-lily. My 1-26-113-16-76-107 is of poor quality. My 116-118-14-44-48 is a heavenly body. My 41-109-81-50-103-6-22-144 is hardihood.

JOHN.

ZIGZAG PROVERB.

1 * * * 5 6 * * * 10 11 * * * 15
* 2 * 4 * * 7 * 9 * * 12 * 14 *
* * 3 * * * * 8 * * * 13 * *
* 2 * 4 * * 7 * 9 * * 12 * 14 *
1 * * * 5 6 * * * 10 11 * * * 15

The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 15, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, spell a familiar maxim. The letters from 1 to 15, beginning at the lower left-hand corner, spell what the maxim should be. The whole was quoted in a famous speech by Abraham Lincoln.

CROSS-WORDS (reading downward): 1. A moving power. 2. Conclusion. 3. A stake. 4. A feminine pronoun followed by a masculine pronoun. 5. To reproach. 6. A proverb. 7. Deadly. 8. An Oriental begging monk. 9. A hand-to-hand fight. 10. An opening. 11. Rhubarb. 12. One who imitates. 13. A spectre. 14. The same as number 4. 15. Implied, but not expressed.

E. L. E.

BURIED BIRDS.

(Two birds are concealed in each sentence.)

1. We saw, on our tour, a company of gypsies wandering about.
2. Ned caught a rat in a mouse-trap — in tail first it was, too!
3. She began nettling me, else we would n't have had a word.
4. Yes, he is a very sharp young fellow, and very smart in his way.
5. It is seldom a visitor uses such awkward expressions.
6. Mr Jones will not rebuild his wall, owing to the high rate allowed masons.

"ROSE MADDER."

WORD-SQUARE.

I. 1. To devastate. 2. A stage-player. 3. A gem. 4. A medicine. 5. Upright.

II. 1. To bite into small pieces. 2. Caprice. 3. To entertain. 4. A famous law-giver. 5. To urge.

F. L. F.

BROKEN WORDS.

EXAMPLE: Separate things furnished as food, and make a small draught and works at closely. Answer, Sup-plies.

1. Separate moved in regular order, and make a month and a masculine nickname. 2. Separate the sail of a windmill, and make currents of air and to be sick. 3. Separate instruments used in old-fashioned fire-places, and make a conjunction and smoothes. 4. Separate a name for the hawthorn, and make a month and to flower. 5. Separate several, and make a heavenly body and arid. 6. Separate the middle name of a famous novelist and make to fashion and tranquillity. 7. Separate a certain kind of line, and make garments and a slender cord. 8. Separate bleached, and make pure and a masculine nickname. 9. Separate a musical term meaning rather slow, and make a conjunction and a prefix meaning "before." 10. Separate a town in England, and make female servants and sound. 11. Separate codfish cured in a particular manner, and make of a dark color and to angle.

The first parts of the words separated will, when read in connection, form an old-fashioned adage of two lines, relative to two of the months.

FRANK SNELLING.

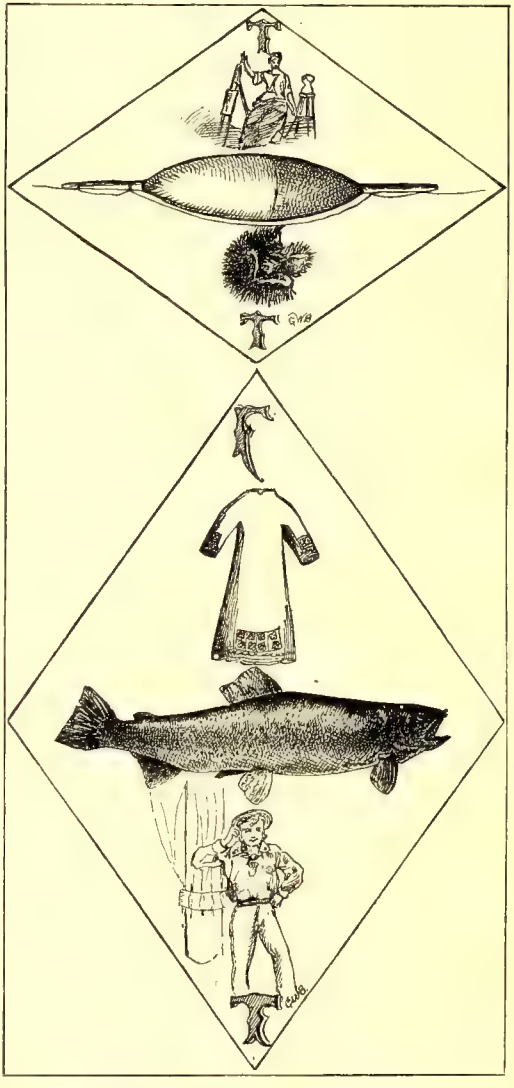
EASY RHOMBOID.

* * * *
* * * *
* * * *
* * * *

ACROSS: 1. A fowl. 2. Part of a wheel. 3. Unfurnished. 4. A chicken. DOWNWARD: 1. In rhomboid. 2. A prefix meaning twice. 3. A mariner. 4. A young fowl. 5. Rage. 6. A familiar prefix. 7. In rhomboid.

FRED.

DOUBLE DIAMOND.



FROM the ten objects here shown, construct a "double diamond"; which is one that will read differently across and up and down. The two central words are shown by the two largest objects.



"THE MONKEYS WERE SENT INTO THE TREES TO GATHER THE FRUIT."

(SEE PAGE 424.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XIV. APRIL, 1887. No. 6.

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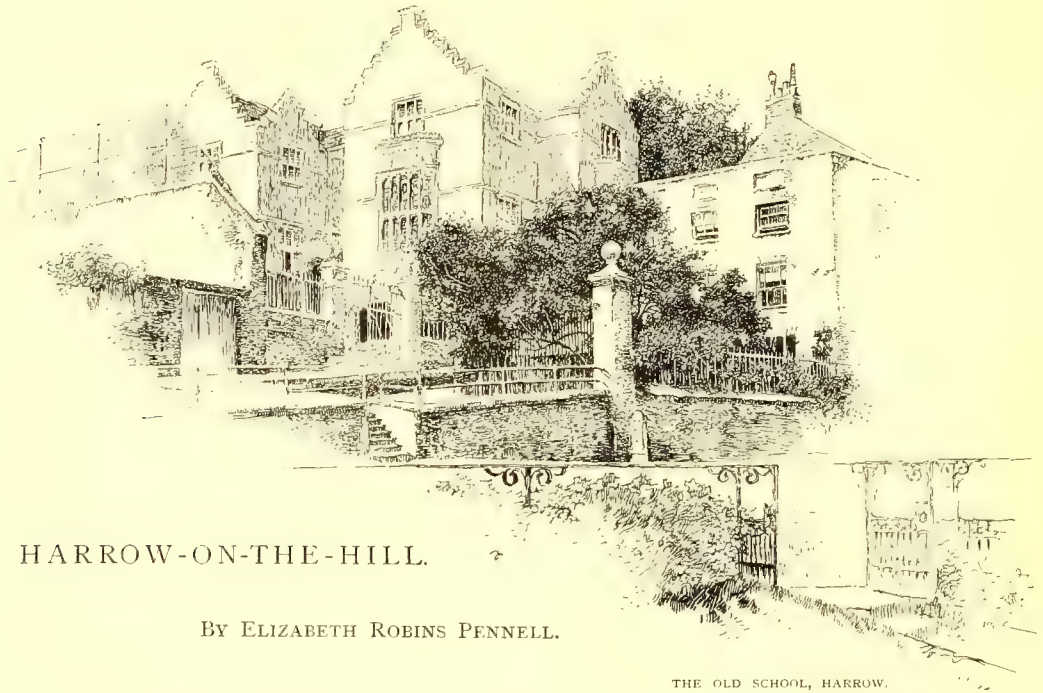
AN APRIL JESTER.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

OUTDOORS the white rain coming down
Made rivers of the streets in town,
And where the snow in patches lay
It washed the Winter's signs away.
How fast it fell! How warm it felt!
The icicles began to melt —
A silver needle seemed each one
Thrust in the furnace of the Sun,
The Vulcan Sun who forged them all —
In raindrops, crystals round and small.
The air was filled with tiny ropes
On which were strung these April hopes,—
White water-beads that searched the ground
Until the thirsty seeds were found.

Then came blue sky; the streets were clean,
And in the garden spots of green
Were glistening in golden light,—
The grass — and Spring — almost in sight!
A blue-bird sang its song near by,—
Oh! happy Spring *is* come, thought I; —
When, all at once the air grew chill,
Again the snow-flakes fell until
The ground was covered, and the trees
Stood in the drifts up to their knees.

I think this bird who dared to sing
Was premature about the Spring,
Or else he joked in manner cool,
And caroled lightly, "*April Fool!*"



THE OLD SCHOOL, HARROW.

HARROW-ON-THE-HILL.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

A GREAT many years ago, when Elizabeth was Queen of England, there lived near the little village of Harrow-on-the-Hill a man by the name of John Lyon. He was an honest, well-to-do yeoman, who cared as much for his neighbor as for himself. Harrow, ten miles from the great city of London, was then a small place, with a main street leading up to the top of the hill, and a few narrow lanes straggling down the hillside to pretty red farmhouses and shady woods, just as they do to-day.

People in John Lyon's time were beginning to care more for learning than they ever had before; but their chances of being taught were few, and the worthy yeoman thought there was no better way to help his poorer fellow-villagers than by having their children educated for them. He was a rich man. Besides a farm at Preston, he owned a mineral spring, to which pilgrims came from far and near, as its waters were very healing. Almost all of them, as they left, would drop a few pence into the purse which he left there for that purpose. From the large income which he made in this way, John Lyon gave a certain sum every year to pay for the schooling of poor boys in Harrow. When he was certain that good came of this charity, he decided to found a school, so that, even after his death and until the end of time, the sons of poor men and women in his native place could be taught at his expense.

This was in 1571, and Queen Elizabeth gave him a charter for his school as soon as he asked her for it. But it was not until forty years later, in 1611, that his "well meete and convenient roomes" for schoolmaster, ushers, and scholars were built.

When John Lyon died, he was buried in the little church on the top of the hill, and just beyond the school buildings. It was on one of the gravestones in front of this church, and on the brow of the hill, that Byron, who was a Harrow boy, used to sit for hours by himself, writing poems. For this reason it is now called Byron's Tomb.

The schoolhouse which John Lyon built is still standing. There is a room downstairs where all the boys in the early days had their classes. But now it is only used two or three times a week, when masters and scholars assemble in it for prayers. It is a long, narrow room, with high, old-fashioned windows. The walls are wainscoted, and all over the wainscoting and on the benches and desks, on the masters' tables, and even on the head-master's chair, schoolboys for the last three hundred years have carved their names. Some of these names are large and sprawly, others small and neat; and they are so close together that there is no space left for any new ones to be added. On one side, in very large letters, Byron's name is cut in two different places, and near it is that of Peel, the great

English statesman. The boys were really forbidden to do this; and every name, you may be sure, represents a good punishment. But the masters are now glad that the boys were disobedient; for many became famous in after life, and their schools, of which are within ten minutes' walk of the schoolrooms. Many are very pretty, and around them are large gardens, full of bright flowers, and smooth lawns for tennis. In each of the larger houses there are from thirty to forty boys; in the smaller



THE HIGH STREET, HARROW.

boy carvings are pointed out with pride. Harrovians, as Harrow boys are called, now have their names carved for them on new panels fastened to the wall for the purpose, and they think it quite an honor.

If John Lyon could come back to Harrow to-day, I do not believe he would recognize his school. And there have been many changes in the rules as well as in the buildings. The boys have shorter hours for study and more time for play. But the greatest change of all is that the boys who now go to Harrow are not free, but paying, scholars. Indeed, they pay so much that only very rich people can send their sons to the school. It happened that John Lyon said in his directions about the boys, that the master could receive, besides the regular pupils, "so many foreigners"—by which he meant boys from other parts of England—as could be conveniently taught. The school was so good that every year the number of these "foreigners" became greater, until now there are more than five hundred, while there are only two or three "foundationers," or free scholars.

The boys board with the different masters. There are fifteen or sixteen boarding-houses, all ones, only nine or ten. In the former, two or three boys room together; and all have their meals in the same hall, the master of the house presiding at dinner. The sixth form, or eldest boys, take their tea and breakfast apart from the others, and are waited on by their fags. In the small houses each boy has a room to himself, and he and his fellow-boarders breakfast and dine with the master's family; and a very comfortable and homelike time they have of it.

In every boy's room there is a Harrow bed,—a little low cot which during the day is folded up into a cupboard and out of sight. Then there are the wash-stand and dressing table, and whatever ornaments the boys may choose to add.

The boys are very loyal to their own houses. Each house has its own particular rules and interests, the boys in it playing foot-ball together against the other houses, and singing together. Then the rules about fagging and other customs vary in the different houses,—consequently, some of the houses are better liked than others; and boys who want to get in them sometimes have to wait two or three years for a vacancy. These houses make Harrow-on-the-Hill a lively little town during school terms.



THE PLACE CALLED "BYRON'S TOMB."

The head-master has the chief control of the school. Two or three times a week the boys meet in Speech Room, a large hall, with rows of seats forming a semicircle opposite a wide stage. Here the head-master gives whatever general orders are necessary; for, at other times, the only boys he sees are those in the sixth form or those who board in his house. The boys during school hours are under the superintendence of the masters of their forms; and when they are in their houses, they are under the charge of the masters living there. Next in authority to the masters are the monitors, who are the first sixteen boys in the sixth form. They read lessons in Chapel, keep order at "bill,"—a ceremony which I shall explain to you presently,—shut the door for prayers, and fulfill one or two other small duties. They have also a little more liberty than the other boys. When they are on duty, they are let off from school,—though, of course, they must prepare their lessons and keep up with their form. Then, they can go to the school library whenever they choose. This library is a beautiful large room, ornamented with busts and portraits of famous old Harrovians, a copy of the tablet erected to John Lyon by the people of Harrow, and a large photograph of Queen Elizabeth's charter. Opposite the door is a wide, low window with cushioned seats in it; and I think there are few pleasanter places to sit, for from it you look down the hillside to the foot-ball field and the green meadows beyond; and on clear days you can see, away off in the distance, the towers and spires of London.

The sixth form, to which the monitors belong, is the highest in the school. There are three divisions to it, which include about seventy-five boys altogether. These are the elect, whose baths and fires, meals and messages, are attended to by the younger boys. But, according to a curious unwritten law of the school, the boy who has never been a fag can not have a fag. Therefore, if a boy who has always lived in a small house, where there is no fagging, moves into a large house when he goes into the sixth form, he must first serve an apprenticeship before he has a right to give orders to the fags. For one day, and in some houses for an entire fortnight, he waits on the sixth form, who take great delight in sending him on long messages, and in making him bring them all their extra dishes from the confectionery or "tuck" shops.

The fifth form is next in rank. It also has three divisions, and the boys who belong to them form an intermediate class, who are not allowed to have fags and yet are too old to be fags. Next in order are the upper and modern removes; and these classes compose the upper school. Once a boy has reached the modern remove, he puts on his "tails," or tailed coat, and is a small boy no longer. It is then that he begins to love Harrow. I do not think many other schoolboys love their

schools as much as Harrovians do theirs. Their affection lasts with their life. Whenever anything is needed at Harrow, if a circular is sent around to scholars who have left, they are sure to answer to the call, though they may have grown old and gray, or have moved long since to far India or the Colonies. An old Harrovian away off in Allahabad wrote, in 1864, a song for Harrow boys to sing, which shows how strong the school feeling is. This is the last verse :

"And when at last old age is ours, and manhood's strength has fled,
And young ambition's fire is cold, and earthly hope lies dead,
Once more amid our early haunts we feel our boyhood's thrill,
And keep a niche within our hearts for Harrow-on-the-Hill.
For, searching England far and wide, no school can well be found
That sends forth truer gentlemen, or stands on higher ground."

In the lower school, where the boys wear jackets, the highest classes are the two lower removes. These are followed by the three shells. The word shell comes from *échelle*, the French for ladder; for, at first there were no removes, and the shells were really the steps by which the boys went up from the lower to the higher forms. It is well to know the meaning of the word; for, otherwise, it would seem to be a very foolish and unmeaning name for a class. Lowest of all is the fourth form, which, like the others, has three divisions. All the boys in the lower school, and also those in the two upper removes, have to take turns at fagging. Each one is on duty for a certain length of time, as day fag, night fag, or find fag. The day fag has to stay in his house all day long, in case he may be wanted. He has to keep the fires of the sixth-form boys burning, and he must fill their baths after foot-ball, and empty their basins in the evening. The find fag is the marketer; that is, he goes to the tuck shop for sausages or eggs or whatever dish it may please his masters to order. The night fags run on messages during the evening and fetch hot water for the sixth form. When they had to go down to the kitchen for it, there used to be much noise and confusion, so that, to prevent it, a gas-stove has been put in some of the houses, at the end of the hall upstairs. As night work is thought the easiest, it is usually given to the boys in the upper removes. In some houses fagging duties are lighter than in others; but, light or heavy, the boys never rebel against them.

Now that I have told you what the classes are, and where the boys live, you will be curious to know how the day is spent at Harrow. An American boy who has been there several years has written for me, and for the benefit of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, a short account of his school life.

"We have to be in school every morning by half-past seven; the school bell rings first at a quarter to seven, and again at a quarter-past; and it rings for a few minutes before nearly all the 'schools' during the day. First school lasts from half-past seven to nine, when we have breakfast; and then we have until ten o'clock free. From ten to one (dinner-time) we are in school one, two, or three hours. Then on half-holidays (Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays), we have the afternoon to ourselves, except that we must answer to our names at 'bill' at a quarter to two, and at four and six in the summer term, and at a quarter to two and a quarter-past four in the other terms. 'Lock-up,' in summer, is at half-past eight, and at other times at half-past six. No boy may be out of his house after 'lock-up.' On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays the summer hours are: third school at three, fourth school at five; in winter they are half an hour later. Each of these schools lasts an hour. At six or half-past we have tea; at half-past eight, supper; at a quarter-past nine, prayers; and at ten the gas is turned off. During the evening we are supposed to do our work for first school next day. On Sunday, we must be up by half-past eight for chapel, and during the day we have to go to chapel twice again, at eleven and six. At three we have an hour's Bible lesson, which has to be prepared beforehand. FRANK IRWIN."

"Bill" is a peculiar Harrow term, and means the calling over of names on half-holidays. And this is done two or three times in the course of the afternoon.

At the appointed hour, the great school bell rings. It is so loud that you can hear it even in the meadows and lanes at the foot of the hill. At its first sound, the boys come trooping through the streets from the cricket fields and racquet courts, from the cake shops and their own rooms, or from wherever they may be spending their half-holiday, to the high-walled yard in front of the old school-building. They all wear white straw hats with very wide brims, which they call "straws." These have either blue or black ribbons around their crowns, and an elastic, such as little girls wear on their hats, which the boys pull down a little way over their hair at the back of their heads. It can not be of much use; but then, I suppose, Harrovians have always worn it, and so they still keep it, just as the Blue-Coats keep their yellow stockings. The cricket "Eleven," who are looked up to as the most important beings in Harrow, if not in the world, are distinguished from the others by their white and black "straws." The boys wear these hats all the year around, in winter as well as summer, changing them on Sundays for tall silk hats. The younger boys wear black jackets; but the older ones have coats made like dress-coats, and with these they wear any waistcoats and trousers they like, so that they always look as if they were in half evening dress. These coats, in the school slang, are always known as

"tails." A story is told about them. Once, on a very dark night, the head-master saw about half a dozen boys coming out of the village inn, where they had been positively forbidden to go. He could not see their faces, and as they all ran as soon as he spoke to them, he only succeeded in seizing one of the number. Pulling out his knife, he cut off a tail from this boy's coat and let him go, saying, "Now, sir, you may go home. I will know you in class to-morrow morning by this." The next morning came, and the head-master



BLACK BOARD AND MASTER'S SEAT, OLD SCHOOL ROOM, HARROW.

waited at his desk, ready to punish his victim with great severity; for the offense was counted a very serious one. But when the boys of his form came in and passed, one by one, by his desk, each had but a single tail to his coat. They all had ruined their "tails" to save their friend.

But while I have been describing their coats and telling a story about them, I have left the boys in the yard, waiting for "bill." Presently one of the masters, in gown and cap, comes in, and stands on the steps of the school building. The monitor of the day comes and stands at his side. Then all frolic stops, and the master begins to call the names in regular order. The boys, in single file, march in front of him, and each one in turn answers by touching his hat just as soldiers do, with his right hand, at the same time saying, "Here, sir!" The monitor writes down the names of the absent, and before the day is over, he has to hunt them up, find out the reason of their absence, and give in his report to the master. If a boy is detected by the latter coming forward out of turn, he is called back and ordered to write fifty lines before next "bill." In the summer, when a great many of the older boys spend their half-holiday playing cricket, the ordinary "bill" would be a very long and serious interruption to their sport. The masters know this, and as they think almost as much of the boys' games as of their studies, they have a special "bill" for cricketers. At the same hour that the other boys assemble in the schoolyard, those in the cricket-field form in a line, every fifth boy standing a little farther forward than the rest. He is called a shepherd, and the four between him and the next shepherd are his sheep. Then the master starts from the top of the line and runs quickly down to the other end. As he passes, each shepherd answers for his sheep, and thus a great deal of time is saved. The shepherds, like the monitors, must explain the absence of the missing sheep.

Writing lines is the penance Harrovians do for all their sins, in and out of school. If a boy is late for school, he writes lines; if he misses "bill," he writes lines. If the lines are not finished at a stated time, their number is doubled. There was one clever boy who escaped writing half the ordered quantity; and the masters tell the story of how he did it to this day. He was an untidy boy and was often taken to task for his carelessness and disorder. One day his master, who had very dignified and impressive manners, and who always said "we" instead of "you" when talking to the boys, found occasion to reprove him.

"We do not look very clean," he said, with much severity. "We have not washed our hands this morning. Have we?"

"I don't know about yours," was the impudent boy's answer, "but I 've washed mine."

"Ah!" said the master, "we are very impertinent to-day. We will have to write a hundred lines before the next 'bill.'"

When "bill" time came, the master sent for the boy.

"Have we written our lines?" he asked.

"I 've written my fifty," the boy answered very promptly, handing in his paper; "but I don't know whether you 've done your half!"

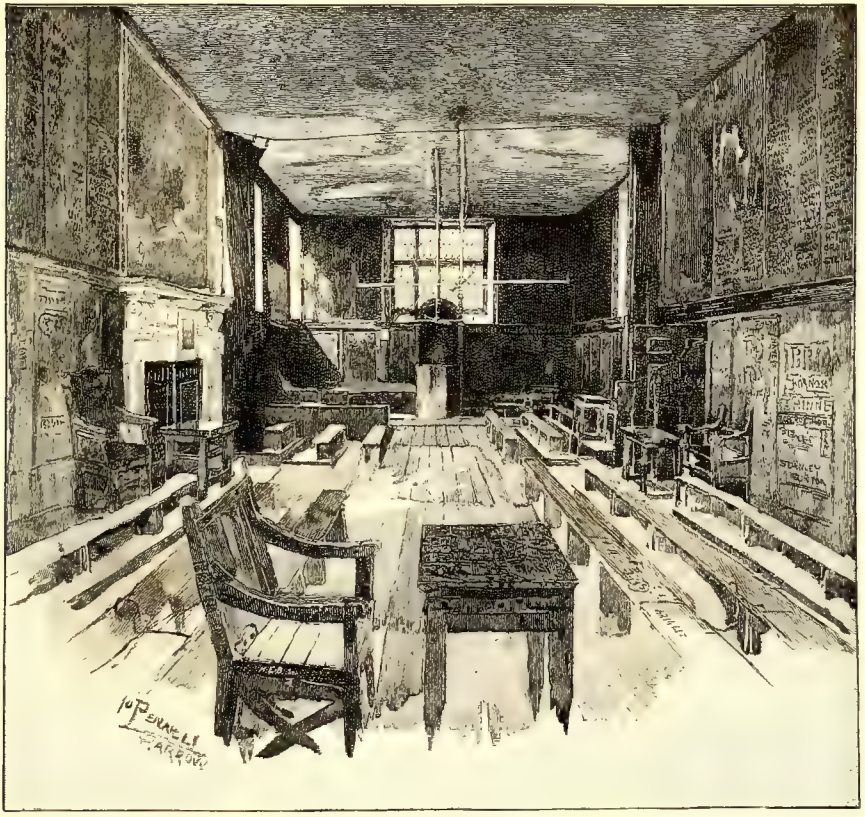
When not in school, the boys are their own masters. During their free hours until "lock up," they can do very much as they please. Of course, certain things are forbidden them, but there are no wardens or beadles to keep an eye on their movements. This independence makes them very manly and teaches them to take care of themselves.

Most of their leisure time is spent in different

kinds of sport. This is Lord Byron's account of what they did during their hours of play:

"Yet when confinement's lingering hour was done,
Our sports, our studies, and our souls were one!
Together we impell'd the flying ball,
Together join'd in cricket's manly toil,
Or shared the produce of the river's spoil;
Or, plunging from the green, declining shore,
Our pliant limbs the buoyant water bore;
In every element unchang'd, the same,—
All, all that brothers should be but the name."

but the principal courts, for fives as well as for racquets, are built together on the hillside, near the old schoolhouse, and here many boys, and masters, too, spend the greater part of their half-holidays. A flight of wide stone steps leads to them from the yard where "bill" is held. In whatever direction you turn from the schoolhouse, unless it is to go to the parish church, you must walk downhill; and these steps make the steep descent here a little easier. At certain hours of the afternoon they are crowded with boys, racquet in hand, who rush down at break-neck speed.



THE OLD SCHOOL ROOM, HARROW.

The three great games at Harrow nowadays are cricket, racquets, and foot-ball. While Harrovians are very skillful in all of them, and are very close rivals of Eton, Winchester, Westminster, and Rugby boys, with whom they have their great matches, the game in which they most excel is racquets. They are always sure to win the cup, or prize, whenever they play racquets against other schools. They have a number of very fine courts, a few of which are in the yards around the houses;

As you begin to descend, you will notice on your right hand a small grassplot which is shut in by the school wall and the high wall of the first racquet court. This small green place has played so important a part in the school life that you must not pass it without learning something about it. It was the old "milling-ground," or battle-field, where all fights took place in the presence of the whole school. At Harrow, the rule is that school battles must be fought in public. None,



A CRICKET MATCH AT HARROW.

therefore, could ever come off without good reason, and they have always to be carried on fairly. The consequence is there have not been any fights for years.

Cricket is quite as popular as racquets, and the fame of Harrow boys as cricketers has spread far and wide. I am sure it has already reached many of my readers; but still, they are not always as successful at it as they are at racquets. They are sometimes beaten by Etonians, with whom every summer they have a great match in Lord's Cricket Ground out in St. John's Wood, a part of London. This always comes off in the height of the season, and everybody goes to it, and everybody in the fashionable world talks about it for weeks beforehand and afterward. At Harrow there are two large cricket-fields, which lie at the foot of the hill, about eight minutes' walk from the schoolhouse. One was given to the school by George III., as a notice forbidding "trespassing on these premises" tells you. The other, on the opposite side of the road, where sheep graze in the quiet twilight hour, after the cricketers have gone home, was bought a few years ago by old Harrovians.

On bright holiday afternoons the fields are gay and lively. If a match is not going on, there is sure to be a number of boys practicing. The last match of the year, played in the early part of October, is called "Goose Match." This is another peculiar Harrow name, but it is not without its meaning. The players in the evening have a great dinner, at which the chief dish is goose. This has been the custom for so many years that the match is now nicknamed after the dinner.

One of the greatest honors in the school is to be elected into the cricket "Eleven," which is called "getting your flannels." When a boy, because of his good playing, is promoted to it, he is cheered at the next "bill" by the whole school. He then, and then only, can wear white flannel trousers, while he decorates his short blue coat — which the boys are now allowed to use when going to their game — with brass buttons. Another proud distinction is the white waistcoat, which no boys but the "Eleven" can wear.

The foot-ball field is on the other side of the hill. You can see it from the library window. "Footer," this game is called at the school. Harrow boys have a way of shortening familiar names and adding "er" to them. They call the Sick-room, "sicker," and Speech Room and speech-day, "speecher," and the duck-pond where they bathe and swim, "Ducker."

Three times in every two weeks there is a "school compul"; that is, compulsory "footer," when all the boys have to play. Every now and then, too, there are matches between the houses, and very exciting they are. You can hear the hurrahing and the cries of the winning side distinctly on the hill. Then the masters play against the houses, challenging one at a time, and, as a rule, defeat them. On half-holiday afternoons, and on other days between half-past one and three, the boys, and often the masters, hurry down the lane behind the building where the laboratory is, running as fast as if they wore the seven-league boots of fairy-lore; and then, with much noise of tramping, they rush through the gate at the foot of the lane out into the field beyond. This field is so large that almost all the boys can play on it at once. Each house has a large square measured off for its use, and the boys always wear, when playing, their house colors. If you go down to the field when they are at work, you will see troops of players in red, yellow and black, magenta and white, and other gayly colored shirts and caps, with white

knickerbockers, tearing across the green after the balls, or else struggling and pushing for them, boys and masters rolling over and jumping to their feet again almost instantaneously.

Every house has its "footer" colors, but the school color is blue, a dark shade very like that of the University of Oxford. The boys are very proud of their blue. They think that it, like all else belonging to Harrow, is finer than anything to be found in other schools. They say that when

"The Alps and the white Himalayas
Are all very pleasant to see,
But of right little, tight little, bright little hills,
Our Harrow is highest, say we."

The great "footer" match of the year is on October 9, or "Founder's Day." This is the great day of the year. It is held in honor of the founder, "Lyon of Preston, Yeoman John." A sermon is preached, old Harrovians come back



"DUCKER": THE SWIMMING-POND AT HARROW.

their blue ribbons are faded and soiled, then they hand them over to Eton boys, whose color is light blue. This is really the only thing they will tell you of Etonians, their great cricket rivals. Even Harrow masters pretend to know nothing of the manners and customs of the school at Windsor, which is so near that its towers can be seen from the hillside. For, why should they care to know about any other place than Harrow? Windsor towers are high, but so is Harrow Hill, and they never grow tired of praising the high ground on which their school is built. They think, as one of the school songs says:

and meet at a dinner, and late in the afternoon the boys assemble in Speech Room and sing in chorus Harrow songs.

I hardly know whether the Gymnasium, the Carpenter's Shop and the different school societies ought to be counted as work or play. Many boys spend their free afternoons in gymnastic exercises and in working with the carpenter. They have a fine large workshop, and when I saw it, one boy was busy building a canoe. The principal society is the Scientific Association, whose meetings the members look forward to with much eagerness. Sometimes a boy, and sometimes a master, reads

a paper, or lectures on an interesting or important subject. Then, too, there is a Volunteer Corps, to which many boys belong. It drills every morning, and occasionally turns out with the school band. Every year, eight of the best shots in the corps go to Wimbledon to shoot in the great match there.

One thing even Harrovians admit is needed to make their school quite perfect. This is a good-sized stream of water. Lord Byron wrote about sharing "the river's spoil," but this could only have been on rare occasions, for the Thames is many miles from Harrow. As it is, "Ducker" is the only piece of water which the boys can reach conveniently. I do not suppose a finer swimming-bath is to be found in England. It is a large tank paved with asphalt, with gracefully curved banks, along which are flower-beds and thick shrubbery and, in some places, beautiful large trees; while from the water, the boys can always see the hill and the church spire and the schoolhouse. Then, too, there are rustic benches and little dressing-houses, whereon the names of the champion swimmers—"dolphins," they are called—are carved. But "Ducker," fine as it is, is not large enough for boating. In respect to water sports, Eton is really better off, the boys there having the Thames at their disposal.

Perhaps it is to make up for this loss that so much is thought of singing at Harrow. The boys all must learn to sing. At one time they charged themselves with testing the voices of new-comers. The unfortunate new boy was made to stand on a table, holding a lighted candle in each hand, and in this position he had to sing a song. If he failed, he was forced to drink a glass of soap and water. Something of the same kind took place during Christmas term. All the boys in a house would meet in one room, and the "Footer Eleven," clothed in red dressing-gowns, would sit solemnly on a bench in front of a table. On this every boy in turn stood and sang his song, holding, like the new boy, a candle in each hand. On one side was an officer for the evening bearing a toasting-fork; a second, armed with a racquet, was stationed on the other side. When the singer stopped in his song or hesitated, the officers gave him a good thrashing with their weapons. The general result was, as a head-boy of the school once wrote, "a good deal of fun, and some slight damage to the trousers." Now in many of the houses, the new boys are still forced to sing, but the candles and soap and water are left out of the ceremony. Besides this, at the supper at the end of every term, which is a very jolly affair with much speech-making and many toasts, every boy in the house is obliged to sing at least two or three verses of a song. The little fellows look forward to the evening with great fear and trembling, and practice their songs for weeks beforehand.

But the boys do not only sing in play. They are serious enough about it sometimes. Every week there is singing in one or other of the houses, when the singing-master presides, and many of the other masters and their families come to listen. The boys have a large collection of songs. These are not in the least like those popular in American schools and colleges. They are all about Harrow and its greatness; about John Lyon and Queen Bess and the charter; about new boys and their first hardships, and the old boys and their noble doings. There is one called "Harrow up on the Hill," which is so full of the love and pride Harrow boys feel for their school, that I think it will be the best ending to my description of their life:

"Three leagues to north of London town,
Harrow up on the Hill.
There stands a school of high renown,
Harrow up on the Hill.
Low at her feet the rolling shire,
Groves around her in green attire,
And soaring above her a silent spire,
Harrow up on the Hill.

"Men of honor in English realms,
Harrow up on the Hill.
Have roamed as boys beneath her elms,
Harrow up on the Hill.
And round the school which loves to claim
The heirloom of their noble name
They cast the halo of their fame,
Harrow up on the Hill.

"Others may boast of a Founder-King:
Harrow up on the Hill.
We have a different birth to sing,
Harrow up on the Hill.
Glorious founders have there been,
But never a grander pair were seen
Than Yeoman John and the Virgin Queen:
Harrow up on the Hill.

"And if they ask what made her great,
Harrow up on the Hill.
Was it her riches, pride, or fate?
Harrow up on the Hill.
Say that she rose because she would,
Because her sons were wise and good,
And bound in closest brotherhood!
Harrow up on the Hill."

WHAT THE JONQUIL SAID.

It is early, I know,
Early and chilly;
But I have an engagement
With Daffy-down-dilly.

It 's the time o' year
For litter and muss,
And the gardens and borders
Depend upon us.



At an archery party near Marget,
A timid young lady named Harget
Said: "I'll sit over here
Where there's nothing to fear." —
And she sat down in front of the target.



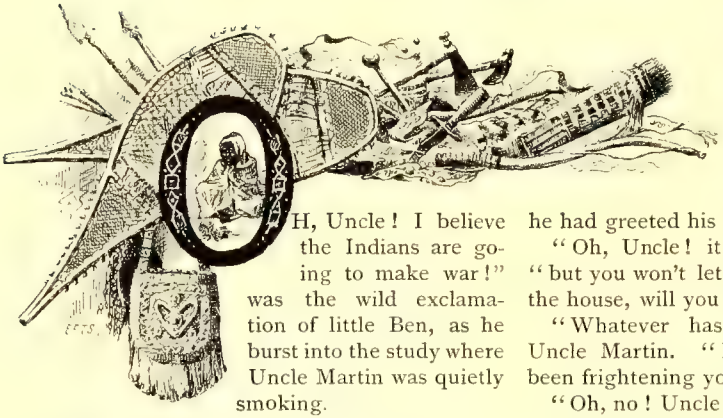
GOOD-NIGHT.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

GOOD-NIGHT, pretty Sun, good-night;
I 've watched your purple and golden light
While you are sinking away.
And some one has just been telling me
You 're making, over the shining sea,
Another beautiful day;
That, just at the time I am going to sleep,
The children there are taking a peep
At your face,—beginning to say,
" Good-morning!" just when I say good-night!
Now, beautiful Sun, if they 've told me right,
I wish you 'd say good-morning for me
To all the little ones over the sea.

THE DRUMMER ON SNOWSHOES.

BY ERNEST E. THOMPSON.



"OH, Uncle! I believe the Indians are going to make war!" was the wild exclamation of little Ben, as he burst into the study where Uncle Martin was quietly smoking.

"Indeed?" said Uncle Martin, smiling at the idea of a few squaws making war on a village only a short distance from the city of Toronto.

But Benny was fresh from England, and his mind was filled with exciting tales about Indians and tomahawks, and his interest in such matters had lately been intensified by learning that a number of half-breeds and squaws were encamped near by, for the purpose of selling bead and quill work. The idea of seeing a real Indian camp completely filled Benny's brain for the next few days; and as his uncle could not take him, the little boy had several times set out alone on short excursions to a tract of swamp lands a quarter of a mile away, in hope of seeing the Indians without running the risk of being seen by them, and it was immediately upon a remarkably hasty return from one of these expeditions that he had greeted his uncle as just described.

"Oh, Uncle! it 's so!" cried Benny, again; "but you won't let them touch me or burn down the house, will you?"

"Whatever has come over the lad?" said Uncle Martin. "Have the boys of the village been frightening you?"

"Oh, no! Uncle; I encountered the red savages in the forest," said Benny, dropping into the language of his favorite literature, as his courage began to come back.

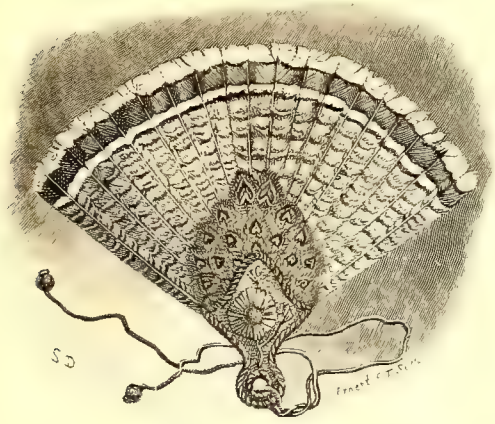
"What! did you meet some Indians?"

"Well, no, I did n't exactly see them, but I heard them. They were coming after me with dreadful war-whoops and drums, and—I think I heard their noiseless footsteps."

Again Uncle Martin endeavored to re-assure his nephew, and Benny gradually relinquished the other details of his description, but to the tom-tom, or drum, incidents he kept firmly.

"And you know, Uncle, how before a battle

the painted warriors gather in a circle and dance for hours to the ceaseless beating of the tom-tom." And he attempted to imitate the sound by thumping on the table with his fist, at first slowly,



FAN MADE FROM THE TAIL OF A PARTRIDGE.

then faster and faster, until he could not further increase the speed; then he suddenly stopped altogether.

"Capital!" cried Uncle Martin, with a hearty laugh, "you have given an excellent imitation. By the way, yesterday you were eager to learn something about the bird, the tail-feathers of which are used in making this handsome Indian fan, and last week you were greatly interested when I promised some day to show you a bird that wore snowshoes. Well, your terrible Indian drummer is also a beautiful bird, the same, moreover, that wears the snowshoes and the fan."

Great were Benny's wonder and astonishment, and he was easily persuaded to accompany his uncle to the swamp unarmed.

They had not been long among the fragrant cedars, before there fell on their ears a loud "thump," followed after a few seconds by another, after a shorter interval by a third, and so on, until the sound became a continuous rattle, dying away like a drummer's tattoo.

Uncle Martin glanced at Ben.

"Yes, that 's it," the boy whispered, "that 's the tom-tom again."

"We 'll soon see the drummer," said Uncle Martin. "Now listen. A line drawn straight from us toward the sound would pass through that tall cedar."

Uncle Martin then led the way some distance to one side, and again similarly marked the direction of the sound. He explained that the drummer would be found on a log where these two imaginary lines crossed.

When they had gone about fifty yards toward this spot, Ben's young eyes caught sight of a large bird running along a log just before them.

"There," cried his uncle, "there is your Indian drummer." Then as the bird sprung into the air and went whirring through the trees, he added, "And you see he is as much afraid of you as you were of him. He won't drum here again this morning; so we may as well return to the house, where I will show you a stuffed drummer,—more properly a partridge, or ruffed grouse."

As soon as they returned, Uncle Martin took from a case in his library, a nicely mounted specimen of the handsome bird they had just seen.

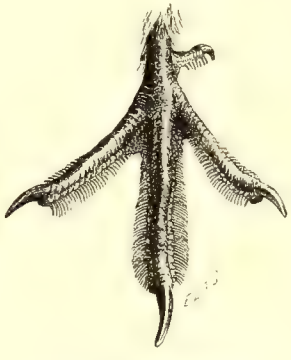
"There," said he, directing Ben's attention to the tail, "you will recognize the Indian fan without its handle of birch bark or its embroidery of porcupine quills."

"But," asked Benny, "where is its drum, and what has become of its snowshoes?"

His uncle placed the bird's foot in a better light and said, "Here are the partridge's snowshoes; you see they are not quite so clumsy as ours. They do not prevent it from running through the brush or walking along the branches of the trees; in fact, they rather assist it. The 'shoe' is formed by these long horny points along the edges of each toe. In the summer these points do not exist, but in the fall they begin to develop, appearing first as a row of pointed scales. During the autumn they continue to grow steadily, until winter finds the partridge ready for any amount of snow,—its feathers, too, are then in perfection,—and it is able to run along the tops of the drifts and to walk, as well, upon the sleet-covered branches of the trees, aided by the same snowshoes. But when the snows are



THE DRUMMER'S BARE FOOT.



THE DRUMMER'S SNOWSHOE.

disappearing in early spring, the points begin to loosen and drop off, and by the time the snow is quite gone, the partridge runs barefoot through the swamp until winter comes again."



"I COULD JUST SEE HIS SHAPELY FORM STRUTTING ABOUT."

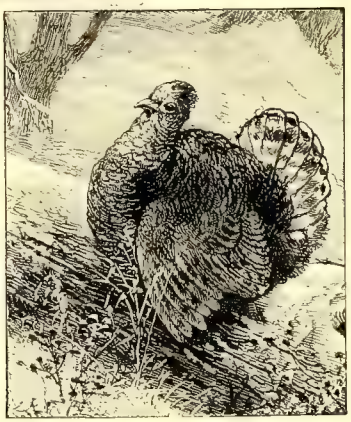
Benny listened with intense interest, and when his Uncle Martin had finished speaking, the boy continued gazing dreamily at a corner of the room, giving full flight to his lively fancy, which carried him away in imagination to some wintry swamp where from time to time he met with little troops of partridges all marching in step together for a snowshoe tramp. But presently Uncle Martin called him back to his original interest in the bird by beating a subdued tattoo on the table with his fingers. The moment his uncle stopped, Benny cried:

"But where 's the drum?"

"Ah, yes," said Uncle Martin; "the terrible tom-tom! Here it is,— this pair of rounded gray and brown wings. They are all that the bird uses to make the loud drumming that sent you running home. When I first came to Canada, I found there were various opinions as to the method of making the sound. One man, who read a great deal but rarely went into the woods, said that the sound was produced by the bird's voice; some of the hunters told me that the bird struck its wings on the log, and others declared that it struck them together over its back.

"I did not give much heed to the book-man's explanation, for all the woodmen laughed at it. I soon learned to discredit also the idea that the bird thumped the log with its wings, because, whether it stood on a stump or a stone, a rotten log or solid timber, the sound was always the same. Lastly, I did not believe that the wings were struck together, because when a pigeon or a rooster strikes its wings together, the sound is always a sharp crack. At length, after watching the bird carefully, I came to the conclusion that it drums by beating the air only.

"It is not an easy matter to get sight of a partridge when he is drumming, but I managed to do it by crawling on my hands and knees toward the bird, lying still while he was quiet, and only moving forward when he renewed his noisy courtship,— for it is to woo and win his mate that Sir Ruffed Grouse indulges in these strange and noisy musical exercises. In this way I contrived to come within twenty feet without alarming him. Through the alder thicket I could just see his shapely form strutting about like a turkey-cock; then, for a moment, he stood upright, with his feathers lying close. Suddenly his wings flashed, and at the same moment I heard the loud thump. Then, for a few seconds, he



THE PARTRIDGE DRUMMING.

stood looking about as though nothing had happened; but presently came a second flash and thump, and others rapidly followed at lessening intervals, until at last the serenade rolled away like the galloping of horses or the rumbling of distant thunder. Thinking to get a better view, I slowly and cautiously raised my head. But the drummer's eye was on me, and instantly taking alarm, he leaped, chuckling, from the log. In another instant his beautiful fan-tail was steering him safely through the branches and away into a quieter part of the woods."



COWSLIPS.

By Susan Hartley Swett.

When mists beside the river kneel,
  Like still gray nuns at matins,
And catkins o'er the willows steal,
  All dressed in silvery satins,
Before the soldier-reeds unbind
Their swords to tilt against the wind,

Before the grass begins to toss,
  Its pretty fancies trilling,
Or buttercups find yellow floss
  Enough to make their frilling,
The cowslips sit in golden crowds
Beneath dim April's frowning clouds.

Alone within the fields they bide;
  No lover that way lingers;
The alders by the brooklet's side
  Reach down their long brown fingers;
One lonely robin, on the wing,
Is calling plaintively for spring.

But still, as brave and glad are they
  As any summer beauty;
They ask no rosy holiday;
  They smile, for that 's their duty.
And all the meadow's gladness lies
Within their brave and shining eyes.

They promise days in one bright wreath
  Of bloom and sunbeams airy;
The sweetness of their fresh young breath
  They give the showers to carry
To lonely homesteads, near and far,
Where hearts that long for spring-time are.

As if 't were dew, the rain-drops wet
  They take with cheery lightness.
None praise them; but, with fair pride yet,
  They wear their homely brightness.
For truest courage has its birth
In an inward sense of worth.

'CROSS COUNTRY WITH THE NEWS.

BY FRANK MARSHALL WHITE.



IT was my first day as a reporter for one of the great New York morning newspapers. I had been sitting in the City Room since noon, waiting patiently for assignment to duty. I had read through a copy of that day's paper half a dozen times at least, and had made the acquaintance of another new reporter, who had been in the service for a week. I had seen twenty-five or thirty other reporters come in, receive details from the city editor in his sanctum in a corner of the room, and depart to do their work; and I was anxious for an opportunity to make my first effort in journalism. The other new reporter had pointed out the celebrities of the staff,—a very tall young man who, he said, wrote the humorous local reports; a middle-aged man who could write a column in an hour; a boyish young fellow who was the only member of the staff with sufficient nerve to make balloon trips; and a solemn-visaged youth who had received a special medal from Congress for saving lives at the risk of his own in a railroad collision, upon which occasion he had telegraphed two columns about the disaster to his paper from the spot, and "beaten" every other morning journal in the city.

The other new reporter tendered me a great deal of advice, as new reporters are fond of doing when they obtain a still newer subject.

"Whatever occurs," he said, "you must always get your news to the paper in time for publication; should you fail, it would inevitably insure your discharge. No matter what happens,—if you have to run all the way from Harlem, or swim from Staten Island,—you are expected to get your news in on time, at all hazards and under all circumstances. It's no excuse if you are run over by a railroad train, or are waylaid by a highwayman. You should have looked out for such occurrences, and made arrangements to send your copy by a messenger, they will tell you. Why, if a ten-story building should fall on you, the editor would be quite indignant if you did not write him half a column of 'Experiences of a Survivor!'"

I since learned, from several years' experience, that the other reporter had exaggerated matters a trifle; but his warning made a deep impression upon me at the time, and I made up my mind that no obstacle in my path should ever prove insurmountable when I was in possession of news that my paper wanted.

Finally, the other new reporter was dispatched to ascertain why an ambulance alarm had been sent out from a building in Wall Street, and my turn came next. I heard my name called by the city editor, and I entered his office in great trepidation. The city editor held an afternoon paper in his hand. As I came in, he took up a pair of big scissors, deftly stabbed the paper in a vital part, and with a practiced slash right and left he cut out a slip about two inches square, which he handed to me. It was a dispatch from Princeton, New Jersey, relating to a change in the faculty of the college.

"Take the next train to Princeton," said the city editor, "see Dr. McCosh, the president of the college, ask him if this is true, and come right back here. You will have just time to catch the 4.30 train down there," he continued, rapidly turning the pages of a railroad guide, "and you may be able to take the 7.30 back, if you are lucky enough to find Dr. McCosh at once. If you don't get the 7.30 train, there is one at 8.30, and the last leaves at 10.30. If you miss that train, telegraph your facts; and remember that your dispatch must be in the office by one o'clock at the very latest, or it will be too late for publication."

Never have I felt weighted down with so much responsibility, before or since, as when I left that office and rapidly took my way down to the ferry at the foot of Cortlandt Street. All the way out to Princeton, I was conjuring up hideous contingencies that might arise to prevent my seeing Dr. McCosh, or if I did see him, to interfere with my obtaining the information I desired; or if I accomplished that much of my task, to hinder me from reaching the office in time with my news. When I reached Princeton, however, I began to feel my importance as the agent upon whom thousands of readers were unconsciously dependent for a part of the news of the next day; and it was with considerable boldness that I rang the bell of the great philosopher's residence on the edge of the college grounds.

Now came the first of a series of misfortunes that befell me that night. The servant who opened the

door informed me that Dr. McCosh was dining out. It was his custom, she said, to return home some time between nine and ten o'clock,— though he might remain much later, and it was not by any means certain that he would be back before midnight. It was evident that I could not return by either the half-past seven or half-past eight o'clock train, and that I might not obtain an interview in time for the half-past ten train, the last of all. Already I saw failure staring me in the face. The servant did not know where her master was dining, or I should have hunted him up. There was nothing to do but to wait. I lounged about the University Hotel corridors, in a fever of anxiety, waiting for the hour of half-past nine to arrive, when I had determined to make my next call at the professor's residence. He had not reached home then, and I made four trips to his door before he finally did arrive at a quarter-past ten o'clock. I felt with apprehension that I should barely have time to speak to him before it would be necessary for me to rush away, if I were to go back to New York by the half-past ten train.

The venerable philosopher received me with courtesy, and, after reading the slip that the city editor had cut from the afternoon paper, he informed me that the dispatch was a misstatement, adding a few words of comment. Barely thanking him, I ran from the parlor to catch the train.

Horrors! As I emerged from the shadow of the tall University buildings, and glanced in the direction of the railroad station only a short distance away, I saw the red light upon the rear end of the train just moving out upon the track. I did not confine myself to the paths, but, totally unheeding all placarded warnings to "keep off the grass," I flew over lawns and hedges, fell down an embankment, and sped after the train. When I reached the station, the red light was swiftly bobbing eastward a quarter of a mile away. I was completely overcome at this, and I remember having a distinct regret that the solace of tears was denied my sex. All my future seemed blighted. I felt that life was no longer worth living! Suddenly I remembered the city editor's injunction to telegraph, if I missed the train, and I rushed into the station. A porter was just turning out the light and locking the doors. He told me that there was no telegraph office in the station, but that there was one in the University Hotel. I ran for that hostelry as if it were a city of refuge and I a hunted felon. I was there informed that the office closed at eight o'clock, and that the operator had gone home.

The hotel clerk saw such blank despair written in my countenance, that he asked me, sympathetically:

"Is it an important message you want to send?"

"Important!" I gasped, hoarsely. "Important! Did I understand you to ask if it was '*important?*'" and, words utterly failing to express how important it was, I sank speechless into a chair.

"Because," continued the clerk, kindly, "you might go over to the operator's boarding-house and ask him to come over here and send it."

Without another word I bolted through the door before I remembered that I did not know where the operator lived. The clerk ran out after me; and, as in my bewildered condition I was unable to comprehend his directions, he sent a porter with me to show me the road. The operator lived half a mile away; and when I reached his boarding-house, every one had been in bed for two hours. I applied myself to the bell-knob with so much energy, however, that there was a head sticking out of every window in the front of the house in very short order. The landlady informed me, when I made my mission known, that the telegraph operator had gone to a party in another part of the village; and I was so staggered by this new misfortune that I sat down on the doorstep in a dazed condition.

"Is it an important message?" the landlady inquired, sympathetically.

"Important!" I groaned; "is it *important?*"

And the English language again proving deficient, I stopped short.

I looked at my watch, and my hair actually rose on end. It was fifteen minutes after eleven o'clock, and if my news were not in the office at one o'clock, I would be "left" on my first assignment to duty. My companion, the hotel porter, had been regarding me with pity, and he now suggested that we go to the house where the party was held and ask the operator to return with us to the hotel.

"We must run all the way!" I said. And run we did.

We found a small house, brilliantly lighted, set back among the trees, the strains of gay music floating through the open windows. On the verandas I caught glimpses of the village gallants with white-robed maidens by their sides, chatting sweetly in the moonlight, and flying figures were momentarily outlined upon the curtains. I stood not upon ceremony, but rushed into the hall, where other young people were sitting upon the stairs and a group of pretty girls were looking in at the parlor doors over one another's shoulders. As in a dream, I observed, from the one hurried glance I cast into the room, three musicians with violin, bass-viol, and flute, perched upon a platform in a corner of the room, two sets of dancers performing a quadrille in the front and back parlors, while a row of old ladies admired them from a sofa.

Panting, perspiring, and breathless, I addressed the group of pretty girls at the door.

"Where — is — the — tel — e — graph — op — e — ra — tor?" I gasped.

They started back in alarm, but I repeated my question in a tone of such agonized entreaty that they all pointed him out at once. The operator was a nice-looking young fellow, and he was dancing with a merry and rosy-cheeked girl at the other end of the back parlor, just in front of the sofa-load of old ladies. These incidents I recalled afterward. I did not think of them then, nor of anything else, save the ghastly possibility of failing to get my message to my office in time for publication.

Just as the leader of the orchestra called, "Sides forward!" I made a rush across the room and seized the telegraph operator by the coat-lapel.

"Hotel! — message!" was all I could say at first, but I finally managed to explain coherently that he must come at once to his office and send a telegraph dispatch.

"That 's no go," said the operator. "The hotel instrument only connects with the passenger station at the junction; and that office was closed at eight o'clock, when mine was. There 's no telegraph connection from the village at all."

I almost dropped into the lap of one of the old ladies on the sofa, and exclaimed piteously:

"What shall I do?"

The rosy-cheeked girl looked at me with sympathy, and the operator asked:

"Is it an important message?"

"Important!" I cried. "Do you suppose I 'm running about the village like this for fun?"

"You might send your message from the freight office at the junction, you know," he said. "You can get a horse at the livery stable and go over there without much trouble; and that office is kept open all night."

Without waiting to express my thanks, I rushed for the door, the dancers hurriedly making way for me under the impression, I suppose, that life and death hung upon my speed. I seized the porter, who was waiting in the hall under a similar impression.

"Livery stable," I exclaimed. "Quick!"

We ran all the way to that establishment, through the village, and burst into the office headlong. A sleepy hostler was in charge, and to him I stated my errand.

"It 's no use," he said, languidly; "all the drivers have gone home, and all our horses have been out to-day."

"I can't help that," I cried in a frenzy. "I must have a horse to get me to the junction to send a telegraph message."

"Is it important?" the hostler asked.

I only glared at him savagely.

"Because," he continued, "if you know how to ride, I 've got a saddle-horse here, but he 's hardly been out of the stable for a week, and he feels pretty well. If you can ride 'im, I 'll let you take him over there."

Fortunately, I was a good rider; but had I been the veriest tyro in horsemanship, I should not have hesitated, under the circumstances, to mount the horse Daredevil, the vicious steed of the roisterer Brom Bones, of whom Irving wrote in "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

"Saddle that horse as quick as you can," I said. "Don't lose a minute."

While the hostler was gone into the stable, I looked at my watch, which marked fifteen minutes to midnight, leaving me an hour and a quarter to get to the telegraph office and write and send my message, and I began to feel light-hearted again, for it was only three miles to the junction. A new terror suddenly possessed me. What if I should lose my way! And, horrors! what if the telegraph operator should be sick, or the office on fire, or the wires cut!

Just then the stableman led in the horse.

As soon as the beast caught sight of the half-opened door, he bolted for it, dragging the hostler with him; and it was only with the assistance of myself and the porter that the animal could be restrained until the door was closed. He was a big, black horse, with a white blaze down his face, and a wicked eye; but I noticed with satisfaction that he was powerful and ambitious.

"You 'd better mount him inside here, sir," said the hostler; "I don't believe I could hold him outside."

He could n't hold the animal inside, either; but, after the beast had dragged the man around the carriage-house two or three times, the porter came to the hostler's assistance, and the two managed to keep the horse steady long enough for me to spring upon his back. I settled myself firmly into the saddle, got my feet balanced in the stirrups, and took a strong hold of the reins. Then the porter opened the door while the hostler struggled alone at the bit, and the black horse and myself shot out into the street as if we had been thrown from a catapult. The horse took me four blocks up through the village in exactly the opposite direction from the junction before I could stop him; and when I finally turned his head and he bolted in the right direction, I suddenly remembered that I did not know the proper road to take. The beast carried me down to the railroad station, however, and as luck — or, to use a German idiom, unluck, as I afterward thought — would have it, I

found a man there, who, for and in consideration of half a dollar, walked over with me and showed me what direction to take. Out upon this road I went flying.

The black horse was a good one. He vented all his enthusiasm on the first half mile, and then settled down into a long, steady sweep that carried us over the level road at a speed with which my spirits rose at every stride. But after I had gone over a distance that I estimated at fully two miles, I began to feel an apprehension that I was going wrong. I did not hear any of the sounds of passing trains, nor could I catch sight of any of the colored lights that always mark railroad switches in the vicinity of a junction, and I knew that if I were on the right road I should already have discovered some of these indications. I determined to inquire at the next house. The houses were few and far between, and every one was as dark without as if it had never been inhabited. But I rode boldly in at the next farmyard and pounded on the front door of the house with the handle of my riding-whip. That waked up a dog with a basso-profundo voice, which in turn waked up its master. That individual put his head out of a second-story window and demanded in very surly tones to know what I wanted. I asked him if I was on the right road to Princeton junction.

"What d' ye want to go to Princeton junction for?" he inquired.

I had a strong inclination to tell him that that was none of his business, but, as he had the advantage of me, I responded:

"I want to send a telegraph message."

Before I had concluded the sentence, the thought flashed across my mind, "Now he 'll ask me if it 's important, and if he does, I 'll break one of his windows." But he did n't; he only said:

"Well, you 're on the wrong road. You must go back to Princeton, an' take the first road to the left of this one, down by the railroad station."

I well-nigh fainted in the saddle.

"How far over is the junction road from this one?" I asked feebly.

"Half a mile across the fields," he replied, and shut down the window.

With a sinking heart, I took out my watch, lighted a match with great difficulty, owing to the black horse's lack of sympathy with the undertaking, and found that it was eleven minutes after twelve o'clock. It seemed out of the question to



"THE BLACK HORSE AND MYSELF SHOT OUT INTO THE STREET AS IF WE HAD BEEN THROWN FROM A CATAPULT."

pursue the chase any farther, and I was on the point of giving up, when a new idea came to me. It was but half a mile 'cross country to the junction road, and but a mile after that to the telegraph office. The moon had come up and the night was clear, and my horse seemed possessed of so good mettle that I decided to risk his merits as a steeple-chaser, and to put him across the fields and over the intervening fences.

I slid down carefully from the horse's back and led him out toward the barn, walking him on the grass so as not to attract the attention of the farmer, who might have had a prejudice against my galloping over his crops. The barnyard had a big red gate that I opened with some difficulty, and closed behind me after I had led the black horse through. A long lane now stretched out before me into a cow-pasture with a fence on the other side. I mounted, galloped out of the lane and across the pasture, and put my horse at the fence with the utmost confidence. He made a rush for it and then displayed his lack of education by turning, as he reached the rails, and running alongside. Having started 'cross country, however, there was nothing to do but to keep on. Accordingly, I dismounted and took the fence down. It was a rail fence, five feet high, and I felt sorry when I thought of how that farmer would probably feel when he discovered it the next day,— because I did n't have time to stop and put it up again. In all probability I should have felt worse if the farmer had caught me in the act; but I am willing to let by-gones be by-gones, and I herewith tender him my most humble apologies for taking liberties with his property.

I led the black horse through the breach, and then another misfortune befell me. While I was taking down the fence I held the beast by putting my arm through the bridle-rein that I had taken off his neck. When I attempted to put the reins back over his head previous to mounting again, the black horse seized this most inopportune occasion to have some fun with me. He backed away to the end of the reins and refused to let me approach him, backing just far enough to keep me their length away; and so for five precious minutes we moved about in a circle over that moonlit field. I was well-nigh frantic, but I did not dare give vent to my rage for fear of inspiring the black demon to further demonstrations, and I was forced to the hypocrisy of murmuring in gentle tones, "Good horse, nice fellow," and similar expressions of esteem and affection. But even then — outraged, angry, impatient and anxious as I was — I could not help smiling when I thought of how Dickens described Nathaniel Winkle's similar experience with the tall horse upon the occasion of that memorable journey of the Pickwick Club to Dingley Dell.

Finally, I backed the horse into a corner of the fence, succeeded in mounting him again, and galloped over a meadow to another fence. It was a board fence, and I easily kicked the boards off after dismounting, and cantered on. To make a long story short, I took down four rail fences and kicked down two board fences before I finally reached the other road; and three times did that stony-hearted animal waste my valuable time by unseemly playfulness when I attempted to mount him after these exploits.

Once on the right road, I put the black horse to his speed, and thundered up to the junction like a tornado in an enveloping cloud of dust. It was just fourteen minutes to one o'clock when I ran into the telegraph office; and I rapidly wrote a few lines, the operator sending them over the wire as I wrote. He concluded just as the pointers of the dial marked one o'clock.

Then I mounted the black horse and rode a race home with my shadow. But I was filled with dismal forebodings that my dispatch had not reached the paper in time; and the ride had no charms for me. I went to bed at the hotel after ordering that a paper be sent to my room the first thing in the morning, and dreamed steadily all night that my dispatch had been received too late.

Therefore, when the paper was hurled over the transom of the door the next morning, it was with a sense of unutterable relief that I read my "interview" with Dr. McCosh (it made about five lines of nonpareil on the first page), before getting out of bed. But the city editor of that paper will never know how near he came to losing that piece of news until he reads this story.

WORKING MONKEYS.

By Olive Thorne Miller.



"ROCK-A-BYE BABY ON THE TREE TOP."

Monkeys are very much like people in their ways. Whether the fact pleases us or not, we are obliged to admit it.

The baby monkey — droll little bundle of fur that it is — acts wonderfully like the darlings of our nurseries. It puts its fingers in its mouth, and it creeps on the ground; it plays with toys, and it laughs when tickled; it weeps when grieved, and it screams when angry; it moans when ill, cooes when caressed, and squalls when left alone,— exactly as do human little folk.

When it is a little older, it plays and quarrels, drums on hollow logs to make a noise, jumps, swings, and performs feats of strength so like those in which our own youngsters delight as to be amazing to one who sees them.

Yet they are "full of mischief," we always say; and people chain them up or shut them in cages, where they fret themselves nearly wild. It is pitiful to see the restless creatures with nothing to help pass away the tedious hours; and it is not necessary that it should be so.

Should pet monkeys, then, be allowed to smash the vases, scrub the wax-dolls, choke the baby, and perform the thousand other pranks their four busy hands fairly ache to do?

No, indeed! There 's a better way. They can be cured of mischief just as two-handed little

people are — by giving them something to do; by teaching them to work.

This is not so hard a task as one might think. Monkeys that live with people are always imitating what they see done, and work is as easy to learn as mischief — if one only thinks so. Why, then, should they not be taught to work? Long ago, in Egypt, it was discovered that four hands can be more useful than two, when properly trained. In those far-off days our four-handed relative was employed in certain services about the gardens. He it was, instead of a clumsy man-servant, who was sent into the trees to gather figs and other fruits. He handed them down to his master below, as we learn from the old sculptures; though, to be sure, the picture-story does not fail to add that he did not entirely forget himself, and that many a tempting morsel found its way into his mouth. Would a boy have done any better?

This useful Egyptian servant belonged to the baboons, or dog-headed monkeys; and although when young the baboons are good-tempered enough and easily taught, their experience of life makes them cross, so that an old baboon is one of the ugliest of animals.

Monkeys in our own days do such wonders that perhaps we have no reason to doubt the story, told by an old writer, of one which used to be sent regularly to buy wine. This animal was a coaita, one of the spider monkeys, which are able to walk upright without much trouble. When sent on his errand, he had the jug in one hand and the money in the other, and he was wise enough to keep the money till the wine was ready, when he would pay for it and carry it home.

Nothing is harder work than playing for the amusement of other people; and more than two hundred years ago monkeys were taken to England to perform there in shows. They were dressed in fine clothes, in the fashion of the day, and they behaved with perfect propriety. They saluted the guests and one another by taking off their hats and bowing politely; they danced together the stately minuet and other fashionable dances, and they imitated many other social ceremonies.

They also did other things more difficult, if not quite so dignified. They performed on the tight-rope, and turned somersaults with lighted candles or baskets of eggs in their hands, without putting out a light or spilling an egg. An old English writer, Evelyn, who kept a diary, tells about a visit he paid to these learned animals.

In our day, the monkey has not escaped from work, — in fact, he is learning to do more every day; and the time may perhaps come when he will be a common worker. In one part of Africa he is taught many useful tasks about a house, — such as holding the torches, which are used there to light up the room for a feast. Several monkeys are placed on a bench, each with his light to hold. There they must sit, and see others eat and drink and have merry times, while they dare not stir hand or foot lest they put out the lights. If they are very good, when the feast is over they have a supper themselves. But sometimes one gets tired and impatient, and flings his torch among the guests, and that monkey gets something else instead of his supper.

One of the most teachable of the race is the chimpanzee. In their native land young chimpanzees are caught when mere babies, and are taught to be very useful. They are able to carry pitchers of water on their heads as the people do, and to keep a fire going, or to watch the cooking. When they live among white people, they learn to sweep and dust, to clean boots and brush clothes.

Should they go to sea, they still contrive to be useful at furling sails and hauling ropes with the sailors; and if their home is with carpenters, they become equally expert with tools, even using hammer and nails properly.

Monkeys are quick to learn politeness and refined manners, for nothing seems to please them so much as to copy the ways of those about them. It is easy to teach them to eat with knife and fork, to drink from a cup or glass, and to use a napkin; they like it, too, and soon relish our food, and show likes and dislikes as strong as the most notional "spoiled child" in America.

They take kindly to other ways of ours, — they enjoy sleeping in beds, and soon learn to "make them up." They like to be warmly dressed, and can readily learn to dress themselves; and they have their own tastes in colors.

In the Island of Sumatra the common monkey is the bruh, or pig-tailed monkey, and he becomes a docile and intelligent servant. What he has to do is to gather cocoanuts. Of course, nothing is easier for a four-handed fellow than to climb the tall trees and throw down nuts; but the bruh does better than that: he selects the nuts, gathering none but the ripe ones; and, what is more, he picks only as many as his master wishes.

So useful is this animal, that gathering nuts has become, one may say, his trade, in that part of the world. A man having captured and trained a gang of them, marches them around the country to get in the harvest, hiring them out on different plantations. Then, when the nuts are all picked, or the laborers too numerous, gangs of them are taken to the English colonies at Cape Town, and hired out like any workmen, or coolies, as they are called.

A Siamese ape has reached a step higher, it is said. The story is told by an Austrian who lived in Siam that this ape is able to tell by the taste whether coin is good or bad, and merchants employ him for the purpose of detecting counterfeits.

Within a few months a gentleman of India has tried his hand at training monkeys, and he reports

Another valuable monkey is the chacma of Africa. When young, this baboon is very teachable, and is often kept by the Kaffirs as a domestic animal. He takes the place of a dog, growling when a stranger comes near; and if it becomes necessary to defend his master's property, he is much stronger than any dog.



SIAMESE MERCHANTS EMPLOY THE APE FOR THE PURPOSE OF DETECTING COUNTERFEITS.

to the Asiatic Society of Bengal his success in teaching them to pull punkahs. A punkah — perhaps you know — is an immense fan, hung from the ceiling, and moved back and forth by means of a rope outside the room. It keeps a whole room cool, and in that climate is necessary to enable a white man to eat or sleep with any comfort. A monkey who can pull one, then, is as useful as a man, and is a true worker.

The chacma easily learns to blow the bellows of a smith, and to drive horses or oxen; but his greatest use in that country is to find water.

In the hot season, when the earth is parched, and springs and streams are dry, the owner of a tame chacma takes him out to hunt for the water they all must have.

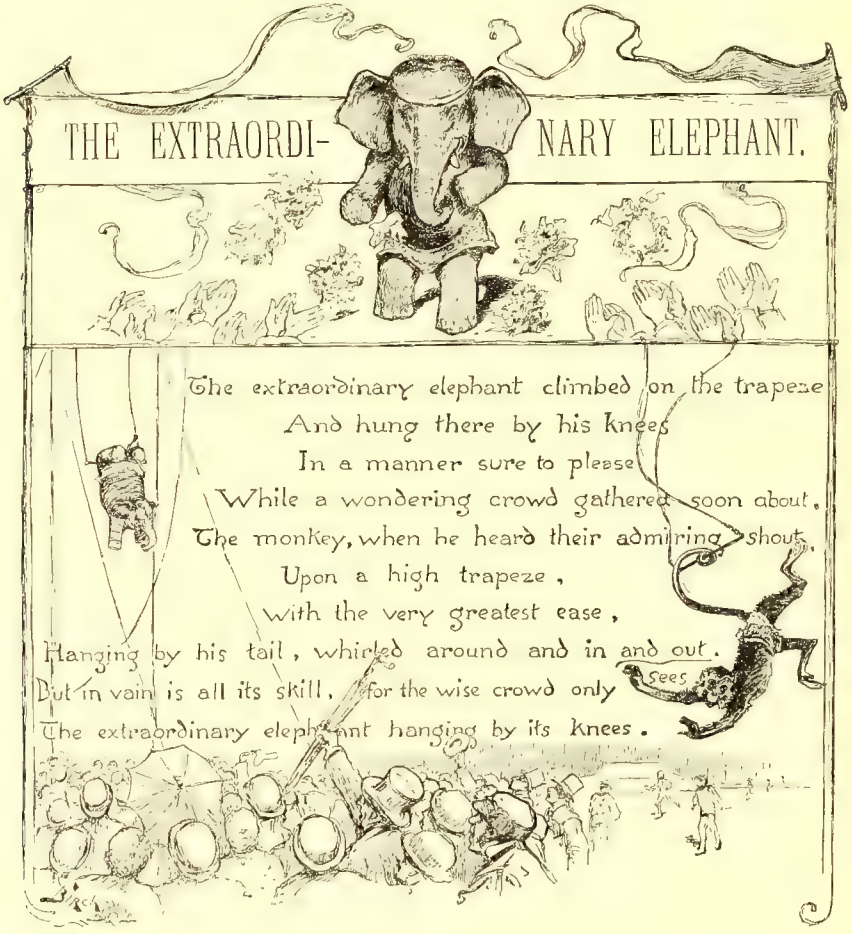
The intelligent monkey seems to know what is wanted, or perhaps he knows by his own feelings

what to look for, and he goes carefully over the ground, looking earnestly at every tuft of grass, and eagerly sniffing the breeze on every side. Whether he scents it or not is not known, but if there is water in the neighborhood, he is sure to find it. It may be a deep spring, in which case he sets to work digging down to it; and it may be a certain very juicy root, which often serves instead of water. He gets that out also; and let us hope he has his full share of it, to pay for his work.

Like the rest of the monkey family, the chacma gets very ugly as he grows older. An English gentleman who spent some time among the Kaffirs tells of an old chacma which liked to play jokes, rushing at the women as they went by, seizing them by the ankles, and acting as fiercely as if he were about to eat them up.

The thing he liked best, however, was a little animal — a young dog, for instance — to pet and "play baby" with. He would hug it and dandle it, as a girl does a doll, till the puppy made too much resistance, and then he would seize one leg or the tail, swing his pet around once or twice, and fling it far away.

The latest report of a monkey that works comes from Florida. It is a chimpanzee, trained to wait at table; and its owner says it does the work of four negro waiters. It wears a livery, and carries a napkin in the proper way. Its only weakness is so irresistible a fondness for sweets that it is obliged to take toll as it serves them.



THE KING AND THE STUDENTS.

By Albert Morris Bagby.

The Germans are naturally a warm-hearted and hospitable people. They deem it a mark of politeness to be attentive to the strangers or visitors who come among them; and in their friendly desire to make one feel at home, they not infrequently become as inquisitive in their attentions and inquiries as the traditional "Yankee." Some forty years ago, two young men, an Englishman and an American, were fellow-students at Heidelberg. At that time Bavaria was a separate kingdom and not a part of the German Empire, as at present. Its King was Ludwig I. He was the grandfather of the eccentric King Ludwig who only a few months ago so sadly ended his own life.

Ludwig I. was a pleasant, unassuming monarch, who cared more for literature and art than for ruling a kingdom.

The two student friends determined, during one of their vacations, to spend a week at Munich, the capital of Bavaria, a hundred and fifty miles or more to the southeast of Heidelberg.

The young men had never before visited the beautiful Bavarian capital, and they passed their week very pleasantly in sight-seeing. One morning about ten o'clock they started for a government building, but soon lost their way, and so they requested the first man they met to direct them to the right street. He did so in a few words, and then said:

"You seem to be strangers to the city, gentlemen." The young Englishman replied that they were.

"And where are you from?" continued the Bavarian.

"I am from London," replied the Englishman.

"And your friend?" turning to the American.

"Philadelphia," answered the young Pennsylvanian.

"Ah, indeed!" said their new acquaintance; "you have come a long distance." He then questioned the young American closely about his native country, and seemed to have a better acquaintance with it than most foreigners have. He inquired about the student's family, what he was doing in Europe, where and what he was studying. After he had finished with the American, he put the Englishman through a similar examination. When he was quite through, the young men were so much amused at the conversation, that the Englishman said laughingly to him:

"Now, we have told you all about ourselves, pray tell us who are you?"

"King Ludwig I. of Bavaria," said the inquisitive acquaintance, quietly.

This unexpected reply was at once taken as a joke by both the young men, who roared with laughter; and the Englishman even gave the stranger a hearty slap between the shoulders, exclaiming:

"Yes, sir. You are King Ludwig,—just about as much as I am!"

"Gentlemen!" said he with dignity, and he proudly drew himself up to his full height, "I *am* the King of Bavaria!"

There was no mistaking the tone of voice now. The plain, unassuming citizen had indeed suddenly become the King. In an instant, the young men stood with uncovered heads before him, and bowed low. The King took a memorandum-book from his side pocket, wrote a few lines, tore out the page, and handed it to the Englishman.

"I have already directed you to the building," said he. "Present this at the door, and you will receive every courtesy. I hope you may have a pleasant sojourn in Munich. I wish you good-morning, gentlemen."

With that he lifted his hat and left them. The students stood looking after him as if petrified; for they had not stirred since removing their hats, and both were too much astonished to think of asking pardon for their rudeness until it was too late. They found the building, presented the slip of paper, and were treated with marked deference wherever they went.

Now comes the strangest part of the story. Ten years later, the Englishman was again in Munich, and dined one day with a celebrated Bavarian general. He related this incident of his first visit to the city. As he ended, the general said:

"What you have described occurred ten years ago?—and on such and such a day? Well, I dined with the King at the palace on that precise date. There were probably twenty people present, and he told us his morning adventure,—the same story that you have just related,—and laughed quite heartily at it, too! I remember the incident well."

Proof from so good a quarter left no doubt as to the identity of the inquisitive King; and the Englishman, who is now an old man, still takes pleasure in recalling the incident of his student life, and of the day when he so unceremoniously slapped the back of King Ludwig of Bavaria.

JUAN AND JUANITA.

By Frances Courtenay Baylor.

Chapter VI.

The next few days passed without bringing any serious mishaps or startling adventures to the children. On the first and second days they were so fortunate as to come upon one small stream in process — happily, not completed — of drying up, and two pools, all that remained of similar streams. In the heat of the day they lay by and further refreshed themselves by taking a nap. They saw deer and turkeys in the distance, and more than once, quite near, a wolf, which showed its teeth savagely when Amigo ran after it. Juan and Nita were in terror lest he should be killed, and were not too sure that they might not share the same fate; but the coyote always fell back on its reinforcements without risking a pitched battle. When the children came up, the wolves would slink off, leaving Amigo a kind of cheap victor, admired as much for his prudence as for his courage. On the third day they were blessed with cloudy skies, and seemed, moreover, to have got into a little belt of country where the drought had not been so severe. It was delightful to see how much greener the foliage and grass looked, and the wild flowers fairly carpeted the prairie and made of it a vast garden. Nita, who loved flowers, was enraptured by their variety and beauty, and was always begging Juan to stop and look at this or that one, quite without success. They walked for miles and miles through what seemed a sea of lupines, the long, wave-like undulations of the plains creating the most exquisite effects of light and shade. At sunset they came upon a lovely little lake guarded by three tall cotton-woods that seemed to be etched against the sky. Here they camped, and supped, and slept. Nita, her head pillowed on Amigo, saw the stars shining tenderly in the placid water and idly tried to count them, but was in dreamland long before she had numbered so many as fifty of the "patines of bright gold" in the floor of heaven.

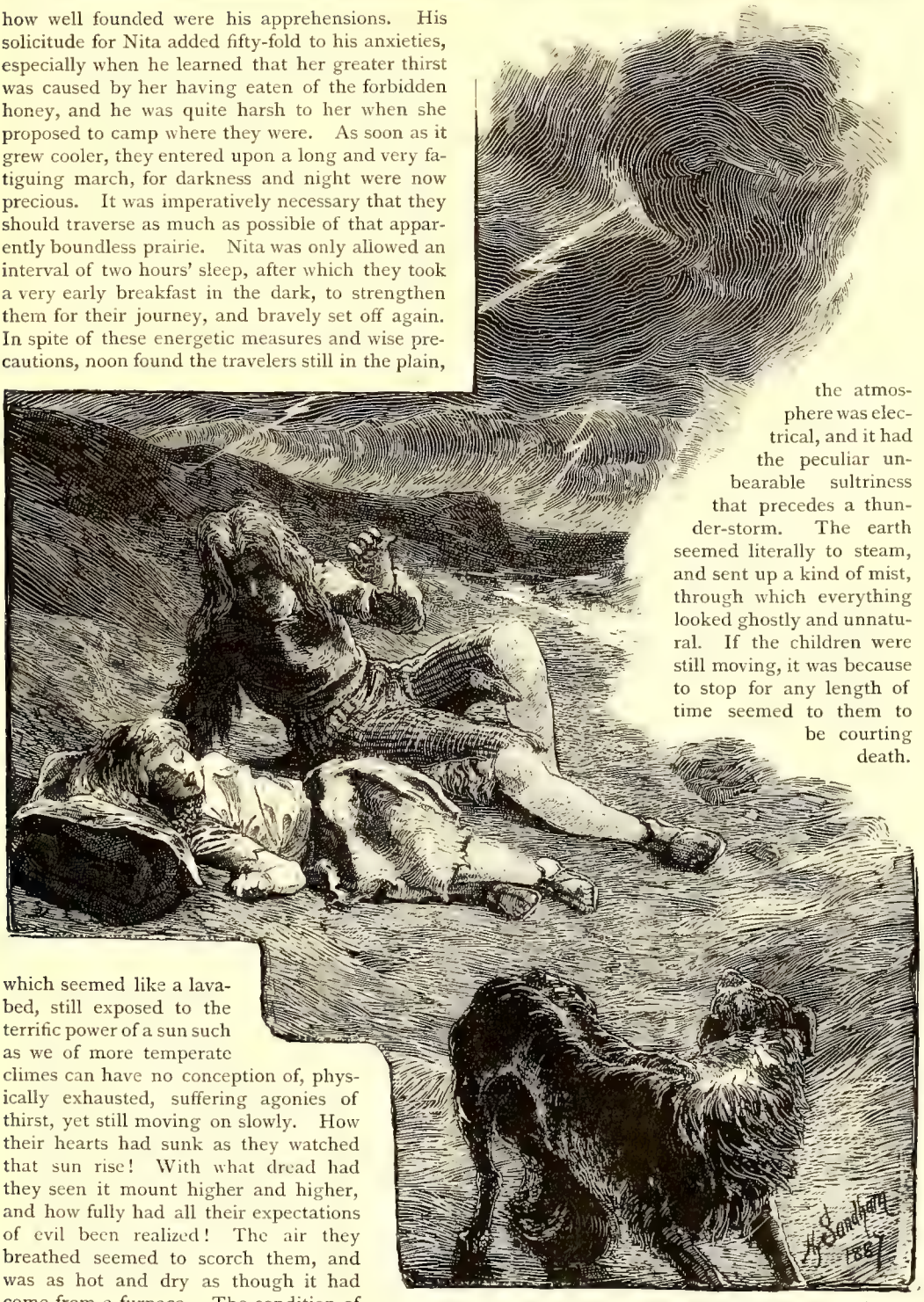
On the fourth day they had a sun that seemed the fiercer for its temporary eclipse, but by taking a slightly roundabout course, Juan struck into a fine stretch of forest, in the cool shade of which they walked for miles — indeed, until high noon. Then they leaned against two trees and fanned themselves with leaves, and when they were entirely rested, they dined, but did not make a long halt. Looking out over the broad expanse of prairie that stretched before them, Juan saw that it offered no shelter of any kind for a great distance; he knew that the canteen was not more than half full, and he determined to travel as far as possible that evening. Nita was hurried off, therefore, as soon as it was possible to start, and she was not allowed to stop again until it was quite dark. Then he gave her an hour in which to rest and get her supper, and, to her surprise and dismay, insisted on traveling three hours longer by starlight before turning in for the night. The stars still shone when he awoke her for another day's tramp. Telling her to eat sparingly, for a full meal would require full rations of water, he announced that he meant to resume his march at once.

"Why, it is n't light yet! and I am so sleepy and so tired, dear Juan! Do go to sleep again," remonstrated Nita, not understanding what was the need for all this haste.

But Juan, fortunately, was firm, and by his decision doubtless saved their lives. "Don't eat any honey," he also said to Nita; but this command she thought absurd and tyrannical, and helped herself to a good big piece when his back was turned. The very last drop of water was given to Amigo before they started, the children having had their share previously.

They had made about ten miles when up came their enemy, the sun, strong and fierce and bright, and ready for his day's journey, while they were already tired and thirsty. After a brief rest they went on again, but their steps and spirits flagged sadly in the next four hours, the first getting slower and the last dropping lower with every moment spent under the almost vertical rays of that relentless sun. At last they sunk down together in the open plain, and looked around them wearily. For about an hour they sat there in silence and patient suffering; and then, very gradually, a merciful veil of thin clouds was drawn over the brazen heavens, and mitigated their wretchedness. It seemed possible again to live and breathe, although the air was still so sultry that they felt suffocated. Juan's mind was oppressed by anxious fears for the morrow. Look as he would, he could see no evidence of forest or stream, and the day's experience had shown him what he had to expect with no shelter, no water, and that sun shining, perhaps, full upon him from dawn until dark. The more he thought of it, the more unhappy he grew; and the result showed

how well founded were his apprehensions. His solicitude for Nita added fifty-fold to his anxieties, especially when he learned that her greater thirst was caused by her having eaten of the forbidden honey, and he was quite harsh to her when she proposed to camp where they were. As soon as it grew cooler, they entered upon a long and very fatiguing march, for darkness and night were now precious. It was imperatively necessary that they should traverse as much as possible of that apparently boundless prairie. Nita was only allowed an interval of two hours' sleep, after which they took a very early breakfast in the dark, to strengthen them for their journey, and bravely set off again. In spite of these energetic measures and wise precautions, noon found the travelers still in the plain, which seemed like a lava-bed, still exposed to the terrific power of a sun such as we of more temperate climes can have no conception of, physically exhausted, suffering agonies of thirst, yet still moving on slowly. How their hearts had sunk as they watched that sun rise! With what dread had they seen it mount higher and higher, and how fully had all their expectations of evil been realized! The air they breathed seemed to scorch them, and was as hot and dry as though it had come from a furnace. The condition of the atmosphere was electrical, and it had the peculiar unbearable sultriness that precedes a thunder-storm. The earth seemed literally to steam, and sent up a kind of mist, through which everything looked ghostly and unnatural. If the children were still moving, it was because to stop for any length of time seemed to them to be courting death.



HE WAS ROUSED BY A PEAL OF THUNDER. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

About four o'clock, during one of their short halts, Juan was looking drearily before him and thinking the most despairing thoughts, when all at once a moving object arrested his attention. It was so distant that it was a mere speck, but with the quickness and accuracy of vision that was partly natural to him, partly acquired, he soon made out that it was an antelope running across the plain. He knew it by its smooth, sheep-like gait; and he continued to regard it with the interest that attaches to every living thing in the wilds. He pointed it out to Nita, and told her what he thought of it. His voice sounded hollow and strange, and he spoke with great difficulty, his throat being swollen and parched. Nita's eyes followed the direction indicated by his outstretched finger, and while they were still looking, it suddenly loomed up in the air until it appeared as large as a camel, and then disappeared. Nita gave a hoarse scream, threw her arms around Juan's neck, hid her face on his shoulder, and trembled in every limb. Juan, who would have faced any danger that he understood, was almost as much frightened. Yet they had nothing to fear, at least in that quarter, for this was the fantastic effect of mirage. Not knowing this, Juan was surprised and delighted, about half an hour later, to see a beautiful crystal lake on his right. How it sparkled in the sun, and with what passionate eagerness he seized Nita's hand, and drew her on toward it! They could see it so plainly, set like a great jewel in the plain, the very ripples in it, and the rushes and sedges that grew along its margin reflected in it as in a mirror, the trees that grew beside it, the white cranes standing in it! In a frenzy of hope they first hurried and then hobbled on, and on, until at last they reached it.

But, alas! It was all a delusion, or, rather, illusion! And if it was one to tempt and tantalize a traveler under ordinary circumstances, what was it to two perishing children, who had not had a drop of water for thirty-six hours? When Juan came to it and found only a ravine and a few whitened bones, his disappointment was so intense that he threw himself down on the earth with a loud bitter cry, and could only groan when Nita came up to him. One thing she understood without explanation,—there was no water. Without a moan she dropped down by him. The same thought was in the minds of both: this was the end. There they lay for a long while, and despair brought with it calmness. "Our poor mother!" said Nita in a whisper, and then, seeing that tears were running down Juan's cheeks, she took his hand, saying, "Poor Juan!" closed her eyes, and never expected to open them again.

But the children were not destined to perish then nor there. Before they set out for the ravine, there was in a distant part of the heavens a small cloud, that grew and extended in a way that must have attracted their notice had they not been absorbed in their quest of the lovely lake; and so, when succor seemed impossible and hope had died out in their hearts, help was at hand, and came from a most unexpected source.

Juan finally opened his eyes and looked at Nita. The sight of her lying there so white, haggard, altered, her breath coming in little labored gasps from between her parted lips, filled him with a new horror, and the remembrance of the patience with which she had borne all the agony and torment of the last two days wrung his heart with anguish. He could do nothing to help her, and with a deep groan he turned away from her and covered his face with his hands. He was roused by a peal of thunder that penetrated even to his veiled consciousness. He sat up, dizzy and confused. A flash of lightning lit up all the plain.

Now he saw with kindling rapture that all the heavens were black above him, and he knew that they were saved! His mind cleared, he could act and think once more. He picked Nita up, and staggered with her into the ravine. Looking down it, he saw a place where the bank had probably been undermined at high water and formed a kind of overhanging pentroof. Here he put his pack and the bows, and returned to Nita. For a few minutes they sat there with their faces turned up to the sky, thirsting, with longing that can not be conceived unless it has been felt, for what the clouds withheld; then a sudden blast of wind swept through the ravine, whirling before it pebbles and sticks from the bed of the dead stream, cacti and bushes from its brink, and then, all at once, down came the blessed, blessed rain!

It fell in torrents with positive fury. It lashed the earth and rocks in exulting rage. Its violence was terrible; all the thunders of heaven seemed poured out in the air; all its lightnings stabbed the darkness and threatened the earth. It was magnificent, awful. But the children did not heed it, or dread it, or fly from it. They received it kneeling with reverence and deep gratitude, as a godsend, which it was. Their burning bodies were drenched by it, their burning lips and throats sucked it up greedily as it fell, and they felt that they had never known what water was before. Their scorched lungs drew in its sweet moisture, full of all healing; their very hearts and souls rejoiced and were glad.

The children thought that Amigo must distrust the water supply of the region, and wish to provide for possible emergencies in the future, for he was always breaking away from them and run-

ning down below to lap up a few mouthfuls and gaze reflectively at the swift little stream that was now rushing over the pebbled bed of the ravine. The water that the earth could not absorb had poured into this natural drain in such quantities that it was rapidly growing into a torrent.

Juan spread his blanket on the ground, and he and Nita seated themselves on it. It made a nice carpet for them during supper, and a waterproof bed when sleeping-time came — a bed that Amigo graciously shared with them for fully ten hours.

And what a lovely world it was on which they opened their eyes the next morning! As fresh as though it had just been created, and everything in it seemed singing for joy. How changed the aspect of nature! The very heavens seemed purified; the loveliest tints of unsuspected green had been brought to light all about them; every blade of grass, every leaf, had righted itself and held a dew-drop to its heart. The birds were pouring themselves out in an ecstasy of glad melody; earth, air, and sky were alike cool, calm, heavenly. Its delicious tranquillity and beauty sunk deep into the hearts of the children after the stormy emotions of the preceding day. They had suffered too keenly to be able actually to rejoice, but it was happiness enough to be out of pain and danger, and they were full of quiet content. It almost seemed that they had only dreamed of that arid waste and cruel sun.

Nita looked so pale and thoroughly "done up" that Juan was uncertain whether to go on or to call a halt; but the noisy, impetuous stream that they had heard rushing off into darkness as they were falling asleep the night before, had already dwindled to an ordinary brook, soon, Juan knew, to disappear again. And, although the deep pools cut in the bed of the ravine by the gravel and sand washed down at flood-tide would give them water for several days, Juan had a nervous dread of trusting to these alone. He was afraid to stop where there was no lasting supply of water, and he was reminded at breakfast that there was not much food left. So he determined to make a short march, and, if possible, get shade for Nita before noon. As they walked away, he noticed that whereas on the previous day he had not seen a single rabbit or squirrel, they seemed now to have sprung out of the earth in mysterious plenty, and were scampering about in high glee.

The children had gone only about three miles when they came to a single fine oak crowning a knoll; and while Nita sat below under the pleasant, wide-spreading branches, Juan climbed up in it and reconnoitered the country. He was delighted to see a wood growing in the ribbon-fashion that told of a stream, and he calculated that it was not more than seven miles distant. Other trees he saw, too, like the friendly one in which he was making these observations; so that Nita would be able to make the journey by easy stages, and to rest often.

Pleased with these discoveries, the two chatted cheerfully and walked arm and arm together for about an hour, when Juan suddenly stopped and said, "Ki!" in an astonished tone. He slipped his arm out of Nita's and walked off to the right, telling her to stay where she was. This command she ventured to disobey, and, joining him in a moment, found him staring fixedly at a long shining line drawn across the wet prairie.

"What is it? What made it?" she asked eagerly, but got no response.

Juan was following it. She followed him; and presently both came upon footprints and the marks of horses' hoofs.

"The Comanches!" exclaimed Nita, and turned livid with fright. Still no reply from Juan, who had knelt down on the ground and was all eyes.

"Made by a tent-pole," he said, at last, pointing to the serpentine trail that had at first attracted his attention. "Made since the rain. Indians; but not Comanches — I think. A hunting-party. Look at this: blood. It has probably dropped from dead game. Seven of them are mounted men, and three walked. One of them was lame and has hurt himself recently, for he threw the weight of his body on the right foot as far as possible. They have gone to that river."

"Oh, let us go back! Come! Come, Juan!" cried out Nita, and began to run in the opposite direction from that taken by the unknown travelers.

"Stop, Nita; stop!" called out Juan.

But Nita would not stop. She had Casteel for a motive-power, and got over so much ground that Juan was put to it to overtake her. When he seized her by the arm, she cried out angrily:

"Why do you stop me? Let us fly back to the ravine as fast as we can."

"Oh, no; that won't do, Nita! We can't go back there!" he said.

"Then, where shall we go?" she asked.

"We shall have to get to water," he said. "There will be no water where we came from by to-morrow, perhaps. At best, in a few days it will be all gone; and we must have food, too. Let me think." He did think, and soon gave the conclusion he had reached. "'When you set an old hound on wolves, he always takes the back track,' Casteel says. That 's what I am going to do. The Indians are going to their camp with the game they have killed. They won't turn back. We shall be safer behind them than anywhere

else, if we don't go too close. I shall follow their trail until we get near the river, and then I 'll reconnoiter and see what I can see, and decide what we would best do. Come on!"

"Oh, Juan! Dearest Juan! Don't do that! You must be mad to think of it!" Nita expostulated. "They will be sure to find us and kill us. Oh, do, do, *do* come back to the ravine, or go somewhere! — anywhere! — except to the river!"

A brother who threw himself into the teeth of an enemy, jumped down his very throat, as it were, at one time, and stuck to his heels at another, was a brother that Nita could not understand at all. So she wept and sobbed and urged instant flight; and Juan waited patiently until her tears and terrors were somewhat abated, and then he explained again his views and intentions, kindly and affectionately; and at last Nita, unconvinced but conquered, yielded. She shivered and looked back; she shivered and looked forward; she started at the sound of Juan's voice, and trembled at her own shadow. She stopped occasionally and re-opened the question as to whether they should go on or go back; but Juan went on, and she, with many a sigh, followed. She had no other choice. About a mile from the river, Juan stopped.

"We will take our dinner under this oak," he said. "If any one comes this way, we can climb up into the tree; if no one comes, we will stay until darkness allows us to go nearer. I noticed, early this morning, that all the game we came upon was very wild. I could not understand it then. These Indians have been here for some weeks, I think. The party whose tracks we saw this morning has been off hunting a long way from here; otherwise, they would not be going back to camp at this hour of the day. They will feel quite secure, and will not be on the lookout for us. I think, if we are careful, we can creep right upon them to-night."

Juan's eyes sparkled at the idea, and he seemed to be regarding it as a great treat in store for both. But Nita took quite another view of it.

"I can't go that near, Juan. I can't, indeed! I won't! I would n't, for anything in the world, creep up to Casteel! He would see me. No woods could hide me from him. I hate him!" she said, rapidly, with a shudder, as the recollection of his figure presented itself to her mind.

"Very well, Nita; you can stay somewhere while I go. I don't believe they are Comanches; but I must find out," said Juan.

Nita was willing to take a great deal for granted where Indians were concerned, and had no desire to make further investigation; but she knew it was useless to attempt to dissuade Juan. She had but small appetite for dinner, and was a prey to the most distressing anxieties. Suppose Juan should be killed or captured, and she left alone in the woods? What if they were to be carried off by a strange tribe to another mountain fastness, from which it would be impossible to escape? The idea of being re-enslaved, now that she had tasted the sweetness of liberty, and was full of hope for the future, was quite unbearable to Nita, and brought out a last appeal:

"Do turn back, Juan! We may as well die of thirst as be recaptured, perhaps killed."

"Oh, we are not caught yet," he coolly replied; and she wondered to see him eat his noonday meal as unconcernedly as though he were taking it at the *hacienda*. He seemed to be ravenously hungry, and could have devoured all the food they had, but prudently left two small pieces of turkey for their supper.

When dusk came, and they could travel across the open stretch of prairie that separated the *motte** of timber in which they were hiding from the woods that fringed the river, the children walked swiftly toward the point of entrance Juan had selected. Having secured the shelter afforded by this strip of forest, Juan parted the interlacing boughs of some tall thick bushes, and signed to Nita to enter. She obeyed; Amigo followed her, and Juan let the boughs swing back into place. The child and dog were completely hidden; and, satisfied of this, Juan stood still for a moment and looked about him and above him, fixing certain points in his mind. He was starting off with his own light, quick, noiseless step, when he looked around and saw that Amigo had popped out of his leafy covert, and was following him. He also heard a low, plaintive cry, "Oh, Juan, don't leave me!" from Nita.

"Go back, sir! go back!" he said to Amigo, who looked up into his face with an expression of mild but settled obstinacy, varied by one of lively inquiry that expressed, "What are you up to now, I should like to know?" Amigo paid no heed to a second command. Juan picked up a stone. The dog turned tail and would have fled; he had an objection to being shut up in out-of-the-way places when there was good sport to be had. But Juan seized him roughly by the neck, and half led, half pushed him into the very lap of Nita, who was seated on the ground. She received Amigo with open arms, and soon reconciled him to the situation by her caresses. As for Juan, he was off that instant, only stopping to say, "Be quiet. Don't move about. I 'll not be long."

How many hours Nita staid crouched down in the midst of the bushes while Juan was crawling, wriggling, gliding, sliding along on his way to the camp, as only a snake or an Indian or he could,

* Grove.



"IN A FRENZY OF HOPE THEY HURRIED ON." (SEE PAGE 430.)

she never knew. It seemed to her, in her terror and loneliness, half the night. It was probably about two hours. But at last, when she had almost despaired of ever seeing him again, he returned, slipped into her hiding-place, clapped a hand over Amigo's mouth to prevent his barking, and gave an account of his expedition.

"Indians, as I thought," he said; "but not Comanches — Lipans. I know, for I found this," he said, holding up an arrow. "They always feather and paint them like this. Casteel has an arrow of every tribe for many miles, and I knew it was a Lipan arrow the moment I saw it. They are camped about a half mile distant, not far from the river. It is an old camp, and they have been there for at least two moons. They have killed and dried a great quantity of meat, and I think they will break camp soon and go on the warpath. They were restringing their bows and straightening their arrows to-night. There are about seventy-five warriors, almost all young; and I stole this from under their very noses." Juan laughed quietly, with carefully suppressed amusement as he spoke, and held out for inspection a long strip of jerked venison.

"They are so busy with their preparations for the expedition they have planned, whatever it is, that they will not straggle about much. They will stick to their camp, I think. But we are a little too close to them," Juan added.

"Oh, yes! we are! *Entirely* too close," agreed Nita, who would have liked to be a thousand miles away.

"We will drop down below here, a little nearer the river," said Juan. "We need a good rest, and I am going to take it. In two or three days they will be off, and then we can stay as long as we please."

"Two or three days? Oh, Juan!" replied Nita, to whom this sounded like two or three months.

"Well, I don't know," said Juan. "To-morrow, perhaps. Don't be scared. I will keep well out of their way; trust me for that. We must n't eat anything to-night, and as little as possible to-morrow. I don't know where we are going to get any more, with seventy-five Indians around."

There was no rest for Nita that night. Juan stopped at a place where the undergrowth thickly crowned a bold cliff above the river, and pointed to a small grass-covered mound, saying:

"There is a nice little bed for you, *hermanita mia*, all made up and quite ready. Let us take a plunge and a jolly swim in the river before we go to sleep."

But Nita was afraid the sound of splashing water would be overheard by some stray Indian, and denied herself the bath that might have soothed and refreshed her over-tired, over-excited body and induced sleep. She slipped down to the riverside, indeed, but it was only to slake her thirst; and all that night she lay awake, listening to the musical ripple of the water as it ran over a ledge of rock near by, and dreading all possible and impossible evils.

The river, however, as it flowed past the Indian camp, told no tales about two children on a cliff. The night-wind wandered from tree to tree and learned the secrets of every leaf, but kept its own counsel. The stars that often looked down on wicked men and deeds would not betray these innocent children, and no harm came to Juan and Juanita.



The Foolish Flamingo

The foolish flamingo she looked in the glass,



Ah, foolish flamingo!
She fell in love with herself, alas!
Ah, foolish flamingo!!



Her beaux all exclaimed as they left in a huff,
"The bird has one lover, and one is enough!"





Ah, foolish flamingo!!!

THE STORY OF THE MERRIMAC AND THE MONITOR.

By General Adam Badeau.

In the first year of the civil war, there were two ships building unlike any that had ever been seen in this world; one at Norfolk, in Virginia, and the other at Brooklyn, in the State of New York. Up to that time the navies of all nations had been made of wood; and when a wooden ship is struck in battle, every child knows it may be set on fire, or so torn to pieces that unless the rush of water into the hole is instantly stopped, the ship must sink. This is what makes a sea fight so terrible.

Now, it occurred to the leaders on both sides in the great war, that if they could cover a ship with iron which a cannon-ball could not penetrate, that ship would be able to destroy all its enemies. It would be like some of the wonders of the "Arabian Nights"; whoever possessed this enchanted vessel could do infinite harm to others without receiving any damage in return. He could attack and demolish whole fleets, and not only fleets, but even forts, and the cities which the fleets and forts defended. So both sides set to work to try to build such a wonderful ship.

The Southerners got the start. They were blockaded from the world, and had neither means nor material to construct an ordinary vessel of war; but their energy was great, and they possessed the American faculty of invention.

If you look at the map, you will see that the city of Norfolk stands on the Elizabeth River, only a few miles south of the point where that stream empties into the James. It is, however, completely hidden from view at the mouth by the windings of the river. Here, before the war, the United States owned a large navy-yard which, early in 1861, fell into the hands of the Confederates, but not until all the vessels had been either sunk or burned. Among the ships thus destroyed was a huge steam frigate, called the Merrimac, carrying forty guns,—one of the largest vessels in the American navy.

This wreck the Southerners thought would do for their purposes. They hoisted it out of its miry bed, and then cut it down till the deck was level with the water. Next they boarded over each end for more than seventy feet. Then, on the middle portion, one hundred and seventy feet long, they built a wooden wall, rising on all sides seven feet from the water's edge, and sloping inward like a roof, till the sides came within twenty feet of each other at the top. This wall, or roof,—you may call it which you please,—they completely covered with iron plates four inches thick, riveted into the wood. The vessel then looked like a huge iron box, or a long, low fort with port-holes in the sides through which the guns could be fired. There were ten of these guns; one at each end, bow and stern, the others at the sides. In front was an iron horn, or ram, that projected two feet and a half, intended to strike and pierce the vessel of the enemy. The top of the box was covered with an iron grating to keep off some of the mischief of shells falling from above. Through this grating came all the light and air that the crew received, and when the ship was not in battle, it served for a promenade. The vessel was worked with the old engines, which had of course been greatly damaged by the burning and sinking they had undergone. Nothing at all like this structure had ever been known in war. One or two iron ships had been built in England and France, but none had ever been used in actual battle. The Merrimac was an experiment. She was, indeed, hardly a ship, but a floating fort.

The Southerners had no navy, and it was difficult to find a crew; but three hundred men, who had once been sailors, were finally recruited from their army. The commander was Commodore Buchanan, and the next in rank Lieutenant Jones, both of whom had been officers of the United States Navy.

Every effort was made to keep the building of the new ship a secret from the North, but this proved impossible, and the Washington Government at once set about preparing to meet so formidable an enemy. For if the Merrimac proved a success, she could destroy any ship in the world, enter any harbor at the North, passing the forts, and fire directly into the heart of New York or Boston from the bay. Nothing could withstand a ship the armor of which was impenetrable.

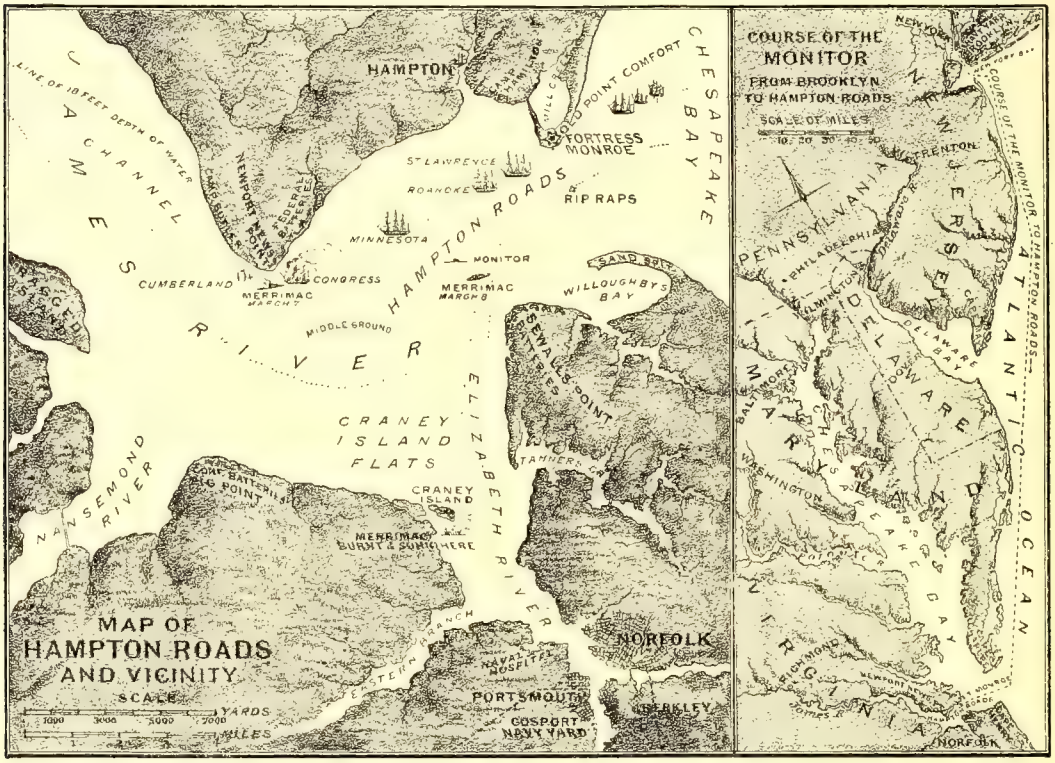
Captain John Ericsson, a Swede by birth, but an American citizen, had long been planning an iron-clad ship of his own, and his plans were now laid before the Government and accepted. He built at Brooklyn, in New York harbor, what he called a fighting machine. Instead of a great floating fort, heavy and difficult to move, he designed a small battery of only two heavy guns, which was to be able to move in shallow water where the great ship could not go, to be itself as fully protected by its iron armor as the Merrimac, but, being small, to be easily handled; to be able to turn more quickly, to approach the enemy at close

quarters when it chose, and to escape every attack which it could not withstand. The great question, however, was the protection — the armor.

To provide for this, Ericsson contrived a structure, you can hardly call it a ship, one hundred and seventy feet long, and about forty wide, and reaching eleven feet below the water, while the deck was only one foot above. There was nothing whatever above the deck but the pilot-house, and a revolving iron tower with two guns on the inside; these were the only cannon aboard, but they fired shot weighing one hundred and eighty pounds. The object of the revolving tower was to be able to get along with fewer guns. By turning the tower, the same gun could be used in any direction; whereas, in a great unwieldy ship the whole mass must turn, or you can only fire from one side. The tower or turret was twenty feet across and nine feet high. The tops of the smoke pipes also rose six feet above the deck, and the blower pipes four and a half feet; but when the thing was fighting, these pipes were removed, and the openings were covered with iron gratings, so that there was nothing to aim at, nothing to be struck or injured, but the turret and the pilot-house. The deck was plated with iron, which hung over so as to guard the hull.

The pilot-house was extremely small, containing just space for three men and the wheel. It was built entirely of iron, in solid blocks twelve inches deep and nine inches thick. The only look-out was through an opening left between the blocks, making a long and narrow sight-hole all around the pilot-house, five-eighths of an inch in width. In battle the commanding officer was to remain in the pilot-house, and direct the action of the ship and the guns, while the next in rank, the executive officer, superintended the firing. A speaking trumpet connected the pilot-house and the turret and conveyed the commander's orders. Everything else — engines, boilers, anchor, officers' rooms, quarters for the men — all were below; all shielded from the enemy by the iron armor reaching over the deck on the outside. The whole thing looked like a cheese-box on a raft, or as one of the Southerners said when he saw it for the first time — like a tin can on a shingle. Ericsson called it the Monitor, because it was to admonish, or warn, the Southerners that they could not resist the Union.

As the news came North that the Merrimac was nearly complete, and might come out of her hiding place in the Elizabeth River, at any time, work was pressed on the Monitor night and day. For the



whole result of the war might be changed if the Confederate monster got out of the James. Indeed, if the Monitor met her, it was uncertain whether this strange invention of Ericsson could withstand the gigantic ship. Still there was this chance, the only one. The little craft was begun in October, 1861, and in less than a hundred days was launched. On the 25th of February she was handed over to the Government. She had a ship's company of fifty-eight souls, Lieutenant Worden commanding, and Lieutenant Greene, a boy of twenty-two, next in rank. The crew was composed of volunteers from other vessels of war in New York harbor. The duty was known to be especially hazardous, the service difficult in the extreme; the men must live in low, cramped quarters; there was no sailing apparatus whatever; the strange little skiff must be worked altogether by steam, and the entire mechanism was unfamiliar to the seamen; but a crew was easily found, and on the 6th of March the Monitor was towed out of New York bay.

The next day there was a moderate breeze, and it was soon seen that the Monitor was unfit to go to sea. Unless the wind had gone down, she would have been wrecked on her first voyage. The deck leaked, and the waves came down in torrents under the tower. They struck the pilot-house and poured in through the slit-holes, knocking the pilot away from the wheel. They came down the blow-holes in the deck, and the engines were stopped below, for the fires could not get air. When the men tried to check the inundation they were nearly choked with escaping gas, and had to be dragged out to the top of the turret to be revived. The water continued to pour down in such quantities that there was danger of sinking. The pumps did not work, and the water was handed up in buckets. All night long the crew was fighting the leaks, and with an exhausted, anxious company, the Monitor plowed through the waves to Hampton Roads.

Those who wish to understand what follows must look at the map again. Hampton Roads is the name given to the broad sheet of water at the mouth of the James, into which that river expands before it empties into Chesapeake Bay. On Saturday, the 8th of March, a Union fleet was moving about this harbor between Fortress Monroe, at the entrance of the bay, and Newport News, a point that juts out from the northern shore seven miles up the river. Off Newport News two sailing frigates were anchored, about three hundred yards from shore — the Cumberland of thirty guns, and the Congress carrying fifty cannon — both first-class men-of-war. Farther toward the sea was the Minnesota, a steam frigate of forty guns, and still beyond her lay the Roanoke, her sister ship, and the St. Lawrence, a sailing vessel of war,— all of the largest size known in the American navy. There were besides, several smaller steamers, armed tugs, floating about the Roads. This fleet was engaged in blockading the James — the only avenue between Richmond and the sea. Fortress Monroe, the great work at the entrance, and a land battery at Newport News were the only points on the James at that time in the possession of the Northerners; but their naval strength enabled them to command the river and prevent all communication between Richmond and the outside world.

On the southern side of the bay the Confederates had several batteries, the most important of which was at Sewell's Point, to protect the mouth of the Elizabeth and the approach to Norfolk.

About noon on the 8th of March, the Merrimac appeared. Steaming out of the Elizabeth River, she came into the Roads and headed direct for Newport News, where the Cumberland and the Congress lay, unconscious of the approaching danger. The Cumberland was a little west of the peninsula, the Congress about two hundred yards to the east. Both ships were at anchor, the crews were washing their clothes, the small boats were fastened to the booms. But as the monstrous mass moved steadily on, all knew at once what the black-looking object must be. The boats were dropped astern, all hands were ordered to their places, and the Cumberland was swung across the channel so that her broadside would bear against the stranger.

As the Merrimac approached, she looked like a huge crocodile floating on the surface of the water. Her iron sides rose slanting and like the roof of a house or the arched back of a tortoise, the ram projecting in front above the water's edge. A flag was floating from one staff and a pennant at the stern; but not a man could be seen on the outside. She came at the rate of four or five miles an hour. When she got within half a mile, the Cumberland opened fire, followed by the Congress, the gunboats and the batteries on shore. The Merrimac, however, made straight for the Cumberland, delivering a broadside into the Congress as she passed. The Congress returned the broadside, and the Cumberland poured in another, but the balls bounced like India-rubber from her mailed sides, making not the slightest impression. The flagstaff was cut away, but no one could get out to replace it, and she fought for awhile with only the pennant at her stern.

Now the Congress and the Cumberland and all the shore batteries poured in their fire, and the Merrimac fired forward into the Cumberland, killing and wounding the crew of one of the guns.

Two small vessels that had followed in her wake from Norfolk also took sides, and three Confederate gunboats came down the James to participate, while the Minnesota, the Roanoke, and the St. Lawrence all started from their moorings for the battle.

But the Merrimac steered steadily for the Cumberland and crushed her iron horn into the vessel's side, making an enormous hole. The frigate was forced back upon her anchors with a tremendous shock, and the water at once went rushing into the hole. The Merrimac then drew off, but her ram was broken, and she left it sticking in the Cumberland's side. All the Union vessels now poured shot and shell into or rather at the Merrimac. Two of her guns had the muzzles blown off, one of her anchors and all the smoke-pipes were shot away; ropes, railings, timbers, everything unprotected by armor was swept clean off. The flagstaffs were repeatedly shot away, and the colors after a while were hoisted to the smoke-stack; when that went, they were fastened to a boarding-pike. One of the crew came out of a port-hole to the outside, and was instantly killed. But the armor was hardly damaged, though a hundred heavy guns must have been turned on it at once from ship or shore.

The Merrimac herself kept up her fire on both the Cumberland and the Congress from her different sides. After a while she advanced again towards the Cumberland, and shot one shell that killed nine men, following this up with a broadside that mowed down officers, sailors, and gunners; for on the upper deck there was no protection whatever. The men stood up like targets, fighting against foes who were themselves unseen and completely shielded. Lieutenant Morris, who commanded the Cumberland, was summoned to surrender; but he replied, "Never! I 'll sink alongside." The water all this time was rushing into the hole made by the ram, the vessel had been set on fire in several places, and the decks were covered with dead and dying men. The Merrimac was now within three hundred yards, and from her safe iron walls her crew could send each ball to its mark. The water kept pouring into the Cumberland, not only at the great hole made by the ram, but after a while at the port-holes. As the ship sank lower and lower, the crew was driven from deck to deck upward, working the guns that were left unsubmerged. At thirty minutes past three the water had risen to the spar deck, and the crew delivered a parting fire. Each man then tried to save himself by jumping overboard; some scrambled through the port-holes, others leaped from the rigging or the masts, but many went down with the ship, which settled with a roar, the stars and stripes still waving. That flag was finally submerged, but even after the hull had grounded on the sands, the pennant was still flying from the topmast above the waves. None of the crew were captured, but nearly all the wounded were drowned. In all, about a hundred were lost: small boats came out from shore and rescued the remainder under the Confederate fire.

The Merrimac now turned upon the Congress, which, seeing the fate of her comrade, had moved in toward shore and purposely run aground, where the Merrimac could not follow without also getting aground. This would have been fatal to the heavy Confederate battery, so that there was no danger of the Merrimac ramming the Congress. Still, the unhappy frigate was at the mercy of her enemy. The iron monster came up so close that her crew fired pistol-shots into the port-holes of the Congress. The Minnesota and her sister frigates had all got aground lower down the bay, and were unable to assist their struggling consort.

The Merrimac at last took a position astern, at a distance of only one hundred and fifty yards, and raked her helpless antagonist fore and aft. The other Confederate vessels all came up and poured shot and shell into the stranded ship. The commander was killed. There was no prospect of relief from the Minnesota. The men were knocked away from the guns as fast as they tried to fire, and at last not a single piece could be brought to bear on the enemy. The ship was on fire in several places, and at half-past four the colors were lowered. When the father of Captain Joseph Smith, the commander of the Congress, was told that the Congress had shown the white flag of surrender, he simply remarked, "Jo 's dead." He knew that his son would not have surrendered had he been alive.

Buchanan, who commanded the Merrimac, at once sent a boarding party, and the flag, as well as the sword of the dead commander of the Congress, was surrendered. The second in rank was directed to transfer his wounded to the Merrimac as quickly as possible; but the batteries on shore kept up their fire and would not permit the removal of the prisoners, although the white flag was flying. "*We* have not surrendered," said General Mansfield, in command at Newport News. As Buchanan was unable to take possession of the prize, he ordered hot shell to be fired at her, and the Congress was soon in flames in every part. At the same moment he was himself shot and severely wounded. His brother was an officer on the Congress, so that they fought each other. The Confederates were driven off by the renewed fire, and the crew of the Congress escaped in small boats, or by swimming, to the shore; but thirty were captured and many lost.

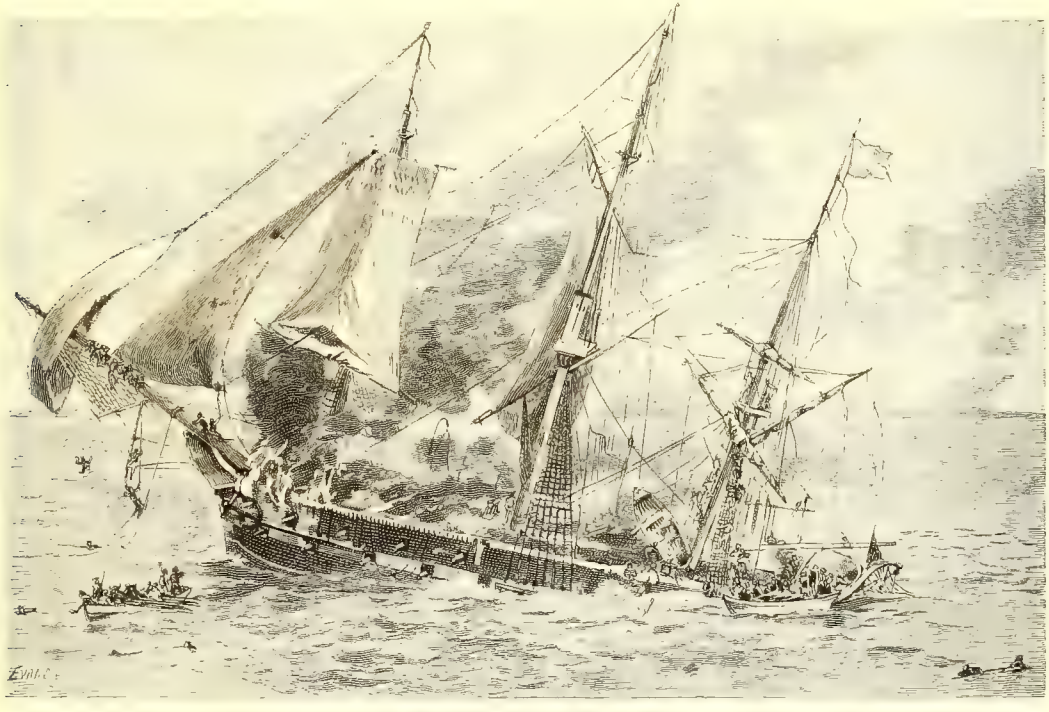
The Merrimac now turned her attention to the

Minnesota, which was aground and at the mercy of the Confederates. It was only five o'clock, and there were still two hours of daylight; but the tide was ebbing, and there was some dispute on the Merrimac about the channel. The Confederates supposed they had only to wait till morning to secure the remainder of the fleet: rescue was impossible: the giant could dispatch whichever victim stood in the way. So the Merrimac retired to the entrance of the Elizabeth River and waited till morning to resume her task. She had lost two men killed and nineteen wounded.

During that terrible night the Minnesota lay within a mile and a half of Newport News, on the sandbank where the ship seemed to have made a cradle for herself. At ten the tide turned to flood, and all hands were at work from that time till four in the morning with steam-tugs and ropes endeavoring to haul the ship off the bank, but without avail. The St. Lawrence and the Roanoke were below in the harbor.

The moon was in her second quarter. The mast-head of the Cumberland could be seen above the waves, with her colors still flying, while a little south of Newport News the Congress was in a blaze. As the flames crept up the rigging, every mast and spar and rope glittered against the sky in lines of fire. The port-holes in the hull looked like the mouths of fiery furnaces; a shell or a loaded gun went off from time to time, as the fire reached it, and at two o'clock the magazine exploded with a tremendous shock and sound. A mountain sheaf of flame went up, a flash seemed to divide the sky, and the blazing fragments were scattered in every direction. When the glare subsided the rigging had vanished, and only the hull remained, charred and shattered. The port-holes were blown into one great gap, where the conflagration blazed and smoldered till morning.

That night there was consternation not only in the fleet and at Fortress Monroe, but farther yet, at Washington, and all over the North. It seemed as if nothing could prevent the complete success of the Merrimac. The anxious vessels lay in the Roads, the Minnesota waiting to be destroyed, like the Cumberland and the Congress, in the morning. The President and his cabinet were discussing gloomily what might happen, and in every city at the North men lay awake dreading the news of the morrow. For it was not only that the victory of the Union was delayed, that its forces were resisted, its ships destroyed, but disaster might be carried to any one of the harbors or cities of the Atlantic by this one vessel, which could find no opponent to withstand her, since she was herself invulnerable while able to deal irresistible blows.



THE BURNING OF THE CONGRESS.*

* From the Cyclorama of the Monitor and the Merrimac, New York City. By permission of the proprietors.



THE ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE MONITOR AND THE MERRIMAC.*

At the South, on the other hand, the rejoicing was extravagant. The result itself was exaggerated; the wildest hopes were cherished. The blockade was to be raised, the war ended, the South to be made independent—all because of the Merrimac. On the spot, the plan was to destroy the Minnesota in the morning, and later the remainder of the fleet below Fortress Monroe. The crew of the Merrimac slept at their guns dreaming of other victories.

But neither side knew what was to happen in the morning. The Monitor had weathered the gale and the chances of wreck, and at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, the 8th of March, she passed Cape Henry, at the entrance of Chesapeake Bay. Here the commander heard the firing of distant cannon, and guessed that there was a fight with the Confederate Leviathan. The Monitor must be put to trial at once.

He ordered the vessel prepared for battle. As they got nearer, a pilot boarded the Monitor and told the history of the battle. At nine o'clock in the night Worden reached the fleet and reported to the commanding officer. Every one was depressed, and the mite of a Monitor seemed no more a champion than David with his sling, after Goliah had defied the Israelites. Nevertheless, Worden was ordered at once to the relief of the Minnesota, still hard aground. He arrived in time to see the explosion of the Congress, but was unable, of course, to render assistance to his sinking comrades.

At daybreak Worden perceived the Merrimac at anchor with the Confederate gunboats, near Sewell's Point. At half-past seven the Titan got under way, and started direct for the Minnesota. At once the little Monitor came out from behind the frigate to guard her lofty consort. Worden took his station in the pilot-house, which projected only four feet above the deck; Greene, with sixteen men, was in the turret. The remainder of the crew was distributed in the engine and fire rooms, or was in the magazine The Monitor was fresh from the danger of shipwreck; the men exhausted by exposure and fatigue, by loss of sleep, and even lack of food, for in the emergency they had been unable to cook. They were in the midst of the wrecks of the last day's battle, and the fighting quality of the little craft itself was yet to be ascertained. But in such condition men's quality is tested. The greatest battles on land are usually fought by soldiers, hungry, and after long and exhausting marches: always won at the end of furious fighting and tremendous excitement that in ordinary times would drain the strength and spirits of the bravest.

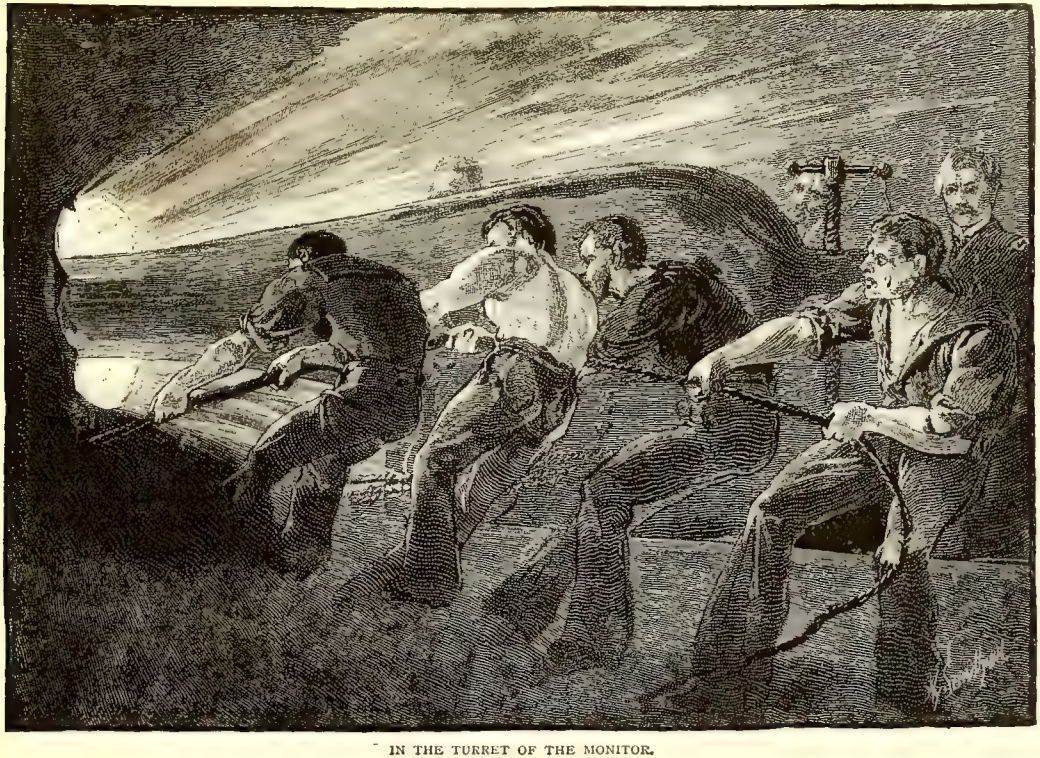
On the Merrimac all was elation. The crew had slept and rested and eaten; they had achieved a magnificent victory, and came out only to complete

* From the Cyclorama of the Monitor and the Merrimac, New York City. By permission of the proprietors.

the success that was already, they thought, secure. They saw the little Monitor covering and protecting with her diminutive proportions the mighty Minnesota, and had no fear of the result.

Worden made at once for the enemy's fleet, so as to attack them at as great a distance as possible from the Minnesota. As he approached, with one or two shots he drove the wooden vessels at once out of range. Then, to the astonishment of all the spectators on the ships around and on both shores, the tiny Monitor laid herself directly alongside the Merrimac and stopped her engines; the port-hole was opened, the gun was run out, and the dwarf attacked the monster. But the Merrimac was ready. Gun after gun was returned by her rapid broadsides, now only sixty yards away. The Merrimac had ten guns to the Monitor's two, and the tower and deck and pilot-house of the pigmy were struck again and again. But though the shots struck, they only made indentations; the armor was proof; an experiment. To the spectators the shots of the Confederate vessel seemed to have no more effect than so many pebbles thrown by a child.

The battle, when once begun, went on without intermission. The object of Worden was, of course, to penetrate the enemy's armor of mail. With this purpose he maneuvered his little vessel, flying around the larger ship, turning from time to time with wonderful speed, and then getting alongside and firing his guns as rapidly as they could be loaded. He pointed his bow at that of the enemy in the hope of sending a shot through the port-hole; then he tried to rake her through the stern. Once he attempted to strike the stern, the Merrimac pouring broadside after broadside into the Monitor all the while, and the recoil from the shots within the tower was terrific. One man leaning against the wall of the turret was disabled merely by the shock, and forced to go below. Connection between the turret and the pilot-house was



IN THE TURRET OF THE MONITOR.

and, more than all, the turret worked and turned, so that the gunners could reply to the fire they received. When this was certain, the crew felt reassured; for it was plain that the results of yesterday could not be renewed. The Merrimac had found an antagonist. The Monitor was no longer interrupted, and orders and replies were carried by messengers. As the commander himself was obliged to remain in the pilot-house to direct the course of the ship, and the next in rank, who had charge of the firing, was shut up in the tower, their communication was not only difficult but sometimes

impossible at a critical moment. The turret, too, did not always revolve easily, and prodigious exertions were required to control its motion. Greene, the executive officer, had only an aperture of a few inches above the muzzles of his guns through which to select his aim. Even this he could use only at intervals; for the moment the gun was run in to load, the loop-hole had to be covered by a huge iron shutter; and the labor of moving and closing this shutter was so great that it took the whole gun's crew to perform it. Thus at every moment of the battle the exertions of the men were herculean.

The tremendous guns were eleven inches across the muzzle, and the shock of the firing in this confined space was deafening, as well as the noise of nothing to strike but the turret and the pilot-house; and when the shots struck the bomb-proof tower, they glanced off without effect. Finding she could accomplish nothing with the Monitor, the Merrimac turned upon the wooden ships, and put an enormous shot into the Minnesota, tearing four rooms into one, and setting the ship on fire. The fire was quickly extinguished, and the Minnesota replied with a broadside that would have blown out of water any wooden ship in the world; but the Merrimac was unharmed. It seemed like magic, and in other days would doubtless have been considered the effect of wicked enchantment. Fifty solid shot struck on the slanting sides without any apparent result. The Merrimac fired three times, in



ON BOARD THE MERRIMAC—A SHOT AT THE "TIN CAN ON A SHINGLE."

the balls striking incessantly on the outside. The men became grimy with powder, shut up in so small a space, and got very nervous from the excitement; but they kept at their work. It was difficult to aim. White marks had been made on the deck to indicate the position of the different sides of the ship; for as the tower revolved they could not know, shut up in there, which was right and which was left; but the marks became obliterated in the action, and Greene had constantly to ask the captain where he was, and where the Merrimac. "On the starboard," which is seaman's word for the right of the ship. "But which is starboard?" Sometimes the guns were properly directed, but before they could be fired, the turret moved; and when it was controlled, the aim was lost. Still, nearly all the enemy's shot flew over the submerged propeller; there was nothing for a mark; return, at the Minnesota, and would soon have destroyed her, but the little Monitor came dancing down to the rescue, placing herself directly between the two huge crafts, and compelled the Merrimac to change her position.

In doing this, the monster grounded, and then the Minnesota poured in all the guns that could be brought to bear. Nearly every shot of the Monitor now struck home. A Confederate officer tells this story:* When the commander of the Merrimac said to an officer apparently idle:

"Why do you not fire?"

"Our ammunition is precious," was the reply; "and after two hours' incessant firing, I find I can do her about as much damage by snapping my thumb at her."

But the Merrimac got off the bottom, and then the little Monitor followed her down the bay.

The Monitor could move in only eleven feet of

* See John Taylor Wood's article, *Century Magazine*, March, 1885



THE WOUNDING OF LIEUTENANT WORDEN.

water, while the Merrimac required twenty-three, and the depth of the water was constantly varying; for the bottom of the river is as uneven as the land,—it has its hills and valleys; and every now and then the larger ship would strike one of those hill-tops below the water, and stick fast; so that for a while she could not move. It took the Merrimac thirty minutes to turn. Her officers declared she was as unwieldy as Noah's ark, and while she was turning, the Monitor fired at her from such points as she chose, running all around her to find a mark. The smoke-stack of the Merrimac was gone, and the engines consequently could hardly work; this also, of course, impeded her movements, and in this battle it was as important to be able to move as to fire; just as in a fight between men, he who is alert and agile can avoid the enemy's blows and then leap quickly and deliver a telling one himself. This fight, indeed, was almost human in its character. It was single-handed. The channel was narrow, and the Monitor could move about where her enemy could not come, so that her diminutive size was itself an element in her favor.

After a while, however, the Merrimac was in motion again, determined now to use her strength, and if possible, crush her pigmy adversary. She turned and ran full tilt at the Monitor as she had run at the unlucky Cumberland the day before. For a moment, to the lookers-on it seemed as if the Monitor was doomed, and the hearts of the officers of the Minnesota were in their throats. But Worden saw what was coming, and skillfully moved aside, so that he received only a passing blow from the disabled ram of the Merrimac. The little craft went down under the tremendous headway, but came dancing up again, and instantly, Greene delivered one of his heavy shots, striking the Merrimac full in the side; if she had been an ordinary ship it would have sent her to the bottom, never to rise again. As it was, the ball forced in the iron armor two or three inches; while all the crew on that side of the ship were knocked over and bled from the nose and ears. Another shot in the same place would have penetrated, said the Confederate commander. While the ships were alongside, the commander of the Merrimac called for men to board the Monitor and overwhelm her by numbers, but the little thing was beyond reach before his command could be obeyed.

After a while, Worden's ammunition gave out; that is, the supply that had been hoisted to the turret. Then the Monitor moved away out of fire till the turret could be so placed that the scuttles in her floor were brought over those in the decks, in order to pass up the ammunition. While this operation was proceeding, Worden thought he would take an outside view. Accordingly, he dragged himself through one of the port-holes, and remained on deck for a few moments unharmed. Upon his return the battle was renewed.

There was great danger that the fire of the Monitor might damage herself; for, while the tower was revolving, if a charge should strike the pilot-house, everything would be lost. On the other hand, if a single shot of the Merrimac entered the Monitor's port-holes and exploded, the battle would be over. There were no other men on board to take the place of the gunners, if these were killed or wounded. This was one of the disadvantages of the size of the Monitor. There was only room for so many men; even the fifty-eight that composed the crew were crowded and cramped.

About noon the crisis of the battle occurred. The Confederates determined to direct their attack on the pilot-house of their enemy, and when the little craft was only ten yards away they sent one shell full against the sight-hole of the Monitor. In exploding, it tore off the top of the pilot-house, and wounded the gallant commander. Worden was blinded with the powder, and for a moment stunned. He supposed that all was lost, for the sudden glare of light that poured in on his injured eyes from the opening made him think the pilot-house absolutely destroyed. He gave orders to move off, and sent for Greene. The young officer found his chief bleeding, blind, and disabled, and the vessel apparently at the mercy of the enemy. He led the wounded man to his cabin, and then the boy assumed command.

The heroic Worden believed himself mortally hurt, but he asked, in his agony: "Is the Minnesota safe?" When assured of this, he exclaimed: "Then I can die happy."*

When Greene returned to the pilot-house he found the steering apparatus perfect, but the Monitor had been drifting about without guidance. Twenty minutes elapsed from the time of the shock before it was determined what course to pursue, and meanwhile the Merrimac had withdrawn. She was leaking badly, her engines would hardly work, and though doubtless she might have continued the fight, it was evident that she could accomplish nothing against her dwarf antagonist, that was able, preposterous as it seems, to defend the entire Northern fleet. Neither adversary had been able to destroy the other. The Monitor was now near shallow water where the Merrimac could not follow, and at two o'clock the great battery returned to Sewell's Point, completely foiled in her object by Ericsson's little machine. The Monitor fired a few shots but did not follow.

It required a month to repair the damages the Merrimac had received, and on the 11th of April, followed by six gun-boats, she came into the Roads again. The Monitor was in sight with the Union fleet, but her orders were positive not to bring on an engagement in the shallows, where the wooden vessels would be unable to maneuver, and the Merrimac returned without a battle. This proceeding was repeated a few days later; the Merrimac steamed out and then returned. Neither side had another iron-clad, and neither wished to risk the destruction of the craft that protected so vast a stake. Thus the Monitor stayed the course of the Merrimac and prevented all the great results that were hoped by one side and feared by the other. For a while the issue of the war seemed to depend on the little champion, and she stood her ground. It was like the nursery stories in which the dwarf beat off the giant and saved the land.

In April the Confederates abandoned Norfolk. The Merrimac did not dare face her tiny antagonist again, and she was run ashore by her own crew and burnt, exactly two months after the great battle in Hampton Roads. Thus the modern Minotaur, that had threatened a nation, not only withdrew, but turned on itself and destroyed its huge form with the fires it had meant for its enemies; while the little Monitor passed up the James unscathed to attack the batteries at Richmond.

* The description of Worden's catastrophe is necessarily taken from Lieutenant Greene's graphic and eloquent paper in the *Century Magazine* for March, 1885,— the only possible authority. It is unnecessary to say that an account of a battle written by one who was not a participant or an eye-witness must, to be correct, be a compilation from the reports of those who were actually present. As for Greene, he wrote almost as well as he fought.

A SONG OF SPRING.

By Celia Thaxter.

"SING a song of Spring!" cried the merry March wind loud,
As it swept o'er hill and valley from the dark breast of the cloud;
But the wind-flowers and the violets were still too sound asleep
Under the snow's warm blanket, close-folded, soft and deep.

"Sing a song of Spring!" cried the pleasant April rain,
With a thousand sparkling touches upon the window-pane.
Then the flowers that waited in the ground woke dreamily and stirred;
From root to root, from seed to seed, crept swift the hopeful word.

"Sing a song of Spring!" cried the sunshine of the May;
And into bloom the whole world burst in one delicious day!
The patient apple-trees blushed bright in clouds of rosy red,
And the dear birds sang with rapture in the blue sky overhead.

And not a single flower small that April's raindrops woke,
And not a single little bird that into music broke,
But did rejoice to live and grow and strive to do its best,—
Faithful and dutiful and brave through every trial's test.

I wonder if we children all are ready as the flowers
To do what God appoints for us through all his days and hours:
To praise him in our duties done, with cheerful joy, because
The smallest of those duties belongs to his great laws.

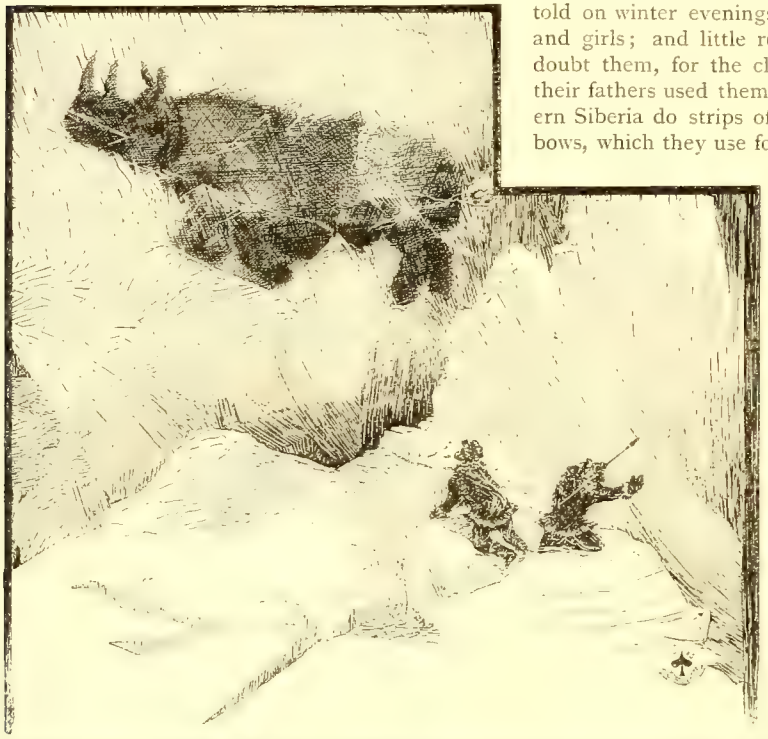
O Violets, who never fret, nor say, "I won't!" "I will!"
Who only live to do your best his wishes to fulfill,
Teach us your sweet obedience, and we may grow to be
Happy, like you, and patient as the steadfast apple-tree!



A FROZEN DRAGON.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

IN the folk-lore of many of the tribes that live along the borders of Northern and Eastern Asia are found tales quite as marvelous and wonderful as those handed down to the boys and girls of the warmer and more civilized countries of the South, in which fairies, heroic giants, and gods are the principal figures,— the offspring of vivid tropical imaginations. But in the tales related to the children of the far-away ice country, the main characters are gigantic animals and monsters of strange appearance; and as the northern story-tellers are not noted for their imaginative powers, we are led to look for some solid foundation of fact upon which the originators of the myths must have built their wondrous tales. The Chinese legends abound in dragons and unicorns; and in Canton, to-day, may be purchased "dragons' bones and teeth," which form part of the regular stock of the native druggists.



"HANGING FROM A LAYER OF ICE WAS A CREATURE SO WEIRD THEY WOULD NOT APPROACH IT."

In the "Chinese Repository" is a quotation from Li She Chan, the author of a Chinese medical book. He says, concerning dragons' bones:

"The bones are found on banks of rivers and in caves of the earth, places where the dragon died, and can be collected at any time."

In the far north, "dragons' bones" were very common, but they were usually considered there to have belonged to gigantic birds. To prove their belief, the natives showed the claws, three or four feet long, of these monsters, which, if they had ever existed, must have far exceeded in size the roc of the "Arabian Nights." Quaint tales of these were told on winter evenings, perhaps, to native boys and girls; and little reason had the children to doubt them, for the claws were so plentiful that their fathers used them, as the Chukches of Eastern Siberia do strips of whalebone, to make their bows, which they use for hunting, more elastic.

Finally, an English naturalist, while studying Chinese folk-lore, made the discovery that the "dragons' bones and teeth" were no more nor less than the remains of a great extinct rhinoceros. Soon after, a scientist traveling in Northern Siberia heard the natives talking about the gigantic birds I have just mentioned, and being shown a "claw," he saw that it, too, was in reality a horn of a monster rhinoceros that in past ages had lived in that far-off land of ice. But it was not until the year 1871 that a European was fortunate enough to make the discovery that set all doubts at rest and cast confusion among the ranks of the native believers in the great birds.

The River Viloui, in 64° north latitude, is frozen a greater part of the year. In the cold season the natives follow its course to the south; and as spring comes on, and the snow and ice melt, they return to take advantage of the fish and other game to be found on the coast. It was during one of these migrations that an entire rhi-

noceros was discovered. The river, swollen by the melting snow and ice far to the south, had overflowed its banks and eaten into and undermined the frozen ground, until finally, with a crash, a huge mass of mingled earth and ice broke away and came thundering down, the ominous sound being heard far and near. A short time later, some of the more daring natives ventured near and were rewarded by a sight wonderful in the extreme. A broad section of icy earth had been exposed, and hanging from a layer of ice and gravel was a creature so weird that at first they would not approach it. It hung partly free, and had evidently been uncovered by the landslide. From the head extended a long horn, as tall as some of the children, while behind it was another, smaller one. But the strangest feature of this curious monster was that it was covered with hair.

At first, the astonished discoverers thought the creature was alive, and that it had pushed aside the earth, and was coming out. But the great rhinoceros was dead, and had probably been entombed thousands of years. The body was frozen as hard as stone, and the hair-covered hide seemed like frozen leather, and did not hang in folds as does the skin of living species. Several months passed before the animal was entirely uncovered, and so perfectly had nature preserved it, that it was then cut up and the flesh given to the dogs.

The news of this discovery passed from native to native and from town to town, until it reached the ears of a government officer. He at once sent orders for the preservation of the carcass, but the flesh had already been destroyed; and now only its head and feet are preserved in one of the great museums of Russia. There is sufficient, however, to show that the creature was hairy, and that its head was of great size and bore two long horns. The total length of the large horn was nearly four feet.

Still another frozen rhinoceros was found in 1877, upon a tributary of the Lena River. The body was well preserved, but of this specimen only the hairy feet and head were secured, the rest of it being swept away by a flood. The mammoth, too, was protected from the cold by a similar covering of wool, or hair. The explanation of these ancestors of tropical animals living and dying so far north is perhaps the fact that nowhere else on earth are there found such extremes of temperature. In the winter it is so cold that the trees explode with a loud noise, and yawning chasms are formed in the earth's crust by the frost and ice. But the summer, though short, is so extremely warm that the various animals range as far as the polar sea,— where the cold is even less severe than in the interior,— sheltered by the luxuriant forest growth that extends nearly to its northernmost shores. It was the abundance of food, probably, that brought the rhinoceros and mammoth to that arctic coast; and that they herded there in vast numbers is evident from the quantities of tusks found yearly in that region. Ten mammoth-tusks have been seen protruding from a single sandbank on one of the New Siberian Islands where for eighty years previously the ivory hunters had been collecting their never decreasing annual supplies.

What caused the extinction of these and other forms of animal life is not known. In our own land, long eras before the time of these hairy monsters, there lived a rhinoceros that had six horns upon its head. It must have presented a marvelous appearance even in that age of wonders.



HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN NINE THOUSAND YEARS.

JENNY'S BOARDING-HOUSE.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER IV.

NOVEMBER AND THE BOARDERS.

THE day following Pinney's unfortunate attempt to provide a sign for the establishment in which he was a stockholder was an important one for all who were directly interested in Jenny's enterprise, for the plan was to be fully tested by the introduction of the two-dollar boarders. The boys were notified of their good fortune early in the day, and no small amount of excitement was caused by the fact that the boarding-house was really open to the public.

If Tom and Ikey had not made a vigorous protest, Duddy Foss and his three companions would have been escorted to their new home by the entire community of newsdealers; and then, indeed, Mrs. Parsons would have had good cause for losing her temper.

"It would n't do at all," Tom said decidedly, when some of the boys proposed that all those who sold papers near the City Hall should visit the house in a body. "You see, November will be asleep then, an' if you wake him, there 's no tellin' what Jenny's mother might do. Pinney made things so lively for the baby last night that I would n't like to try another such a racket."

After a great amount of discussion the plan was abandoned, Tom solemnly promising that, if they would exercise a little patience, he would introduce them to the baby one by one, an arrangement that would undoubtedly prove more satisfactory to all than if they all should visit him at one time.

"We 'll meet you in front of the Astor House when it 's time to go home," Ikey said to the new boarders; and Duddy replied mysteriously:

"You need n't bother about us. We were n't thinkin' of walkin' up with you. Go on jest you allers do, an' when we 're ready, we 'll start."

It was evident from this that Duddy had some plan in mind, and that the new boarders would make their appearance in a strikingly original manner, which might or might not be pleasing either to Jenny or her mother. Ikey asked, apprehensively:

"You won't do anything to wake up November if he should be asleep, will you?"

"Now, don't you worry," Duddy said, with a certain show of dignity. "We know pretty well what to do, an' how to do it, so that 'll be all right."

"I don't know what they 're up to," Ikey said to Tom and Pinney a few moments later; "but I think we 'd better go home a little earlier than we do reg'larly, so 's to get Mrs. Parsons feelin' pleasant before they come."

His brother-directors believed this to be a very wise precaution, and as early as half-past six the five partners were at the boarding-house, each one trying to be so agreeable to Mrs. Parsons that she, growing suspicious, declared that Pinney White was "up to some of his tricks again."

November was sleeping in a box which Tom had promised to convert into a cradle at the very first opportunity, and the directors had begun to wonder why the new boarders did not come, when a resounding knock was heard at the door, causing the baby to set up his "patent scream" without loss of time.

"I was sure they 'd start some kind of a rumpus," Tom muttered to himself, as Ikey ran quickly to the door to prevent a repetition of the summons, and he looked at Mrs. Parsons to learn if she was angry because November had been awakened. Her face wore a reasonably placid look, however, and Tom joined his brother-directors in welcoming the guests.

The new boarders marched into the house in single file, each one dressed in his best, and looking remarkably solemn. Duddy Foss came first, with a very ragged valise in one hand and a small bundle in the other, evidently acting as the master of ceremonies. He had a button-hole bouquet in his overcoat, which was thrown carelessly back to display a white shirt in which a large green glass button was a prominent ornament. He looked as if he was "dressed up" as much as possible, and acted as if he was perfectly well aware of the fact. Behind him came Bart Jones, who also wore a bouquet and carried two paper parcels. Bart was arrayed in his best, which was an army overcoat neatly cut down to fit his diminutive figure. He and Duddy stood in the center of the floor, without speaking, for several moments, in order that the directors might admire them.

Billy Sleeper and Fen Howard would gladly have worn something extra in the way of clothing, to do honor to the occasion; but, unfortunately, they owned nothing more than they were accustomed

to appear in. They had larger bouquets than Duddy's and Bart's, however, and this, in a certain degree, made up for what might possibly be lacking in the matter of costume.

The new-comers looked for a moment in surprise at November, who was screaming himself red in the face; and then, as if they had been practicing the movement, they took the flowers from their button-holes, handing them to Jenny as Duddy said with an awkward gesture:

"'The rose is red, the vi'let 's blue,
These flowers are pretty and so are you.'"

(one of which had lost its runner and the other a portion of its upper works), a base-ball, a pea-shooter, and a package of candy.

"We 've brought these for November," said Duddy; and as he spoke, the four boys deposited their gifts in Mrs. Parsons' lap, regardless alike of the candy that smeared the baby's frock, and the rust from the one skate-runner that was plentifully bestowed upon the old lady's clean apron.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Jenny's mother, as she looked over her spectacles, first at Duddy and then at the iron-rust on her garments, "what do



THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEW BOARDERS.

"Oh, thank you, boys," replied Jenny, blushing at the compliment; "but one is enough for me, and you 'd better keep the rest for yourselves."

Duddy waved his hand to prevent her from returning any portion of the gift, and then looked at his companions to be certain that they were admiring his easy, graceful manner of making the presentation speech. Being satisfied that they were, he gave the signal for another movement by winking violently.

This time each of the new boarders unrolled a newspaper package, displaying a pair of skates

you expect a baby ten months old to do with these?"

"He 'll grow to fit 'em, won't he?" Duddy asked, with a look on his face as of painful surprise because November was not so active a child as he had been led to suppose. "Anyway, he can eat the candy, can't he?"

Mrs. Parsons made no reply; and Tom, seeing that something in the way of a speech was necessary lest the new boarders should feel offended, said:

"We 'll save the things for the baby, Duddy;

an' if Mrs. Parsons don't want him to eat the candy, we 'll put it on the table, so 's to have somethin' extra for the first night's dinner."

This arrangement was evidently satisfactory to Duddy and his friends, who now laid aside their stilted manners. Duddy was eager to inspect the house, and the directors led the new boarders from one unfurnished room to another until, every apartment having been seen, the party halted in front of the "rules," which had been posted near the street door.

Duddy spelled out each word, making no comment either upon the regulations or the artistic ability displayed in the ornamentation until he came to Sam's effort. Then he said:

"Seems to me you did n't have much to do when you fixed that one up. Don't it look like puttin' on airs?"

Just at that moment, Master Tousey remembered that he had forgotten to attend to some very important duty in the kitchen; and when he had left the hall, Tom said:

"You see, Sam fixed that rule. We tried to get him to make somethin' different; but he wanted it this way, an' so we had to put it up with the rest."

"Anybody could tell that Sam Tousey did it," Bill Sleeper said, and any further discussion of the matter was prevented by Jenny's summons to dinner.

The new boarders were well pleased with the room assigned to them, and after they had retired for the night, Treasurer Ikey called a business meeting of the directors, for the purpose of receiving from them such portion of their indebtedness as they were able to pay.

"'T is n't so much as we oughter have," he said after he had ascertained the total amount. "Sam, you 've only paid three dollars an' twenty cents, an' at this rate you won't be out of debt, so that you can begin payin' board, till some time next summer."

"I 've paid you all I made," replied Master Tousey rather sulkily. "I did n't have as much money to begin with as the rest of you fellers, an' I have n't had a chance to earn as much since."

"You have had the same chance," said Pinney, quickly; "but you like to stand in doorways too much.—that 's what 's the matter."

"It 's none of your business, Pin White, what I like to do," replied Sam, angrily; and as there seemed to be every prospect of a quarrel, Ikey interfered by saying:

"Of course that 's your own business, Sam; but all the same, Jenny's got to have as much money as she can raise. I 've paid all of my ten dollars, an' it would n't be fair for me to put in more 'n the others; but if you 'll promise before all the fellers that you 'll give it back to me, I 'll lend you two dollars to help pay what you owe."

"Sure, I 'll give it back," said Sam; "but did you earn the whole of that to-day?"

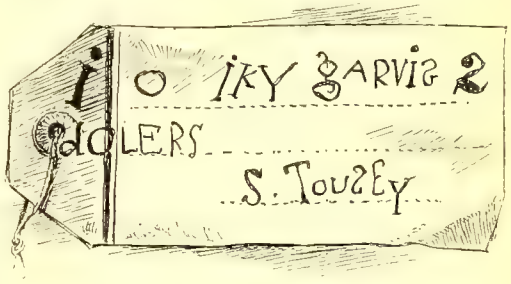
"No; Jim Chick paid me what I lent him last week, an' I made the rest. Now I 'll give Jenny the money, an' you write out a paper to show that you borrowed it."

Since the transaction required no more labor than that involved in writing a receipt, Sam was perfectly willing to accept the offer.

"Now you 'd better decide who the next four boarders shall be," said the young landlady. "I shall have another room ready by to-morrow night."

After some little discussion, in which Master Tousey would have joined if the treasurer had not insisted that he should finish his writing before he said anything, it was decided that Jim Chick, Tom Wilson, Fred Sawyer, and Pippy Brown should be the fortunate boys; and Ikey promised to notify them early next morning.

By the time this arrangement had been made, Sam had written his acknowledgment of the loan, and he handed the following document to his creditor:



The day after the admission of the first regular boarders was a busy one for Jenny as well as for the directors. The young landlady was doing her best, with the limited amount of money at her disposal, to get the entire house ready for occupancy.

The directors, who found business in the newspaper line very dull, owing to stormy weather, had their time fully occupied in answering questions and making promises to those who were eager to become Jenny's boarders. The enterprise seemed already to be an assured success, and this prosperity was believed by the stockholders to have been caused solely and entirely by November's presence in the house. Ikey, who had at one time favored the purchase of a monkey as an attraction, now firmly believed that a baby answered

every purpose, and that the finding of November was "the biggest thing that could have happened for the boarding-house."

Master Chick and his friends set about making preparations for changing their lodgings as soon as they had been informed that their new room was now ready for them, and all of the directors, except Ikey, offered to assist in the work of moving. It had been a common rumor on the street that Dory Lyons, Jim Chick's room-mate, owned a real trunk; and, since public opinion was divided as to whether the story had any foundation in truth, many of the boys, more particularly Sam and Jack, were eager to settle the question for themselves.

It was nearly noon. Fully twenty of the small newsdealers had accompanied Jim to the Newsboys' Lodging House; and Ikey was shivering on the corner of Ann street, trying to dispose of two "Heralds," the last of his morning's stock. It was his custom thus to brave the winter storms, because he was the owner of an overcoat; and, with such a protection against the snow and sleet, he believed it to be his duty to remain out-of-doors during every business hour. The coat did not exactly fit him, being so large that he wrapped it twice around his body, and had it tied at the back with several pieces of rope. But this was really no defect in the garment, according to his way of thinking, since he thus had a double thickness of cloth, and if it did nearly touch the ground, it gave him but little inconvenience.

All at once he was startled by Jenny, who suddenly appeared before him.

"What is it? What made you come down here?" he asked in astonishment, for the storm was so severe that he wondered why she had ventured out.

"Where are the other boys?" she asked, looking much as if she had been crying.

"Gone over to see Dory Lyons's trunk. But what 's the matter?"

"November is very sick."

"November sick?" repeated Ikey in alarm.

"Yes. You know he was n't awake when you boys left the house; but as soon as he opened his eyes, Mother saw that he had some kind of a fever, an' he 's been growing worse and worse ever since. I 've been out nearly all the forenoon, buying things, and have spent my money. We must have a doctor, and I came to see if the boys had earned anything."

"Come in here!" exclaimed Ikey as he darted into a doorway; and when they were sheltered somewhat from the storm, he said quickly, as he turned his back upon Jenny, "Untie me."

All of the treasurer's friends knew that it was necessary for him to have some assistance when he put on or took off his overcoat, and Jenny at once began to unfasten the lacings that kept Master Jarvis and his coat together. After this had been done, Ikey plunged his hand into the very bottom of an inside pocket, drawing out two quarters and a small collection of copper.

"Now tie me up, an' then you can use this money. I 'll tell the other fellers as soon as I can find 'em, an' we 'll have enough for you. Had I better let Jim Chick's crowd know that they can't come to-night?"

"No, don't do that. Everything is ready for them, an' we need all we can get out of the boarding-house just now."

Jenny took the money and hurried away as rapidly as possible, while Ikey stood looking after her, as if he almost doubted the truth of the sad news she had brought. Before she had disappeared from view, however, he started out to find his brother-directors, and met them with the new boarders and their friends coming up Fulton street, just as he turned down from Broadway to go toward the ferry.

"November is very sick!" Ikey cried while he was yet some distance away. "Jenny just came down to get some money for a doctor, an' I want all the cash you can give me to carry to her."

The boys stood for several seconds in speechless dismay, even those who had no interest in the boarding-house felt personally responsible for November's future welfare, and then a flood of questions was poured forth, none of which Ikey was able to answer. He could only repeat over and over again what Jenny had told him.

No one had even thought that any harm could come to the baby while he was under the care of so many, and the news that he was ill was all the more sad because it had been so unexpected.

Within half an hour from the time when Jenny had first met Ikey, every newsboy knew of November's illness, and there were few who did not offer to loan the directors money in case it should be needed to purchase medicine or luxuries for the baby. With three dollars which he had collected from the stockholders Ikey hurried home, while his brother-officers, their friends and acquaintances, gathered in the doorways to discuss the sad news.

CHAPTER V.

THE SICK BABY.

THE news that November was ill had really given Master Tousey such a shock that it was not until several moments after Ikey had started for home that he realized how prominent the treas-

urer was making himself in this matter, and of how little importance he himself appeared.

"What made Ikey Jarvis go so quick?" he asked angrily of Tom. "He did n't wait to hear what we had to say about it, an' I s'pose he 's goin' to try to boss this business jest as he does everything else."

"I don't believe Mrs. Parsons will let him have very much to say while November 's sick," replied Tom with a laugh; "an' besides, I never noticed that he tried to do that as much as you."

"I don't want to boss things," replied Sam, defiantly.

"Whatcher try to do when you made that rule?" asked Duddy Foss; and it was evident from the outburst of mirth that he had told all his friends and acquaintances of Master Tousey's pet regulation.

Sam was about to make an angry reply, when Tom said:

"Now see here, fellers, I don't feel much like fun when November 's sick, an' it ain't jest the thing, 'cordin' to my way of thinkin'. If we can't do anythin' to help him, we need n't have any rows."

"That 's what 's the matter," said Duddy, emphatically; "but I don't see how we can do anything for him, 'cause we ain't any of us doctors, you know."

"Let 's get him a whole bottle of medicine!" cried Pinney, a very brilliant idea presenting itself suddenly. Then pointing to an advertisement of some patent medicine that was conspicuously displayed upon a bill-board across the street, he added, "If we should chip in an' buy some of that stuff, we could have him well in no time. It won't 'mount to very much to get enough for a baby, an' then we 'll save all the money that a doctor costs."

The boys scrutinized the flaming advertisement closely before venturing an opinion. Duddy Foss even walked across the street to read the placards, while the others, and more particularly Pinney, waited anxiously for his report.

"'Cordin' to the way that bill reads, the medicine will cure most anything," Duddy said, as he returned to the doorway where the others were standing sheltered from the storm.

"Does it say that it 's good for anybody that has a fever?" asked Pinney.

"Yes, it says that."

"Then there 's nothin' else to do but jest give November 'bout half a bottle of it; that oughter be enough for a baby, ought n't it?"

Every boy present seemed to think that half a bottle of a compound possessing such wonderful curative powers as this particular medicine was advertised to contain, surely ought to be sufficient to cure a baby as small as November; and more than one began to believe that Pinney White was more brilliant in the way of ideas than they had previously given him the credit of being.

At this point Ikey appeared. He reported that the physician had not yet arrived when he left the house, and that November was very sick. The boys at once began to explain Pinney's idea to the treasurer; but before they had concluded, Tom, who believed that it was necessary as quickly as possible to carry into effect any plan that was decided upon, said:

"If this stuff 's what the baby oughter have, let 's get it for him right away. The bills say the medicine will cure him, so we 'll put up for a bottle, an' Pinney an' Ikey can carry it over to the house."

"Better make the man say that it will fix him right up," said Sam, determined to distinguish himself even at this late hour, if possible. "I 'll go with you fellers, an' see that it 's done in some kind of shape."

"Now, don't go to spoilin' things, Sam Tousey," said Duddy. "Ikey an' Pinney can get it without any help, an' the rest of us will wait here till they come back to tell us that November 's well."

"But if it 's goin' to cure him right up, let 's all go to the house, an' see how surprised Mrs. Parsons an' Jenny will be," suggested Jack.

"That 's the ticket!" cried Tom, fairly radiant now with happiness, while Sam had a regular attack of the sulks. "We 'll all go up to see it work. It can't be any harm for us to be there if November is goin' to get well so quick."

This was another good idea; every one agreed to it at once. Each boy contributed sufficient to bring the total amount up to a dollar, and Ikey and Pinney set out to make the purchase.

The messengers were so eager to relieve Mrs. Parsons and Jenny from all anxiety, by restoring the baby to health, that it hardly seemed as if they could have gone around the corner on their way to the drug store, when they returned with the invaluable remedy in their possession.

The boys started at once, with the treasurer and Pinney leading the way, while Sam brought up the rear.

It was hardly more than five minutes from the time they had purchased the wonderful medicine, when Mrs. Parsons, who was sitting near the fire with the baby in her arms, was unpleasantly surprised by seeing fourteen boys troop into the room, each one bringing on his garments and feet a quantity of snow, and admitting the wintry blast in all its violence through the open door.

"Mercy on us!" cried the old lady, as she

hastily drew the blanket over the baby's head. "*Will* you boys never have common sense? It is as much as this child's life is worth to have that door opened on him so long, and all this snow brought into the room. Jenny!" she called to the landlady, who was at work in the kitchen, "bring the broom, and sweep this floor clean, quick!"

This was not exactly the kind of reception the boys had expected to receive when they were intending to do so much good, and some of the party moved toward the door as if about to make their retreat; but they stopped as Pinney began to explain the purpose of their visit.

"We 've come to fix November up in no time," the projector of the scheme said, as he hastily removed the wrappings from the bottle. "Here 's some stuff that 'll cure everybody, no matter what 's the trouble with 'em, an' all you 've got to do is jest to give November as much as he 'll hold. We all paid our share toward buyin' it, an' if this ain't enough, we 'll get as much as he needs."

In his eagerness to make these explanations before Jenny should drive them out of the room, in order that she might sweep the floor, Pinney had not even glanced at Mrs. Parsons, or he might have hesitated before saying anything more But he was gazing only at the cork, which he was trying to remove from the bottle; and while the others could see that the old lady was growing angry, he was blissfully ignorant of the fact.

"I guess I would n't make him take more 'n a cupful to begin with, an' if that don't fix him right up, we can pour in some more," Pinney said as he succeeded in his efforts. "You give it to him now, an' we 'll watch to see how it works."

"Pinney White!" exclaimed Mrs. Parsons as she pushed the bottle aside, holding her hand over November's face much as if she was afraid



"'TAKE THAT STUFF AWAY THIS MINUTE!' EXCLAIMED MRS. PARSONS."

the boys might pour the medicine down the baby's throat by force. "Will you *never* have any common sense? Take that stuff away this minute, and if you *must* stay in the house, go into some other room, for I will not have you all here while this child is so sick."

"But you can cure him up by givin' him this," persisted Pinney, as he continued to hold the bottle toward the old lady.

"Go right out of this room!" and Mrs. Parsons stamped her foot to give greater emphasis to her words. "The idea of bringing patent medicine here to give a baby who has a fever! I ought n't to expect anything different from you, Pinney White; but I *should* have thought that Tom or Ikey would have had better sense."

Pinney looked at the old lady in entire bewil-

derment. He could not understand why she refused to give the baby the medicine; and he was about to begin again, when Jenny beckoned for him to come into the kitchen, where several of the boys had taken refuge at the first outburst.

Here the young landlady, after considerable trouble, convinced Master White that it would never do to give the medicine to November; and then Sam said, in what Pinney thought was a very disagreeable manner, "You fellers would n't listen to me when I tried to tell you what to do; but you all thought you knew so much that nobody could say anything."

"You did n't speak a word about not buyin' the medicine," Tom said quickly. "You believed jest the same as the rest of us did."

"Yes, an' all you wanted to do was to boss the job your way," said Ikey, indignantly.

Then Sam made an angry reply; one boy and another found occasion to make some remark, until every one was talking in his loudest tone, and the confusion was complete. It is very probable that neither the directors, the boarders, nor the visitors had any idea of the noise they were making; but Mrs. Parsons, Jenny, and even November were perfectly well aware of it. The latter began to cry loudly, and while Jenny was doing her best to still him, the old lady turned every boy out-of-doors, declaring that none of them should be allowed in the house while the baby was sick, unless they could remain quiet.

It was not until they were on the sidewalk that any of the party remembered that they had gained no information concerning November.

"Let 's go down town," Pinney said, nervously. He was terribly afraid his companions might appoint him a committee of one to go back and ask questions. "What are you goin' to do with the medicine?"

"Make the man give the money back," suggested Duddy, and all the others, save Pinney and Ikey, seemed to agree with him.

Pinney suggested that perhaps the druggist might have some hesitation about returning the money, since the cork had been drawn and the wrappers removed; but Duddy appeared to think it a very trifling objection, for he said promptly:

"That don't make any difference at all; and if the man goes to findin' fault, pay him for the papers an' stopper; that 'll settle it."

"S'pose you go an' talk to him about it," said Ikey, meekly.

"That would n't do, 'cause I 'm not the feller that bought it. You an' Pinney go on an' get the money; we 'll wait for you on the corner of Beekman street."

It was apparent that the treasurer and Pinney were then extremely sorry that they had not allowed Sam to make the purchase; but regrets were unavailing at this late hour, and they walked on ahead of their companions, wishing that they had consulted Jenny before buying the medicine. Pinney was willing now that Ikey should take charge of the business, but the treasurer insisted that Master White must appear as prominently in the last transaction as he had in the first; and both the boys entered the store with decided reluctance.

Pinney stated the case to the druggist, when it was his turn to be waited upon, and he did it in the fewest possible words:

"Mister, Jenny an' her mother say as how this is not the right thing at all to give November,— an' Mrs. Parsons is mighty mad 'cause we bought it,— an' we want you to give us the money back."

It was fully a minute before the druggist appeared to understand what Pinney meant, and then, as the boy held up the bottle of medicine, he asked, "Did you buy that here?"

"Of course we did! Ikey an' I got it a little while ago, but the other fellers put in jest as much as we did."

"I can't take it back — it has been opened," said the man quickly, as he turned to wait upon an impatient customer who had just entered the store; "you had no business to buy it, if it was n't what you wanted."

"We thought it would fix the baby right up," persisted Pinney; "'cause the bills out here on Park Row say it will cure anything, an' Jenny told us that November was very sick. We have n't used any of it, an' we 'll pay you for the paper that was 'round it."

"I can't sell it, now that it has been opened," said the druggist curtly; and then he disappeared behind a forest of bottles.

"I don't believe he 'll give us anything for it," whispered Pinney.

But, in order that his partners in the patent medicine business might not accuse him of neglecting their interests, he called loudly, just as he and Ikey reached the door, "Say, mister, will you give us fifty cents for this stuff?"

"Get out of here!" cried a voice from the rear of the store. "I tell you I can't sell it, now that it has been opened!"

Pinney and Ikey were on the sidewalk before the man had ceased speaking, and Ikey remarked cheerfully, as they walked toward Beekman street:

"Never mind, Pinney; it did n't cost so very much after all, an' we can give it to some beggar. I would n't wonder if one-leggèd Tim would be about tickled to death to have it, an' ——"

"Here, boy, do you want to earn a dollar?"

Both turned quickly, and saw, directly behind them, a well-dressed man.

"I want a boy to do an errand for me," said the man.

"You hold the medicine, an' I 'll do the job," Pinney said to Ikey, in a low tone. "If I can earn a dollar, we 'll give back to the fellers what money they put in for the stuff, an' then they won't feel mad."

Ikey took the bottle and left Pinney to attend to the business, saying, as he did so:

"We 'll wait for you up on Beekman street."

"What is it you want me to do?" Pinney asked.

"You are to take this package to the corner of Wall street and Broadway," said the man, speaking in a low tone, and looking around as if he were afraid of being overheard. "You will find a gentleman waiting there, and you are to ask him if his name is Parker. If he says it is, tell him that you have brought the papers, but that you must have what he promised to give before you can deliver them. If he hands you a parcel, let him have this, and bring me what he gives you. Can you remember all that?"

"Of course I can," replied Pinney, promptly, and he repeated the directions he had received, concluding by saying, "But when do I get the dollar?"

"When you come back."

Master White started down the street at full speed, thinking that the man was very foolish to pay so much money for so trifling a service, and congratulating himself that he had been the messenger selected. He felt that since he had proposed the purchase of the medicine, it was his duty to refund the money his friends had contributed, and this opportunity to earn a dollar seemed to be a remarkable and happy piece of good fortune.

When Ikey joined the rest of the boys, there was no slight amount of disappointment visible on their faces when they saw that he still had the bottle.

"That 's jest the way Pin White allers does things," Sam said, before Ikey could explain matters. "He had n't any more sense than to buy the stuff, an' after he 's made us put in our money for it, he sneaks off so 's we can't blow him up."

"He did n't sneak a bit," replied Ikey, sharply. "He 's got a chance to earn a dollar, an' he 's gone to get it so 's he can give each feller back what he put in. You 're allers ready, Sam Tousey, to kick up a fuss, an' you think you 're the only one that knows everything. Pinney 's goin' to do more than the square thing when he pays for the medicine himself."

"He shan't do that," said Duddy. "Every feller put in the money for the baby, an' Pinney 's got no business to lose any more 'n his share."

Every one, save Sam and Jack, agreed with Duddy. Master Tousey insisted so strongly that it was no more than just for Pinney to refund the money, that quite a heated discussion ensued, and it was at its height when Duddy cried out loudly as he pointed to the opposite side of the street:

"Look there! What 's the matter with Pinney White?"

The argument ceased very suddenly, as the boys, gazing in the direction designated by Duddy, saw poor Pinney being marched along in the grasp of two policemen, as if he had committed some terrible crime.

"Come on, fellers; let 's find out what 's up!" shouted Master Foss, as he started after the officers and their prisoner, and, in a few seconds, all the small newsdealers were in full pursuit.

(To be continued.)

MY FLOWERS.

By Mary E. Bradley.

All in the early morning hours
I walked through blooming garden bowers,
Where purple pinks and pansies grew,
And roses sparkled in the dew.

They were so lovely in my sight,
I plucked the red ones and the white,
And with full hands I wandered down
Until I reached the busy town.

Then round me, like a swarm of bees,
Came ragged children, crying "Please!
Oh, please give me a flower!"—And so
I had to let my treasures go.

I gave them, every one, away;
But somehow all the long, warm day,
Those flowers seemed just as sweet and bright
As if they still were in my sight.

THE QUEERNESS OF QUELF.

By N. P. Babcock.



You would hardly believe it,
I 'm sure,—
I can scarcely believe it myself,—
That a person so dreadfully poor,
Such a shockingly ignorant boor,
Should be the Chief Ruler of Quelf.

But, you see, on that wonderful strand
Which is known as the Island of Quelf,
The man who can least understand
The importance of ruling the land
Is elected the Ruler himself.

For the people of Quelf have a way
Of looking most oddly at things.
To-morrow is there yesterday;
July comes a month before May;
And a baby in pain always sings.

The houses are built upside down,
Which, they say, saves a climbing of stairs;
The most brilliant color is brown;
There is n't a schoolhouse in town;
And conductors refuse to take fares.

When a burglar is caught stealing plate,
The inhabitants give him a purse;
For they argue his needs must be great,
Or he would n't be working so late,—
And their argument well might be worse.

"Where is Quelf?"—What a question to ask!
Don't you know that the Island of Quelf
Lies about north by south from Alask—
But why should I save you the task?
No, you really must find it yourself.

A BIRD THAT IS FOND OF SPORT.

The falcon is one of the strongest birds for its size, as well as one of the swiftest fliers.

A hungry falcon has been known to pursue a carrier-pigeon that was hurrying home with dispatches at the rate of a hundred and fifty miles an hour, and catch it and dine on it without stopping to read the message.

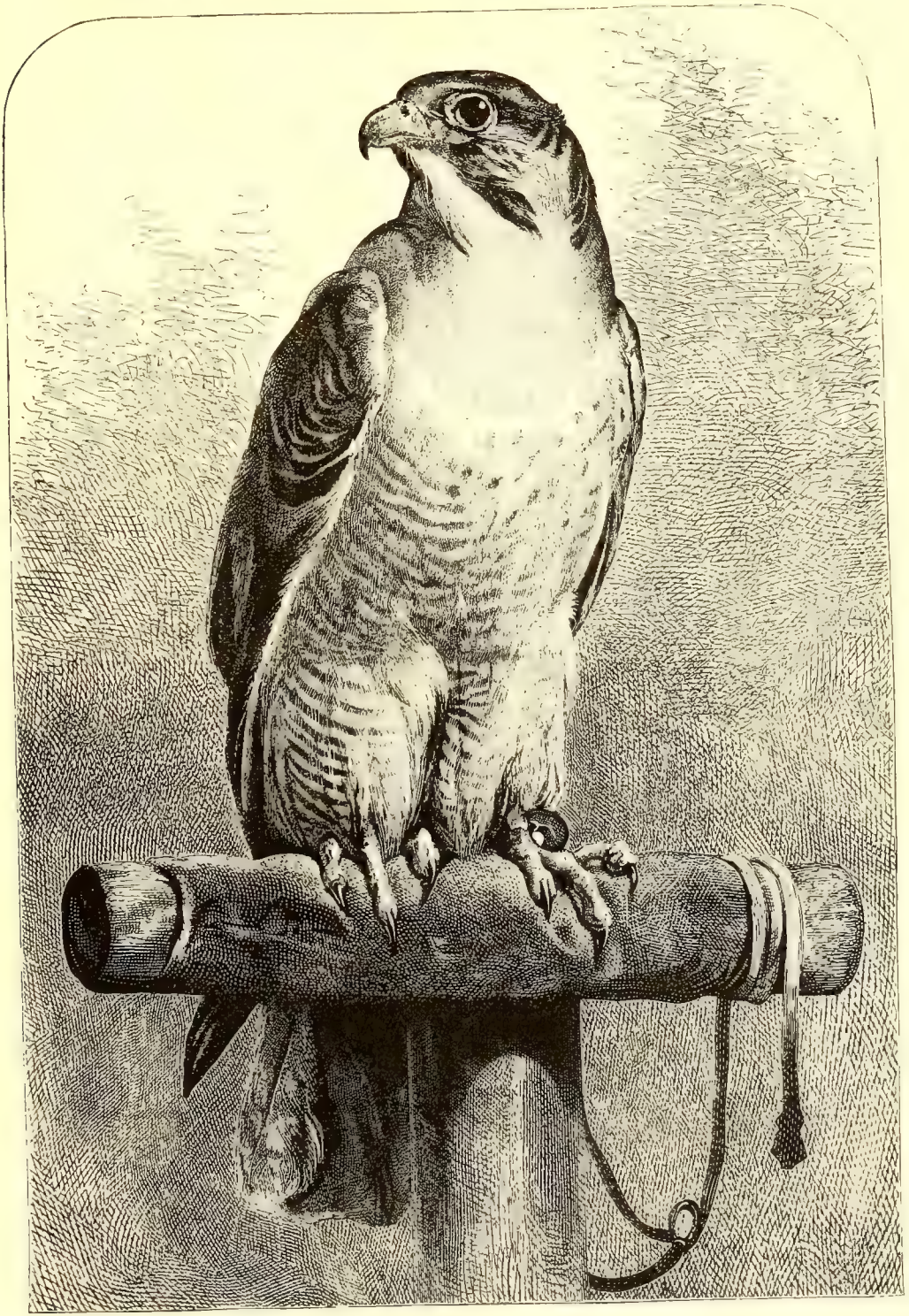
The heron is almost all wings, except its legs and its neck and its beak, which don't weigh much, anyhow; and so, though it is a much bigger bird than the falcon, it prefers flight to fight whenever a falcon happens to come around. As the heron is tall in so many different directions, it finds difficulty in concealing its body in places where the falcon can not follow it; and as the falcon's method of seizing its prey is by swooping down upon it, the heron usually seeks to escape by keeping above the falcon; for so long as it can remain higher up, it is safe.

It is very exciting to watch a long white heron climbing up, up, in the air in narrow spirals, pursued by a compact, dark falcon, rising by sheer force of muscular power, and in much larger spirals, higher and higher until both birds are almost out of sight.

Then, all at once, the smaller one is seen to have passed the other. It drops upon its prey, grasping it with its strong talons — and killing it.

In olden times, kings and queens, nobles of high degree, gentry, priests and peasants thought no sport more entertaining than this; and falcons were caught and trained to chase some particular kind of game.

Falcons were usually released at the end of the hunting season, so they rarely grew very tame; and they were generally held by a leathern leash fastened to each leg by a strap, called a jess, as is shown in the illustration on the next page.





The Tea Kettle Song.

Do you hear the song the tea-kettle sings
Above the fire-light's glow
While the white steam floats like a fleecy cloud
And the fancies fall and flow?

Do you know the song the tea-kettle sings
O boy with the wondering eyes?
Long ago it was read by a boy like you
As he watched the steam-clouds rise.

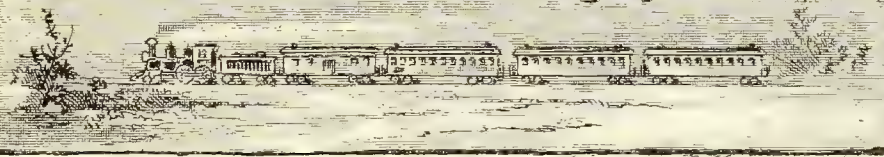
And he learned that song and 'tis sung
Over every land and sea to-day
In the crowded town and the forest wild
And the hill top high and free.

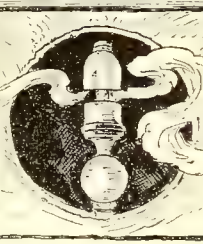
And the music that floats from the rush and roar
And the roll of the rumbling wheel
Is the strain that was learned from the
tea-kettle's song
And written on bars of steel

In the crowded town and the desert waste
And the meadow where sweet birds sing
And deep in the mountain's stormy breast
You may hear its music ring.

Oh the music is rare that the echoes bear
As they fling back the roll and peal
Of the strains that were learned from the tea-kettle's song
And written on bars of steel.

And now can you guess what the tea-kettle sang
O, Rob, on that far-off night
To the boy who watched as you're watching now
By the fireside's flickering light?





C. H. A. Vogel.



BY E. S. BROOKS,
Author of the "Land of Nod," and "Comedies for Children."
MUSIC BY FREDERIC PRESTON.

[THIS Operetta aims to voice the rebellion of the children against the tyranny of the Sultan of Sulkydom, a grim and gruff old despot, who sometimes worries even the best of children. It calls for a large number of performers to assist in the choruses, although the speaking characters are not numerous. No change of scene is necessary, and the stage equipment need not be elaborate The details demanding special attention, besides the careful training of the speaking characters and the choruses,—a matter of great importance,— are the costumes, the marches, and the arrangement of the "change of heads," explained at the close.]

CHARACTERS.

THE SULTAN OF SULKYDOM — A gruff and glum old tyrant who delights in making children sulky.
THE GRAND VIZIER —The Sultan's Prime Minister and chief adviser.
DON'T PACHA, } The Sultan's Cabinet.
WON'T PACHA, }
THE CALIPH OF OUT-OF-SORTS, }
MARJORIE MONDAY, }
TIMOTHY TUESDAY, }
WINIFRED WEDNESDAY, }
THADDEUS THURSDAY, } The Juvenile Seven.
FLORA BELLE FRIDAY, }
SOLOMON SATURDAY, }
SYLVIA SUNDAY, }
THE FAIRY HOPEFUL — Friend to the Children.
LITTLE I 'LL TRY.— The Children's Herald and Standard-Bearer.
DICK, } Leaders of the chorus of children.
DOLLY, }
THE CHORUS OF FAIRIES.
THE CHORUS OF CHILDREN.
THE SULTAN'S SLAVES.

[The size of the Choruses must, of course, depend upon the material at hand. There should be *at least* seven fairies, seven slaves, and fifteen children, boys and girls.]

COSTUMES AND AGES.

THE SULTAN AND THE VIZIER should be "big" boys of sixteen or eighteen. Each should wear full Turkish costume, but these should differ in color and make-up, so that the change at the end can be readily apparent. The Sultan should have a bushy gray beard and fierce turned-up mustachios, and should wear the green turban and feather.

THE TWO PACHAS AND THE CALIPH should be boys of fifteen to seventeen, in Turkish costumes, wearing fezzes instead of turbans.

THE JUVENILE SEVEN should be children from eight to twelve, dressed in suits and dress of golden armor, as pretty, as glittering, and as correct (historically) as the costumer's art or the facilities of the managers can devise. Over this suit they should wear, at first, long ulsters or Newmarkets, and on their heads, "Tam o' Shanters" or polo caps.

I 'LL TRY should have a suit of armor of gold or silver, or half and half. (These costumes will not be found difficult if a little taste or ingenuity is exercised.) He should be a boy of about ten or twelve.

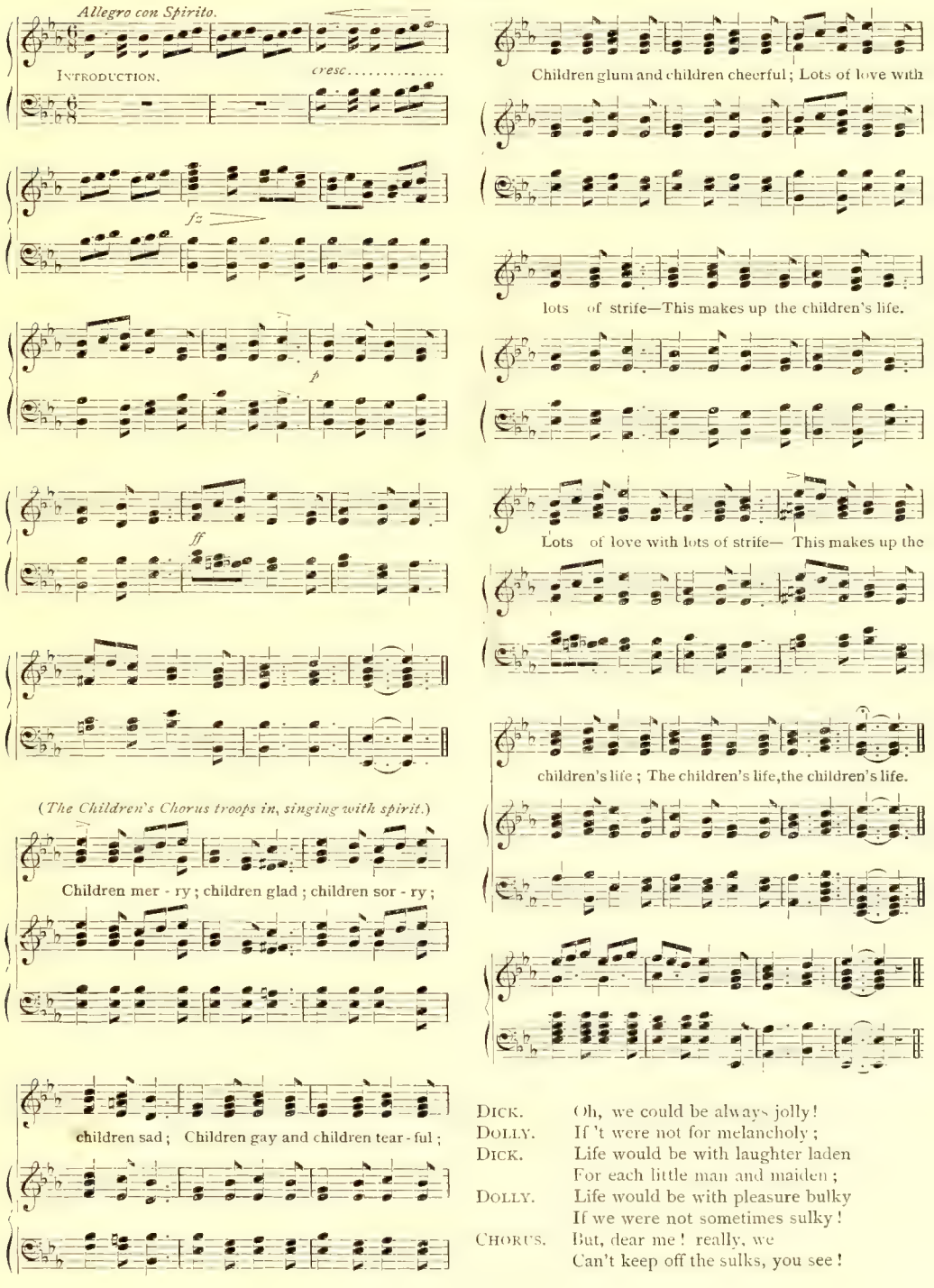
THE FAIRY HOPEFUL — a girl of twelve or fourteen — and her attendant sprites should be in white tarlatan, with the regulation wings, tinsel, etc. HOPEFUL can be a trifle more elaborate than the rest, and should have a wand.

THE SULTAN'S SLAVES — strong boys of ten or twelve — should be in black tights, with white trunks; with black masks or blackened faces, and large brass ornaments in ears and on arms and ankles.

THE CHORUS OF CHILDREN.— In neat and pretty modern dresses, to add color and variety to the scene. DICK and DOLLY should be children of eight or ten.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

OPENING CHORUS.



DICK. Oh, we could be always jolly!
DOLLY. If 't were not for melancholy;
DICK. Life would be with laughter laden
For each little man and maiden;
DOLLY. Life would be with pleasure bulky
If we were not sometimes sulky!
CHORUS. But, dear me! really, we
Can't keep off the sulks, you see!

CHORUS. For, when childhood's sun is shrouded,
Then the children's life is clouded.
So, dear me! really, we
Can't keep off the sulks, you see!
(Repeat first and second chorus.)

DICK. But why can't we always be jolly and gay?
DOLLY. Why can't we? Why can't we?
ALL *(appealing to audience)*. Do tell us, we pray!
DICK AND DOLLY.
It 's a riddle-me-ro, and it bothers us so
To think that no answer is given;
That we turn us about, with a mystified shout,
To the Jolly and Juvenile Seven.

[Enter the Juvenile Seven. They advance, seven abreast, down center to footlights, ulsters on and carpet-bags in hand. They bow to audience, and speak in turn.

MONDAY. I 'm Marjorie Monday;
TUESDAY. Timothy Tuesday;
WEDNESDAY. Winifred Wednesday, gay;
THURSDAY. I 'm Thaddeus Thursday;
FRIDAY. Flora Belle Friday;
SATURDAY. And Solomon Satur*day*.
SUNDAY. And I am Miss Sylvia Sunday, O,
So good — if I have my way!
THE SEVEN *(in chorus)*.
And so are we all, and so are we all —
So good, if we have our way!
MONDAY. They say I am fair of face;
TUESDAY. They say I am full of grace;
WEDNESDAY. They say I am merry and glad;
THURSDAY. They say I am sour and sad;
FRIDAY. They say I am loving and giving;
SATURDAY. They say I must work for my living;
SUNDAY. And, because I was born on a Sabbath-day,
They say I am bonny and good and gay.
THE CHILDREN *(critically)*. But you 're not always so.
THE SEVEN *(sadly)*. Oh, no; oh, no!
DICK. For sometimes you 're sad —
DOLLY. And sometimes you 're bad.
THE SEVEN *(penitently)*.
And sometimes we 're naughty, too.
DICK AND DOLLY. Then our riddle-me-re,
You can't answer, we see.
So — what are you going to do?
MONDAY. Oh, that 's why we 've got our ulsters on;
For we 'll travel the wide world o'er —
TUESDAY. Over sea and land, till we understand
WEDNESDAY. The secret of sorrow sore.
THURSDAY. Over land and sea shall our journey be,
FRIDAY. Until we discover why
SATURDAY. The children's day is not always gay,
SUNDAY. And why we must pout and cry.

[Enter FAIRY HOPEFUL and train

HOPEFUL. Why — don't you know?
THE CHILDREN. Good gracious, though!
DICK AND DOLLY. Now pray, ma'am, who are you?
HOPEFUL. I 'm a fairy bright,
And I 'm Hopeful — quite,
By name and by nature, too!

[HOPEFUL stands center. Children gather around her.

In the far-off East — so 't is told to me —
Where the sun gets up from his bed in the sea,
There lives an old tyrant, all bearded and brown,
Who delights to make children fume, fret, fuss, and frown.
From his palace so grim all your grievances come —
He 's the cruel old Sultan of Sulkydom.
When the murky morning is dull and gray,
He summons his court and he hurries away
To the dear little children asleep in their beds.
And he twitches their toes and he tousles their heads
(Till, slowly from Sleepyland, worried they come)
Does this horrid old Sultan of Sulkydom.
And he glues up each eye, and he sews up each ear,
Till they can't see to dress, nor the breakfast-bell hear.
But woe to the boy, or the girl — so they say —
Who gets out of bed backwards at dawning of day!
For, from sunrise to dark, they are under the thumb
Of this crafty old Sultan of Sulkydom.

DICK. Oh, the cruel East-wind, blowing o'er the sea,
Bears this wicked tyrant straight to you and me;
DOLLY.
Straight to you and me, dear, do his torments come.
THE CHILDREN.
Save us, Fairy Hopeful, from this Sultan of Sulkydom!

HOPEFUL. In the olden days, in their robes arrayed,
Did the hermit and priest preach the great crusade;
And the Eastern lands felt the strength and might
Of the gleaming blade of each mail-clad knight.
But never did heathen more hateful become
Than this wicked old Sultan of Sulkydom.
So I preach to the children a new crusade,—
A battle for each little man and maid.
Who will arm for the fray? And with sword and with shield
Who will make this old autocrat tremble and yield?
He will quiver and quake when the children come —
He 's a craven old Sultan of Sulkydom.
DICK. O, the sulky old Sultan! The horrid old man!
DOLLY.
Lead us on! Let us march! Just as quick as we can!
THE CHILDREN.
Down, down with the tyrant! Too long has he thriven.
Who 'll lead us?
THE SEVEN *(stepping boldly and solidly to the front)*.
The Jolly and Juvenile Seven!
THE CHILDREN. Oh, will you, though?
THE SEVEN. Oh, won't we, though!
And we 'll see the *quietus* given
To this Sultan bold, and this tyrant old—
THE CHILDREN. Hurrah for the Juvenile Seven!
MONDAY. And that 's why we 've our ulsters on;
TUESDAY. For we 'll travel the wide world o'er —
WEDNESDAY. Over sea and land, till at last we stand
THURSDAY. At the Sultan of Sulkydom's door.
FRIDAY. Over land and sea shall our journey be,
SATURDAY. By nothing on earth dismayed,
SUNDAY. Till this Sultan dread bows his hoary head —
THE SEVEN *(majestically)*.
To the glorious Children's Crusade!
HOPEFUL. But not in that dress must ye onward press,
To conquer this tyrant strong.

Oh, 't would be absurd, for whoever heard
Of crusaders in ulsters long?
So stand ye out, oh, Seven so stout!
My clever, courageous crew,
By my magic aid be ye now arrayed
In armor all gleaming and new!

[She waves her wand; the ulsters are thrown off, and disclose the SEVEN in suits of gleaming armor. Seven fairies trip in, each with helmet, sword, and shield for the seven champions.

HOPEFUL. Thus, with sword and shield
Shall ye go afield,
To vanquish the Sultan bad.
Be each maid of mark a Joan of Arc,
And each boy a Galahad!

DICK (*looking at the Seven in admiration*).
My, are n't they fine! Oh, how they shine!
We all repine for clothes like those.

DOLLY. They glimmer and gleam till they really look
As if they 'd stepped out of a picture-book.

[The Seven advance, all abreast, to foothights, and speak in turn as on p. 458.

MONDAY. I 'm Marjorie Monday; etc., etc.

SUNDAY. And I am Miss Sylvia Sunday, O,
And *down* with the Sultan, I say!

THE SEVEN. And so do we all! And so do we all!
Down, *down* with the Sultan, we say!

CHORUS OF FAIRIES. Dancing, glancing,
All entrancing,
Bright and sprightly, children run.
Beaming, streaming, glory-gleaming,
Rare and fair with joy and fun.
Yours the victory if ye say,
"Do and Dare shall win the day!"

THE SEVEN. But who will bear our banner fair,
Our glorious standard of Right?
Who will carry the flag,
Lest our courage lag,—
And flutter it free in our sight?

[Enter little I 'LL TRY, with the Children's Standard — a golden banner with a crimson star.

I'LL TRY. Oh, let me bear your banner bright,
As it floats o'er your brave array;
Oh, let me lead, as you onward speed
'Gainst the Sultan so grim and gray.
Oh, from head to heel, I 'll be true as steel
To each little man and maid.
My name is I 'll Try, and my flag shall fly
At the head of the Children's Crusade!

[If practicable, a simple and pretty drill of the SEVEN and their standard-bearer could be given here with charming effect, followed by the Chorus of Children and Fairies.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN AND FAIRIES.
Over the mountain, and over the lea,
And over the bounding ocean,
By ford, by fountain, and billowy sea,
The children are all in motion.
March, march, on we go,
Gleaming in bright array;
March, march, toward our foe,
The Sultan so grim and gray.
Then, sing we, ho! and sing we, hey!
Look out! for the children come,
Marching undismayed, on their great crusade,
'Gainst the Sultan of Sulkydom!

[They are about to march off, right, when at left, behind scenes, a bugle sounds, and the voice of the GRAND VIZIER is heard calling loudly.

VIZIER. Ho! Room for the Sultan of Sulkydom!

THE CHILDREN (*stopping short in march and wheeling around to left*). Who calls with such might and main?

HOPEFUL. Why, much I fear, 't is the Grand Vizier,
And the Sultan of Sulkydom's train.
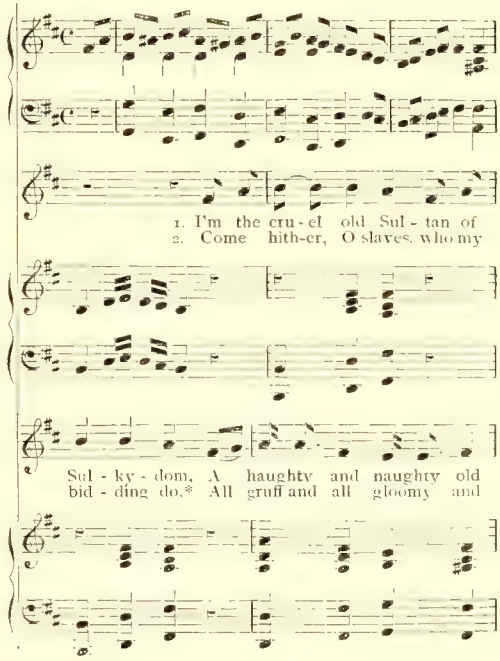
[The fairies exit, right, and the children mass themselves at right, with the Seven and standard-bearer central as the GRAND VIZIER enters, left, preceded by trumpeter and followed by two slaves.

GRAND VIZIER (*pompously*).
Ho! Room for the Sultan of Sulkydom!
And — room for his Grand Vizier,
By mountain and fountain and dale we come,
To bother the children dear.
To vex and perplex them with fret and fear,
Over river and sea we come.
Then ho! stand clear, for the Grand Vizier,
And — the Sultan of Sulkydom!

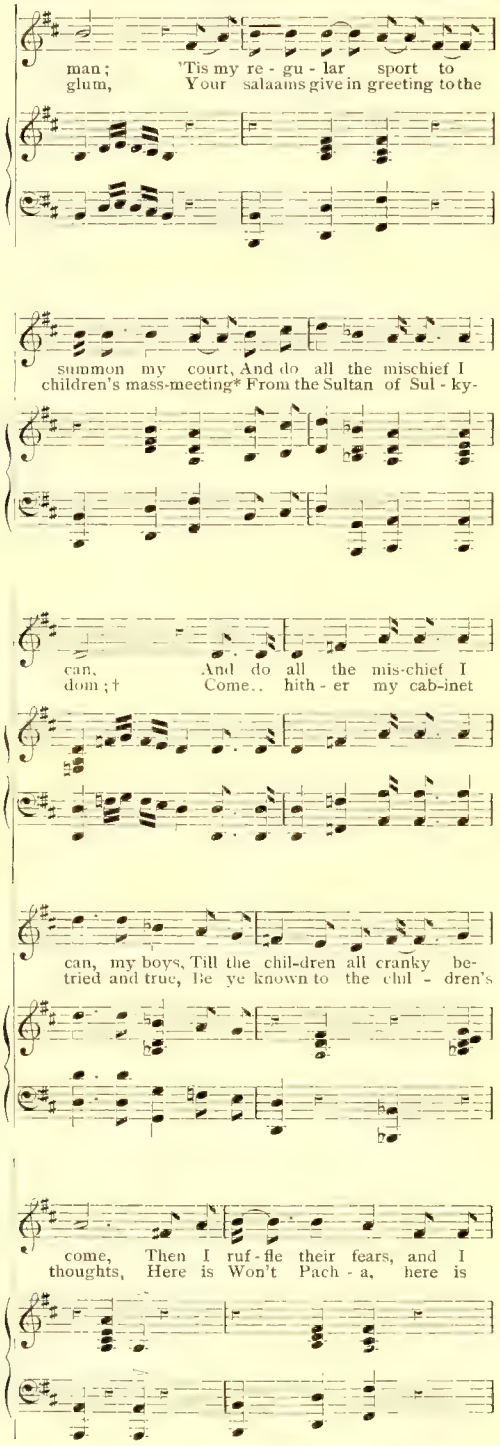
[Enter now, the SULTAN OF SULKYDOM seated cross-legged on a crimson divan (on wheels), drawn by six slaves. He is preceded by his standard-bearer (with crimson standard and gold crescent), with slaves bearing great fans at either hand. His page stands by his side, and his cabinet follows his divan; Chorus of Slaves and Ministers as the car enters. It stops central, rear, and the slaves and ministers divide to left, opposite the children.

CHORUS OF CABINET AND SLAVES.
Hey — hey — out of the way,
All that is pleasant and fair!
Steer clear, far from us here,
Happiness, precious and rare!
Now — now, low as we bow,
Down to our master so glum!

[They all salaam low.
Quail — wail; loudly we hail
The Sultan of Sulkydom!



* The slaves prostrate themselves.



Sultan. But, highty-tighty and gracious me!
What are all these youngsters about?
And why are they here? Oh, Grand Vizier,
Do their mothers know they 're out?

Vizier. The children to-day, O Sultan gray!
Are not easily overcome.

Sultan. Then, fret them awhile in the usual style
Of the Sultan of Sulkydom!

[The Seven march, all abreast, from right to center, then front-face and march to footlights, salute audience, and wheeling around, face the Sultan, speaking in turn as before.

Monday. I 'm Marjorie Monday; etc., etc.

Sunday. And I am Miss Sylvia Sunday, O.
And I 'm going to have my say!

The Seven. And so are we all,— and so are we all
Just going to have our say!

Sultan *(rising, much disturbed).*
Why — highty-tighty — gracious me!
They 're going to have their say!

Vizier. That 's nothing new; they always do —
The boys and girls to-day!

Sultan. But I *never* was faced in a way so queer;
I don't like it at all. O Grand Vizier,
Do you *really* think these youngsters would come
To *threaten* the Sultan of Sulkydom?

Vizier. 'T is very likely, O Sultan gray;
For the boys — ah, yes, and the girls of to-day,
Will tackle the awkwardest task.

* The Slaves salaam derisively to Children. † The Cabinet salaam to Sultan.
‡ Each Minister salaams to Children derisively, as introduced.

They are not afraid of a single thing;
They say that a cat can look at a king;
And they 're not at all backward to ask.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN.

Hark! hark! children are forming!
Hark! hark! children are swarming!
Marching in bright array.
Tired — so tired — of sulking and sighing;
Tired — so tired — of pouting and crying;
Bound to be merry and gay.
Hark to us! hear to us!
Sultan, give ear to us!
Facing thee, boldly we come.
Shout it in air: down with dull care
And the Sultan of Sulkydom!

[The Herald, I 'LL TRY, here advances from before the SEVEN to the SULTAN'S divan, and, supporting himself with the standard, announces:

I 'LL TRY. I am Herald for the Children,
To thee they bid me come;
Now, yield thee, yield thee prisoner,
O Sultan of Sulkydom!
The Children gay, in brave array,
Here to thy face have come.
Surrender ye! surrender ye!
O Powers of Sulkydom!

SULTAN *(with braggadocio)*.
Ho! Joke most rare! These children dare
In arms to face us here!
Surrender? Ho! Surrender? No!
What say you, Grand Vizier?

VIZIER. It seems to me ——

CABINET AND SLAVES. And it seems to us all ——

VIZIER. We should treat their demand with scorn.
If we yield up you, what is left us to do?
Our occupation 's gone!

CHORUS OF CABINET AND SLAVES.

If we yield up you, what is left us to do?
Our occupation 's gone!

[Here the Cabinet — the two pachas and the caliph — approach the children in a threatening, but inquisitive, manner. They look at the children critically.

THE CABINET. Oh, let us inspect them, Sultan gray;
Let us look these children o'er;
For, we 're *able* — yes — yes — and we 're *ready* to say,
We have seen *all* these youngsters before.

WON'T PACHA.* For some of them flout,
And some of them pout,
And some of them grumble and growl.

DON'T PACHA. And all, we may say,
When they can't have their way,
Just stamp on the floor and howl.

OUT-OF-SORTS. Our slaves, then, are they!
Let us lead them away,
Though their tears flow in pints and quarts —

WON'T. The Pacha of Won't;

DON'T. The Pacha of Don't;

OUT-OF-SORTS. And the Caliph of Out-of-Sorts!

[They advance toward the children, who exclaim, hastily, but very positively:

THE CHILDREN.
Oh, no; you are wrong; you are certainly wrong!
You 've just made that up in your thoughts.
For we never say "Won't!"
And we never say "Don't!"
And we *never* are out of sorts!

THE CABINET *(accusingly, to the* SEVEN).
And as for this Jolly and Juvenile Seven,
To *them* too much credit has always been given.

WON'T. For Monday is proud of her fair young face,

DON'T. And Tuesday talks loud of his style and grace,

OUT-OF-SORTS.
And Wednesday *can* cry, though she 's merry and glad,

WON'T.
And Thursday? Why, Thursday *is* sour and sad;

DON'T.
Miss Friday boasts much of her loving and giving,

OUT-OF-SORTS.
And Saturday *never* will work for his living;

ALL THREE.
While as for Miss Sunday, so bonny and gay,
She only is so — when she has her own way!

I 'LL TRY *(hopefully)*.
But they 've made me the Captain in this Crusade,
And I 've pledged every boy, and I 've pledged every maid,
That hereafter, they 'll try to be happy and bright,
Obliging and pleasant and nice and polite.
They 'll try it, I *know*, every lassie and lad;
Only thus can they conquer this Sultan so bad.
And strong in this spirit to rout you they 've come;
So yield to them, Sultan of Sulkydom!

[The SEVEN rally around their Standard-bearer, and face the SULTAN defiantly, while the ministers and slaves draw closely around their master. The SEVEN assume a spirited attitude, and speak in turn.

MONDAY. I 'm Marjorie Monday; etc., etc.

SUNDAY. And I am Miss Sylvia Sunday, O,
So yield to us, Sultan gray!

THE SEVEN. And so say we all! and so say we all!
Yield, yield to us, Sultan gray!

SULTAN, VIZIER, CABINET AND SLAVES *(laughing chorus)*. Well, it 's ha, ha, ha, and it 's ho, ho, ho!
We never, never, never saw the like of that!
Here these children small on the Sultan call,
Demanding his surrender very sharp and flat!
So, it 's ha, ha, ha, and it 's ho, ho, ho!
It excites our risibilities to see them come;
Though they beg for it, we 'll not yield a bit —
We 're the Sultan and the Cabinet of Sulkydom!

THE SEVEN *(wheeling around and facing the children)*.
Then all hands 'round, here, children all;
Let your noisiest song be given,
As ye dance in sport 'round the Sultan's Court,
For the Jolly and Juvenile Seven!

[Here the children join hands in a merry-go-round, encircling the SULTAN and his train, if the chorus is large enough, while the SEVEN march and countermarch before the enemy. The SULTAN and ministry draw together in evident distrust and dislike of all this fun and frolic.

* Pronounced Pa-*shah*.

CHILDREN'S CHORUS *(for the "all hands 'round").*

'Round, 'round, here we go 'round;
Hark to our roundelay!
Sing, sing, joyfully sing,
Merry and cheery and gay!
Run, run, laughter and fun
Drive away trouble and care!
'Round, 'round, here we go 'round,
Singing our liveliest air!
So, so, jolly we go,
All hands around we come!
Pooh! Pooh! Who cares for you —

[Snapping their fingers in his face.

Sultan of Sulkydom?

[The SULTAN and ministry, distracted at the noise and romp, lift their hands in horror and protestation, and the SULTAN advances imploringly.

SULTAN.

Oh, stop it; pray, stop it! I 'm dazzled and stunned
With your romp and your riot and rout;
I 'm flustered and flurried and dizzy and dumb.
Say,— what are you youngsters about?
I don't *like* to see children so jolly and blithe;
I would rather you 'd grumble and pout.
Oh, you 'll have me quite dazed
And speedily crazed
With your gallop and glitter and shout!

CHORUS OF CABINET AND SLAVES.

Yes; you 'll have us all dazed
And speedily crazed
With your gallop and glitter and shout!

[The SEVEN, turning to the children, say, joyfully in turn:

MONDAY. Oh, pleasure and play
TUESDAY. And laughter gay
MONDAY AND TUESDAY *(together).*
Send the blues to the right-about!
WEDNESDAY. And the sulks they flee
THURSDAY. From the sound of glee,
WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY *(together).*
And a smile will conquer a pout.
FRIDAY. Then, Hey! Away!
SATURDAY. With our chorus gay
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY *(together).*
Once more to the charge we come!
SUNDAY.
For all dismayed by our bright crusade
Is the Sultan of Sulkydom!

[Here the Chorus of Children, joining hands again, repeat the evolutions and song of the "All Hands 'Round" chorus. The SULTAN and his train stand it as long as they can, and, at the last, stuffing their fingers or their robes into their ears, they break through the ring of children, and rush off the stage — right. The children dash after them, dragging the SULTAN'S divan, followed by the Standard-bearer. The SEVEN wave their swords victoriously, and advance, all abreast, to footlights, and speak in turn.

MONDAY. I 'm Marjorie Monday; etc., etc.
SUNDAY. And I am Miss Sylvia Sunday, O,
And we 've routed the Sultan gray!
THE SEVEN. And so say we all,— and so say we all —
We 've routed the Sultan gray!

[The Children cheer, outside.

THE SEVEN. What means that shout?
I 'LL TRY *(rushing in with standard).*
We 've completed the rout
Of the Sultan so grim and glum;
And we beg to report ——

[The Children all troop in, shouting.

CHILDREN. Hey! We 've captured the court
And the Sultan of Sulkydom!
THE SEVEN *(severely).*
Then we wish it distinctly stated
That this Sultan here,
And his Grand Vizier,
Must both be decapitated!
DOLLY *(puzzled).* Oh, what 's that you said?
THE SEVEN. Why — Off with his head!
I 'LL TRY. Then, off both their heads must come!
DICK *(vociferously, as the children troop off — right).*
And thus will we close all our worries and woes
From the Sultan of Sulkydom.

[Exit all, right. Enter, left, after a bar of light music has been played, FAIRY HOPEFUL and her train, singing.

FAIRY CHORUS.

Lightly tripping, brightly skipping,
Tripping, skipping, lightly tripping,
O'er the flowery plain.
Flying hither, flying thither,
Come we all again.
Come we all with anxious yearning,
For each man and maid,
Yearning for their home returning,
From their great crusade.

HOPEFUL.

Hark! the fairy messengers,— Midget, sprite, and bee,—
Whisper, soon the fairies all shall the children see!
Sisters, lift our welcome-song; raise the joyous strain,
Clear and fair on radiant air,— welcome home again!

FAIRY CHORUS.

Gay we greet the restless feet;
Sound the music clear!
Ring, ye bells, with joyous swells;
Sound the music clear!
Welcome! Welcome!
Welcome, children, dear!

CHILDREN *(heard without).* Here we come!
FAIRIES *(listening).* Here they come!
ALL. Sound the music clear!
CHILDREN *(without).* Here we come.
FAIRIES *(listening).* Here they come.
Welcome, children dear!
CHILDREN *(at hand).* Here we come.
FAIRIES *(in welcome).* Here they come.
ALL. Sound the music clear!

[Enter the SEVEN,— preceded by Standard-bearer. They advance as usual, all abreast, to the footlights, salute, and say:

MONDAY. I 'm Marjorie Monday; etc., etc.
SUNDAY. And I am Miss Sylvia Sunday, O,
And I think we have won the day!
THE SEVEN.
And so say we all — and so say we all —
We think we have won the day!

[Here the children troop in, dragging in their midst the SULTAN'S divan. On this divan a dais has been raised, on which rest the heads of the SULTAN and GRAND VIZIER (for construction, see note at end of operetta); after it, follows the train of the SULTAN in chains. As the children come in, they sing with spirit the Victory Chorus.

CHILDREN'S CHORUS.

Victory! victory! Our shouts ring loud and high.
Victory! victory! Oh, free let our banner fly.
Victory! victory! Joyous and undismayed.
Victory! victory! Crowned is the children's crusade!
Hurrah, hurrah for our glorious gains!
We are bringing the sulky court in chains!
Hurrah, hurrah, for the children come,
With the head of the Sultan of Sulkydom!

[The car is left in the center, with the prisoners and children grouped around it, left and right. In front, left, the SEVEN and their Standard-bearer; right, the FAIRY HOPEFUL and train.

HOPEFUL *(approaching the heads)*.

O head of the Sultan of Sulkydom,
And head of the Grand Vizier!
What have you to say, ere you 're dragged away
By these valorous children here?

THE SULTAN'S HEAD.

I 'm the head of the Sultan of Sulkydom!

THE VIZIER'S HEAD.

I 'm the head of the Grand Vizier!

BOTH *(in slow and solemn unison)*.

But we 'd feel more inclined to speak our mind,
If our bodies were only here.
To be heads without bodies, we 'd have you know,
Is a most discouraging bore.
We 'll be awfully good, and we 'll never be rude,
If you 'll give us our bodies once more.

HOPEFUL. O head of the Sultan of Sulkydom,
And head of the Grand Vizier,—
I think, perhaps, you 've been punished enough,
By your body-less presence here.
If I give you your bodies back again,
Will you promise the children dear,
Not to worry them more, with your torments sore—
O Sultan and Grand Vizier?

THE HEADS *(solemnly, but decidedly)*.

We would promise it free, on bended knee,
If we had any knees to bend!
We would promise *our* part, with hand on heart,
If we 'd hand or heart to lend!
No more will we scoff, if you 'll let us off,
And the children from worry we 'll save.
This we promise as well as our tongues can tell;
They are all that we happen to have!

HOPEFUL.

Well, what do you say, crusaders small,
Can they have back their bodies for good and all?

CHILDREN. Oh, yes, if they 'll do as they say.

THE SEVEN.

If they 'll leave us in peace, why, we don't care a red
What the Sultan of Sulkydom does with his head,

CHILDREN. Or his body so grim and gray!

HOPEFUL *(waving her wand)*.

By my fairy art, which can join and part,
O bodies, I bid you come
To the lone heads here of the Grand Vizier
And the Sultan of Sulkydom!

[The dais falls apart, and the SULTAN and the GRAND VIZIER step down. They salaam to HOPEFUL and to the children. Then they look at each other — start in surprise and dismay, and say, greatly agitated, to the fairy:

SULTAN. Oh, here 's a mistake!
VIZIER. Here 's a dreadful mistake!
BOTH. You have certainly muddled your mercy.
SULTAN. There 's the Grand Vizier's head
On *my* body instead.
VIZIER. And the Sultan's is *vice versa!*

[The children crowd in wonder at this singular change of bodies.

DICK. O, which is which, and who is who?
It is really a puzzle most queer.
DOLLY. Now, which is the Sultan of Sulkydom?
And which is the Grand Vizier?

HOPEFUL.

Well, they 've mixed and bothered the children so
That to this at last have they come;
And 't will never be clear, which is Grand Vizier,
And which Sultan of Sulkydom.

[To the puzzled pair.

But your bodies can order your heads around,
And your heads your bodies, too;
And if you 'll resolve the puzzle to solve,
You 'll find you have plenty to do.

DICK AND DOLLY.

It 's a riddle-me-ro, and it bothers us so,
To think that no answer is given,
That we turn us about, with a mystified shout,
To the jolly and juvenile Seven.

[The SEVEN, evidently puzzled as to this case of mixed identities, march slowly forward, all abreast, as usual, to footlights, pause, and then say, confidentially, to audience:

MONDAY. I 'm Marjorie Monday;
TUESDAY. Timothy Tuesday;
WEDNESDAY. Winifred Wednesday, gay;
THURSDAY. I 'm Thaddeus Thursday;
FRIDAY. Flora Belle Friday;
SATURDAY. And Solomon Saturday;
SUNDAY. And I am Miss Sylvia Sunday, O,
But I 'm dreadfully puzzled to say!

THE SEVEN.

And so are we all, and so are we all;
We are dreadfully puzzled to say!
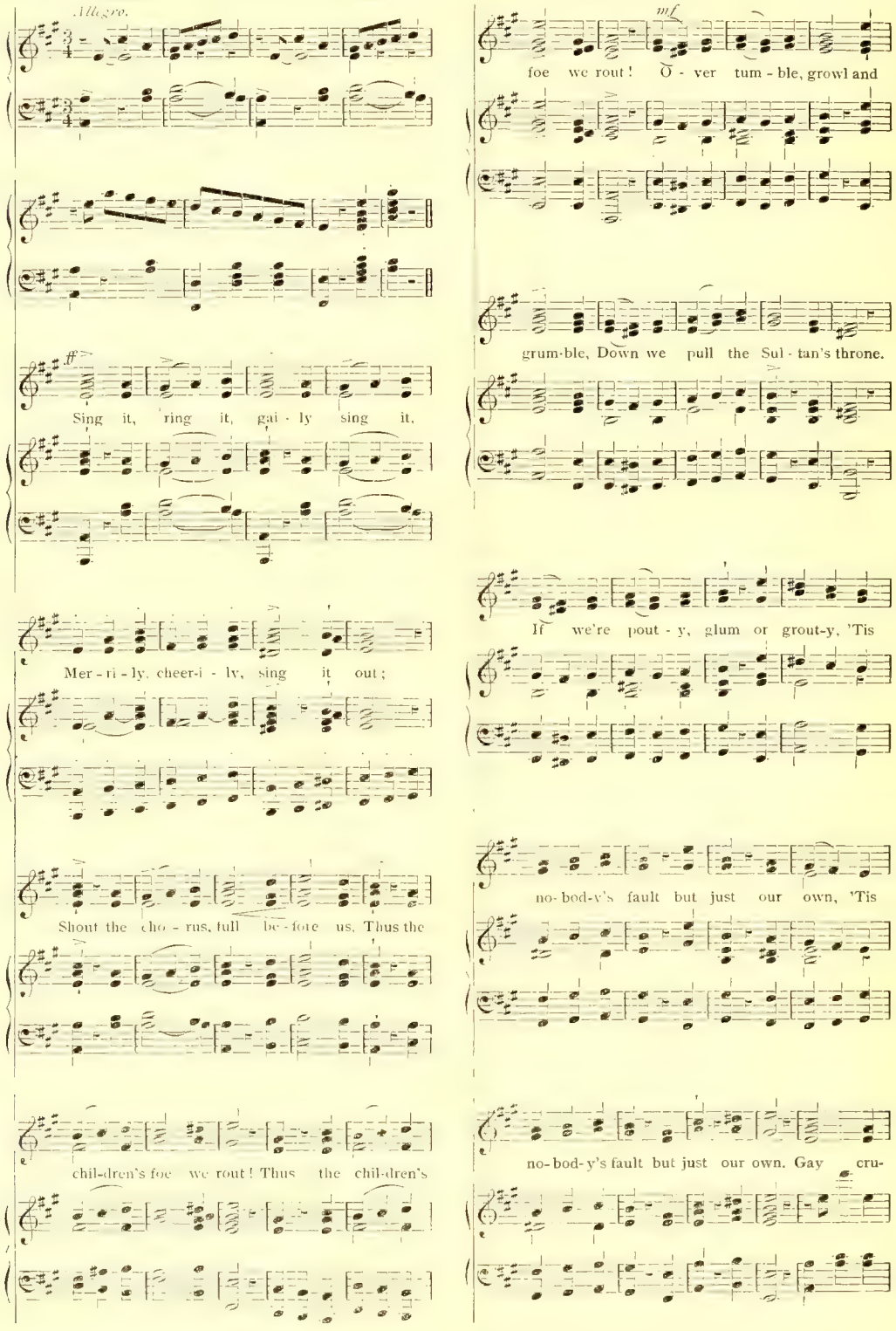
HOPEFUL.
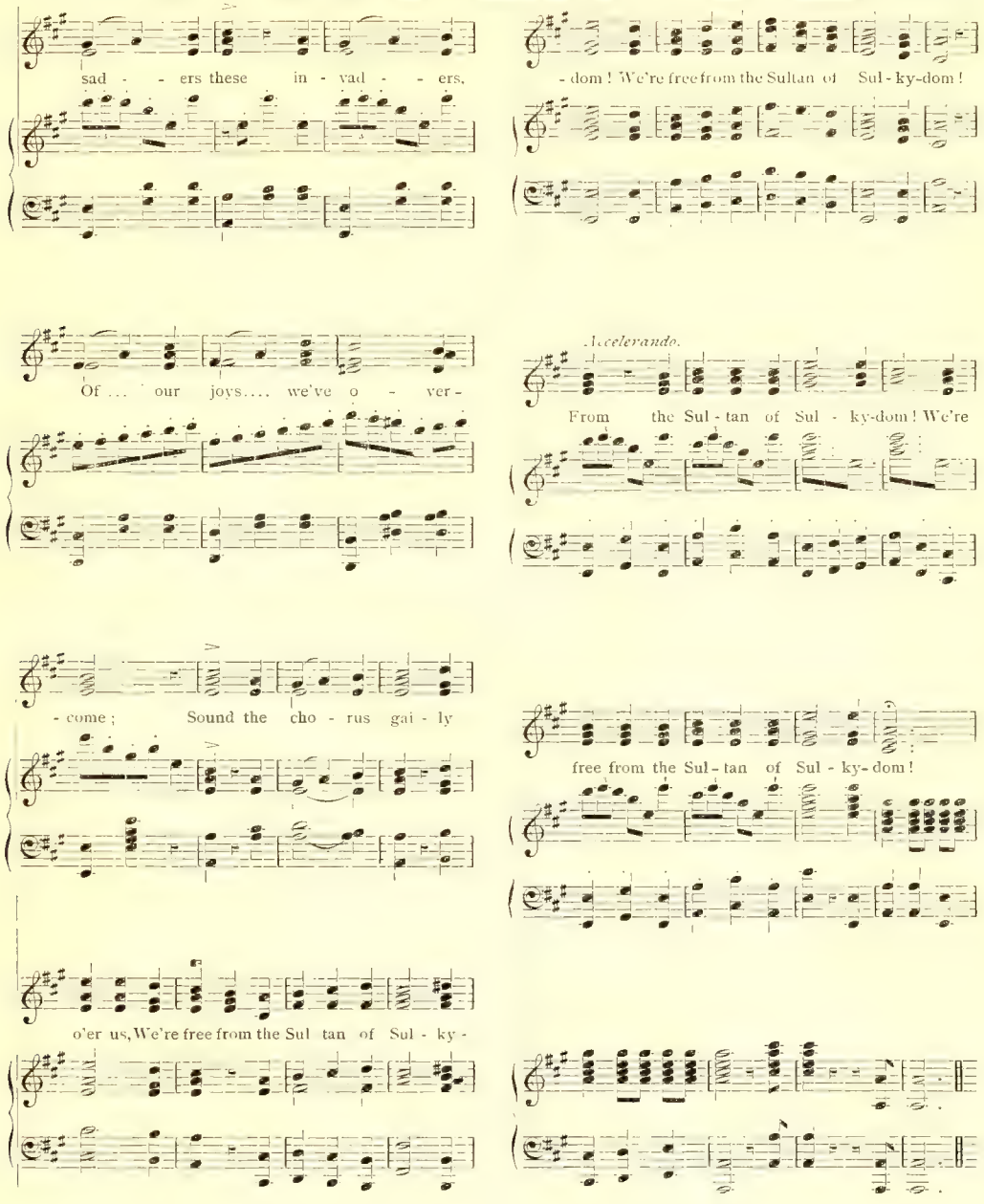
It 's a riddle-me-ro, and 't will puzzle them so,
Through the rest of their natural life,
That no time can they get the children to fret;
So you 're free from their worry and strife.

THE SEVEN.

It 's a riddle-me-ro, and 't will puzzle them so,
That they 'll certainly crazy become;
So we never need fear this old Grand Vizier,
Nor the Sultan of Sulkydom!

[The SULTAN and GRAND VIZIER fall disconsolately back against the divan, revive and seem to argue the matter together, while children, fairies, and all the rest join in the final chorus. The curtain should fall on an effective tableau, which may be arranged with the Seven central and the other characters grouped about them. If there is no curtain, the operetta can close with a spirited march off the stage, all but the SULTAN and GRAND VIZIER repeating the latter part of the following finale:


Allegro.
ff
Sing it, ring it, gai - ly sing it,
Mer - ri - ly, cheer - i - ly, sing it out;
Shout the cho - rus, full be - fore us, Thus the
chil-dren's foe we rout! Thus the chil-dren's
mf
foe we rout! O - ver tum - ble, growl and
grum-ble, Down we pull the Sul - tan's throne.
If we're pout - y, glum or grout-y, 'Tis
no-bod-y's fault but just our own, 'Tis
no-bod-y's fault but just our own. Gay cru-



CURTAIN.

[NOTE — The decapitation of the heads and the change of bodies is an old trick which can be used to advantage here, with little trouble. After the rout of the SULTAN and his train, he and his GRAND VIZIER should at once change their suits, but without changing their wigs or head-gear. The dais is a light frame-work, covered with bright cloth, which divides in the center, and is cut to fit the neck, and draped at top so as to look, when closed, as if the heads rested on it. The two can sit or kneel inside this frame-work, holding it together from inside. When HOPEFUL gives the word, the frame-work drops and the re-united bodies step out.]

LITTLE MITTENS.

By Tobe Hodge.



In a street-car, not long ago, I saw a sweet, chubby face, made rosy by the frosty air nipping at it. It had a nose set up in a pointed way above a bow-shaped mouth,—such a mouth!—one of those that seem in constant readiness to break into a smile or a kiss or to say something to somebody. Short curly hair circled about a white neck and tiny ears, and out over a smooth forehead from under a well-worn knitted hood. The coat worn by the little girl, to whom all this belonged, was coarse and thin, but fitted well some seven or eight years of shapeliness; and out of its sleeves stuck a pair of new, warm, bright-red mittens.

She sat directly across the car from me. From under rather scanty skirts extended two legs covered with well-darned stockings, and on her feet were shoes—made, I dare not guess when—which pulled her toes down to just above the straw in the car, as if coaxing them into a snug, warm resting-place that was just out of reach. I mentally dubbed her "Little Mittens." But what charmed me most about her was the admiring look of interest and admiration in her bright brown eyes, which were directed to a baby who sat in its nurse's lap, on the seat beside Little Mittens.

The baby was clad in robes, almost royal, em-

bossed from head to at least a yard beyond any baby's foot with embroidered monograms, circles, and flowers of as yet uncreated species,— all that could possibly be crowded on a soft white foundation of something or other in the merino line. On the baby's head was a cap so be-puffed, be-frilled, and be-ribboned, that it was hard to tell where the cap left off and the head began; but out of the mass peeped a baby face such as angels might love to pet. It was a royal baby too, in beauty and brightness,— fit to grace any degree of royalty. In the eyes of Little Mittens it seemed even now to be a real born princess— she had never seen such a baby and such a dress at the same time.

The conductor came along and officially demanded his fare. The nurse searched invisible pockets, visited with trembling hands all possible places where "change" might be; then moved the baby from one side of her aproned lap to the other, as the fear grew upon her that she had lost her money, and as her confusion grew greater.

Little Mittens thought she saw what was the matter. Her whole face contracted with anxiety and flushed with excitement. "Please, ma'am," she asked, with timid voice, "have you lost it?"

The nurse took no notice of the sympathizing inquiry, and did not answer. Little Mittens did not mind that. She got down on her knees and looked through the straw, turning it up like a chicken scratching; she rose and examined the cushioned car-seat with flying hands; but not finding anything, she looked pleadingly into the stern face of the conductor, then into the woe-begone face of the nurse, who was getting herself and the baby ready to leave the car. She took in the whole situation; the baby was to be put off; the nurse had lost her money. The car was stopped; there was no time to lose. She almost tore off her mittens; from one of them she took a curled-up paper, and out of it some pennies.

"Please, sir," she said to the conductor, "don't put it off. I 'll pay; here 's the money."

I know where Little Mittens lives, but I did n't think that nurse did; yet that very afternoon a royal baby, rich in flaxen curls and royal robes, made a most delightful call on Little Mittens.



"OH, YOU LOVELY BABY! HOW DO YOU DO?"



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

ONCE more I greet you, dear April foo — no, April friends! To be sure some of us are April fools in one way or another, just as we are often May, June, or July fools, without being helped to it by our fellows; but the Deacon and the dear Little School-ma'am tell me that April fooling, as a general pastime, is fast going out of fashion,— that is, among good human folk. Where birds and breezes and will-o'-the-wisps are concerned, it 's quite a different matter. *They* enjoy it. Hear this little incident now, as related for you by Lilian Dynevor Rice:

'T was the sunshiny, showery season,
When winter gives way to spring,
The sky and the dancing ocean
Were bright as a bluebird's wing.
Bravely the tender flowers
Were putting their blossoms forth,
When suddenly came a tempest
Of wind from the icy north,

With a hurry-scurry of snow-flakes,
Which pelted the apple-trees
And romped with the baby blossoms,
Who thought they would surely freeze;
While the daffodils and the tulips
Grew pallid and weak with fear,
And wished themselves safe in Holland
Till a pleasanter time o' year.

But the tempest sunk to silence,
The bad little snow-flakes fled,
And the sun shone out in splendor
From clustering clouds o'erhead,
And the sweet south wind came laughing,
In place of the north wind cool,
And cried, "Oh, you foolish flowers!
'T was only 'An April Fool!'"

INSECT WEATHER PROPHETS.

NOT long since we found out that several animals were good weather prophets, and now here is a clipping sent us by a friend which seems to show that even insects have a good claim to the same title:

"Some months ago the natives of a certain district in New South Wales left their low-lying camping grounds for the higher country, saying that a flood was approaching. A few weeks later the floods came; and the natives said that their sole information regarding them was gathered from the insects, which had built their nests in the trees instead of on the ground, as usual."

AN EVERY-DAY MESSAGE.

THE Little School-ma'am was giving the girls' class, the other day, a few hints concerning what the boys call top-loft-ical politeness, and, as an instance, she quoted a message which a lady of Quito sent another lady in that highly polished region. She says that the Spanish-Americans practice politeness as a solemn duty. They are as familiar with their ordinary society phrases as they are with their prayers. Their civility is no studied hypocrisy, but becomes a matter of habit most rigidly cultivated.

This is the message which the lady of Quito sent to her friend by a servant: "Go to the Señorita Fulana de Tal, and tell her that she is my heart and the dear little friend of my soul. Tell her that I am dying for not having seen her, and ask her why she does not come to see me. Tell her that I have been awaiting her for more than a week, and that I send her my best respects and considerations; and ask her how she is and how her husband is, and how each one of her children is, and whether they are all well in the family. And assure her that she is my little love, and ask her whether she will not be kind enough to send me that pattern she promised me the other day."

The strangest thing about all this is that the servant does n't forget any part of such a message. "But, no indeed," says the person who told the Little School-ma'am, "the Quito messenger will deliver with parrot-like fidelity, and in a strange, monotonous, sing-song tone of voice, the complete mass of compliments confided to his charge.

A MILK-FED PUMPKIN.

ONE of the peculiarities of a two hundred and fifty pound pumpkin, grown at Newburgh, N. Y., is that it was fed on milk. A root was sent out from the vine to a basin of milk, and it consumed a pint of the fluid each day.

The Little School-ma'am says that perhaps this big pumpkin was doing what he could toward helping to make himself into pumpkin-pies. "How would it do," he adds, "to make the experiment next year of putting another root into a sugar-bowl, a third into a full egg-beater, and a fourth into a pan of pie paste? Perhaps then you might be

able to pick your pumpkin pies and tarts fresh from the vine!"

A LIVELY LITTLE DUEL.

DEAR JACK: I have seen in your pleasant pages so many accounts of strange doings that I take the liberty of telling you about an occurrence which happened under my own observation.

One day, last summer, we all were seated on the veranda, when our attention was attracted by the strange behavior of a couple of insects that were tumbling furiously about on the ground close at hand.

Upon examination these proved to be a yellow-jacket and a honey-bee of the tame species, engaged in deadly combat.

The bee was trying its best to find some part of the yellow-jacket's body soft enough to pierce with its sting; while the yellow-jacket kept steadily at work cutting the bee in two with its sharp mandibles. In this it succeeded, and, taking up half of the body, flew away, returning shortly for the rest.

Hoping this true story may prove of interest, I remain yours truly, F. B. C.

FINALLY, my friends, you shall have as a first of April story, this preposterous jingle of "The Playful Pheasant."



There once was a Playful old Pheasant,
Who thought practical joking was pleasant,
Till the neighbors, one day,
To his utmost dismay,
Sent some dynamite round for a present.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

ALL readers of ST. NICHOLAS who remember Mr. E. S. Brooks's charming operetta of "The Land of Nod," printed in these pages a few years ago, will be glad to find in the present number "The Children's Crusade," a new operetta by Mr. Brooks, which can hardly fail to be as popular as the first. Notwithstanding the pressure upon our space, we have given this operetta entire, as it will interest the general reader perhaps almost as much as those young folks who may undertake its performance. There are, however, of the music four additional choruses, for which we have not been able to make room in ST. NICHOLAS. They are: A chorus for the children, entitled, "For when Children's Sun is Shrouded"; a chorus of Fairies, "Dancing, Glancing, etc."; a children's chorus (March), "Over the Mountain and Over the Lea": and a chorus of the Sultan's Cabinet and Slaves, "Hey — Hey — Out of the Way."

These pieces may be had, free of charge, upon application to the publishers of ST. NICHOLAS.

OUR boy readers will, we are sure, welcome the article in the present number by General Badeau, concerning the battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac. The story has been told by many writers, but we doubt whether it has ever been so fully and vividly set forth for the especial benefit of young readers as in the paper which we print this month. Many of those who read General Badeau's article may have seen a recent announcement in the newspapers of a new invention by Captain Ericsson, the inventor of the Monitor. It is a naval fighting machine, which is perhaps as great an improvement on the little Monitor as was that famous vessel upon the old wooden men-of-war. This new boat is called the Destroyer. A writer in the New York *Tribune* says, that in the opinion of American naval experts Captain Ericsson's Destroyer is superior to any vessel of the kind invented abroad, and he adds:

"The boat is submerged like the original Monitor, with all the machinery below an intermediate deck of plate-iron strongly supported. Attacking 'bows on,' and defying with her armor the heaviest ordnance, the Destroyer is practically invulnerable, and at the same time is a terrible antagonist. With a single breech-loader seven feet under water, firing with great rapidity a projectile charged with 250 pounds of dynamite, it can subject a hostile fleet to a racking bombardment."

WE have to announce that an article concerning The Washington Christmas Club, which many of our readers in the city of Washington expected to find in the March ST. NICHOLAS, has been postponed to the November or December issue of this year. Its publication then will be more timely in many ways, and the paper will have a more practical interest both for members of the club and for all the readers of ST. NICHOLAS.

THE LETTER-BOX.

Charley G. B., Lillian, and other correspondents: Miss Baylor says that the names of Juan and Juanita should be pronounced as if spelled, in English, Hwan and Hwaneeta. We are much pleased that you enjoy the story, and follow with so keen an interest the adventures of its brave little hero and heroine.

NAVY YARD, BROOKLYN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought some of your girls and boys might like to know of a game our family play, called "Reviews." There should not be less than three, or more than seven persons playing. Each person has a pencil and paper. They all begin at the same time, and each one writes at the top of his or her paper the real or imaginary title of some book, folds the paper so as to hide what was written, writes on the next line the word "or," and passes the paper to the neighbor on the left-hand, who writes a supplementary title beside the "or," and also passes it on. The next person writes the name of a real or fictitious author.

The next writes the name of the illustrator, and the next gives the motto of the book. Then come two press notices. Each person who writes a press notice must give the real or made-up name of some newspaper. The writer of the last press notice on each paper must also pass it on, as no one must know till the papers are opened what is on them; for each person, as he or she writes anything, must fold the paper over so as to conceal it. At the end of the game each person has a folded paper, and they all open them, and read them aloud in turn. Some of the combinations are very funny. I give the following sample to show in what order the things come:

Never a Word of Blame, or, The Whimsical Fate of a Mummy.
Author.— Josephus Smith.
Illus.— By a cowboy.
Motto.—"Who enters here, leaves hope behind."
(1st Press Notice.)—"A harrowing tale, calculated to freeze the blood, and direfully illustrated."—*Chicago Star.*
(2d Press Notice.) "Harmless and useful for the Kindergarten."—*British Gazette.*

Hoping that some one may find this an entertaining game to pass an evening with,

I remain, your devoted reader, EDITH M. K.

A FRIEND of ST. NICHOLAS sends us this crisp little picture. Its title is

OUT JUST IN TIME.



"PEEK! PEEK! ONE WEEK LATER, AND I MIGHT HAVE BEEN AN EASTER EGG!"

ENGLAND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have often wanted to write and tell you of a very curious thing I once saw. It belonged to a friend, and was this: A large caterpillar had eaten the seed of a bulrush, or else in some way it stuck on to him. Anyhow, in time this bulrush killed the caterpillar by slowly getting rooted in its body, and when my friend showed it to me, there was a large thing like a branch growing out of it. Of course, the caterpillar was quite dead and hard.

I thought this might interest your little folk, and although I am among your older admirers, still I always look forward to the arrival of your nice magazine, and think the story of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is very pretty. Yours sincerely, T. P. K.

T. P. K. will find an account of the Bulrush Caterpillar in the last number of ST. NICHOLAS.

WE print with pleasure the following fac-simile of a letter written by a blind girl to ST. NICHOLAS. It relates to Miss Alcott's fine story of "The Blind Lark," printed in our November number.

Perkins Institution
And Massachusetts School
For the Blind.

So. Boston, Oct. ..... 1886.

Dear St Nicholas,

We thank you very much for sending into so many homes, the story of the Blind Lark, The building for the Kindergarten is nearly completed, and a few children will be admitted soon. We earnestly hope that funds will be obtained for all who are waiting. before very long.

Little Lord Fauntleroy was enjoyed very much by the school.

The teachers and officers unite with the girls in sending thanks.

Respectfully yours
Mary Mellady.

BELLAGIO, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am staying at a villa on the Lake of Como, which is a very beautiful lake indeed. Yesterday we went to visit another villa on the opposite side of the lake It was called the Villa Carlotta. It was very pretty, and we admired the sculptures in it. In coming home we had a thunder-storm while we were in the middle of the lake, and we were struck by lightning; but so very slightly, that we had some tingling only in our hands and feet. You may imagine we were glad to get to shore. I have not been taking you for a long time, and I like your stories ever so much, especially "Little Lord Fauntleroy." I am a boy who has an American mother and a French father. It is the first time I have written to you. Your devoted reader, LADISLAS DE DIESBACH.

PARIS.

P. S.— This letter was written three months ago, when I was in Italy. I had mislaid it, and only found it to-day. I will send it, nevertheless, hoping you will print it, and wishing you a very happy New Year.

LITTLE SILVER, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just commenced to take you. I like you very much. I think "Prince Fairyfoot" a very nice story. I have a dog called Nero, and he is very gentle with me, but the tramps fear him as much as the Romans once feared their wicked Nero. Truly yours, MARIE R——.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy eight years old, and have never attended school. I have two brothers and two sisters, all younger than myself. My little brother, Willie, is very funny. He is two years old and has invented a language of his own. He calls himself "Dine." A dog he calls a "boo-woo"; a chicken, "oo-oo"; a bird is "peep"; "little" is "ee," and "large" is "O"; "upstairs" is "up-down," and "downstairs" is "down-up-down." He has his own words for everything, and his sentences, formed with these queer words, sound very funny. Little sister Yeddy, four years old, is the only one who understands him. She acts as his interpreter. Yours truly, MASON S. P——.

RUE DES GUERTTIERES, TOURS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy ten years old, and live in America, but am staying in France. I don't learn French very fast, but have hopes. There is an old cathedral here, and the Tower where Charlemagne's wife is buried. To-day we went to the château of Louis XI.; it looks like any old French farmhouse, but has curious old carvings of hobgoblins over the windows. We thought we saw a ghost at the window, and imagined it was Tristan l'Hermite. (Tristan l'Hermite was the Lord High Executioner to Louis XI.) Good-bye. Your constant reader, G. M——.

BEECH HILL, SIDNEY MINES, CAPE BRETON.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eight years old. I do not think you have had a letter from Sidney Mines before, and as little girls in other parts of the world write to you, I thought you would like to hear from me. My home is very beautiful in summer. We can see the Atlantic Ocean.

Mamma tells me that many little girls living in cities would like to come here. I often go to see the coal mines with Papa. It is funny to see the miners come out of the pit as black as coal, except for their red lips and white in their eyes; with their little lamps burning in their caps. I like to see the tubs full of coal coming up in the cage from the pit. I enjoy ST. NICHOLAS very much. Papa has taken you ever since my big sisters were littler than I am. We all liked "Little Lord Fauntleroy" very much. I often try to make out your puzzles. Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

From your little friend, LILLIAN J. S. B——.

PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been coming to see me for fully two years, and I love you better with every visit. You are a silent and delightful friend, after the chatter of a set of light-hearted and nimble-tongued schoolgirls. I go to school in Philadelphia and have five "devoted" friends and the kindest and dearest teacher who ever taught "young ideas to shoot"; but, I 'm afraid, in spite of all the training, the ideas shoot far from the mark sometimes.

We have here at home the usual adjuncts to every well-regulated family of children — two cats and a dog. Our cats are, of course, the most superior of their kind in every respect,— fur, appearance, deportment, and general intelligence. Their names are Kitty Pussy Tycoon Mikado and Sambo Jumbo Romeo Columbo. The latter is small and black and semi-Maltese, which explains his somewhat remarkable name. He is quite adorable and is petted by my younger sister in a manner worthy of a young Egyptian whom history records as appreciating felines to a remarkable extent. Our dog — ah! "thereby hangs a tale." He is a pure St. Bernard, and was brought from the Hospice of St. Bernard in the Alps about nine years ago, and we have had him ever since. "When he opens his lips let no dog bark." He is simply "superlative," and possesses in a remarkable degree all the virtues common to dogs in general, in addition to the most prominent ones of "old dog Tray." He is gentle and he is kind, loyally devoted to his friends and never for-

getting an insult or an enemy. Mamma says he is like Chevalier Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*. His name is Bruno, and he weighs one hundred and forty pounds.

My father was in San Antonio, Texas, and in New Orleans, this winter; and on his return brought, among other things, a very curious "Mexican" whip. The handle part is about two feet long, of leather completely covered with horse-hair. The hair is dyed different colors; red, yellow, orange, purple, green, black, white, and gray, and is plaited together in a variegated pattern, with about *six* hairs in each strand. It is done evenly and closely and has a loop about five inches long for wrapping around the wrist at the top, and is ornamented with tassels of the horse-hair.

He also brought us some sugar-cane and some Florida moss. The outer covering of the sugar-cane is a brownish-purple color and of a "sugary-watery" taste. I really prefer sugar myself as a matter of taste. The Florida moss is dead and gray, resembling nothing so much as woven dust. Papa says that Bonaventura Cemetery has the tall old trees draped with this somber moss, and that the whole effect is very weird and picturesque. Last spring we had a young alligator sent to us by a friend in New Orleans, but it must have been too tender to endure the fatigue of railway traveling, as it was dead when it reached us. We followed every rational suggestion for the revival of alligators: we put it in hot water, in cold water, in tepid water, and in salt water; we put it in wet mud, and in dry mud and on the grass plot; we laid it on its back and laid it the way it ought to be laid, but there was "no health in it," and it would n't be revived. Our opportunity to form a more intimate acquaintance with the habits and nature of alligators perished with their young representative. It was taken to school as a specimen, properly "oh'd" at, and admired, and finally buried under a peach-tree in the garden. Alligators may be useful, but they certainly are not pretty.

We have some pressed camellias which bloomed in the open air on the 15th of February, in San Antonio. They came to us like a warm blush of summer among the ice and snow of our Northern winter. The ways of New Orleans are different from those of any of our Northern cities. There is no marked observance of the Sabbath. The theaters are all open — and the French market is open for the accommodation of those who do not buy their Sunday dinner until they have eaten their Sunday breakfast. This seems almost horrible to one who has always lived in our good, old, quiet Quaker city. But, to you, dear, wise ST. NICHOLAS — French markets, alligators, cats and dogs must be an old story, worn threadbare by this time, so I will stop on those subjects.

I am quite a large school-girl, sixteen at Christmas, but Mamma says I must look forward to four years more of earnest, faithful study, at the very least. I suppose that I must be reconciled, for I know that ignoramuses are only too plentiful; but really it is all such uphill work. I am gathering up the poets slowly. I have Longfellow, Whittier, Tennyson, and Browning, together with Selections from the Poets. I think Longfellow is my favorite: he seems of a kinder, gentler, and more lovable nature than the others.

I pity you, ST. NICHOLAS!
So tired you must be
To read this drowsy letter o'er,
Until the end you see.
Well, then, I crave your pardon,
And promise ne'er again
To tax your gentle patience
With ramblings from my pen.

Your sincere friend and constant reader,

BESSIE G. D——.

A DOUBLE TWIST.

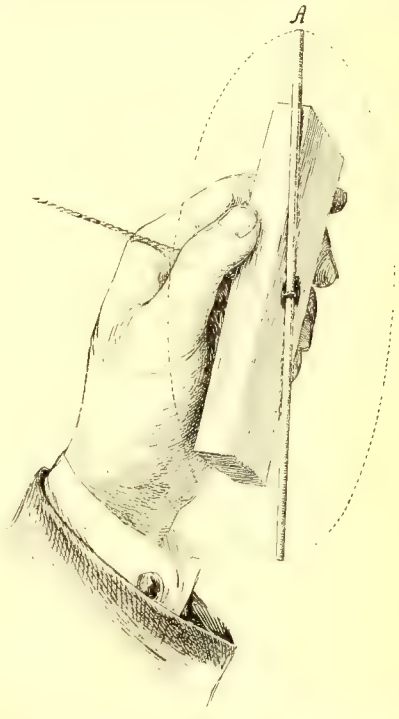
BY CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON

AMONG the urgent needs of young and old, a common one is a cord or line, bigger and stronger than any in the "twine-drawer." Nearly every one knows how to twist and double a bit of twine, by making *one* end fast and turning the other end between the fingers, until the whole is twisted so firmly that it will "kink," and then letting it double upon itself, and "kink" throughout, making a cord of four strands, somewhat less than one-quarter the original length of the string; after which the loose ends are knotted together, and the deed is done.

But there are one or two difficulties to overcome when one wishes to double twist a long line: the fingers become painfully tired, and are likely to let the line slip from the grasp, resulting in very troublesome "kinks" where they are not wanted. Again, there is apt to be trouble when the time comes to double — which makes it probable that Shakspere had tried to make double twists before he wrote the witches' song in "Macbeth."

The following method is an easier way of accomplishing the same end: take a piece of wood of a size that can be conveniently held in the hand, and bore in it a hole several times the diameter of the twine to be twisted. If the twine is not too large, a common wooden spool will do admirably. Procure also a small stick six or eight inches long; a lead-pencil will serve. Double the string by tying the ends together. Make a loop in each end of the doubled line, slip one of these loops over a nail or anything that will bear the necessary strain; pass the other loop through the wood or spool, and then thrust the small stick through the loop. When the line is pulled taut, the stick will be in position across the bit of wood, and can be turned rapidly and evenly around in the direction that will also twist the strands of string more tightly.

Don't double this twisted line unless you have some one to help



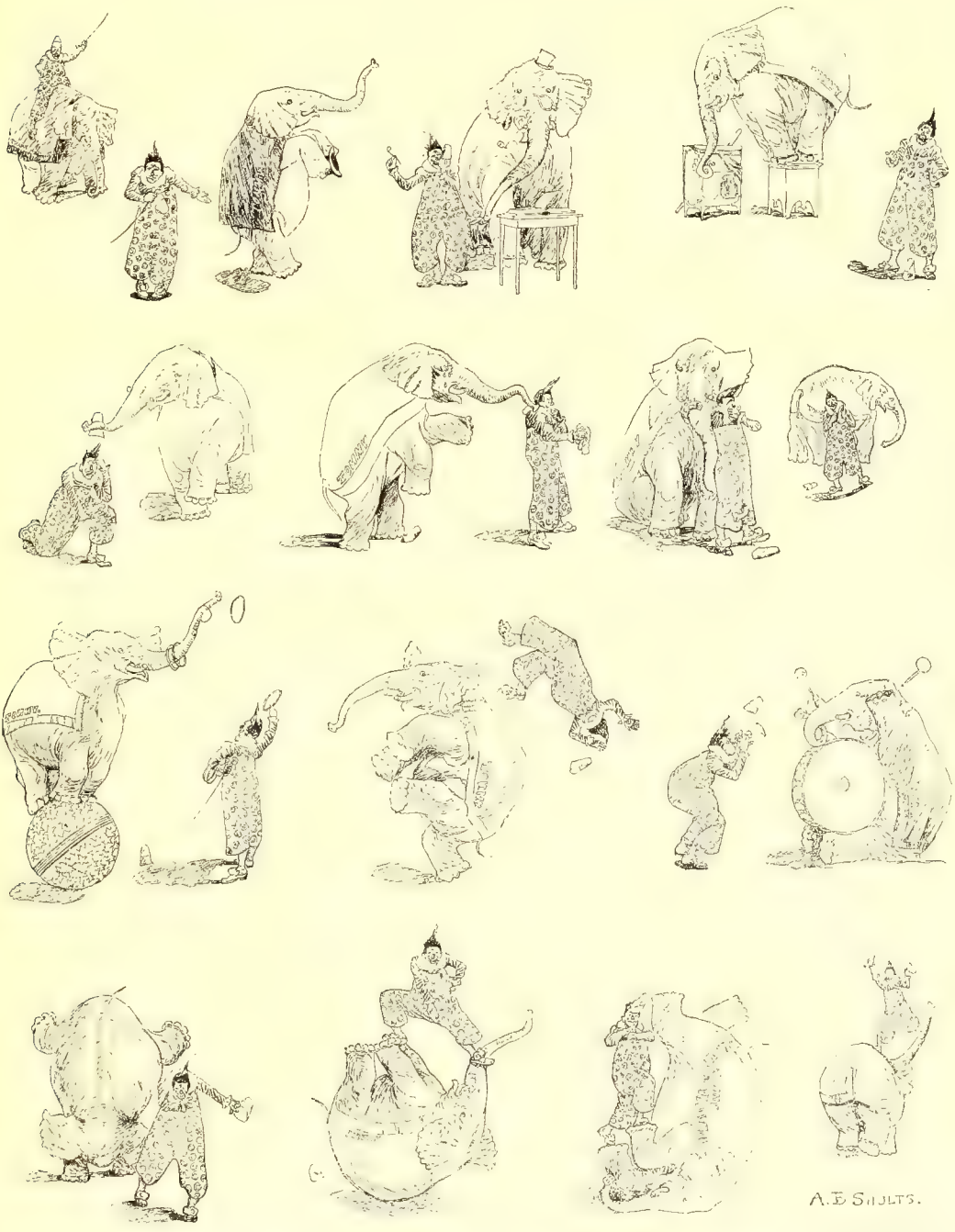
you. If you are alone, it is better, before beginning to twist at all, to make a third loop in the middle of the doubled cord. Place this middle loop over the hook or nail, and twist each half separately before letting the two twist upon each other.

To keep the first half from kinking while twisting the second, make it fast and taut to some fixed point, or wind it tightly around anything that will hold it. Each of the two halves should receive about the same number of turns to insure evenness in the final double. Perhaps the better way is to make two separate twists, and then to allow them to twine around each other.

It is a good plan to stretch the first two lengths side by side after they are twisted, and lash the corresponding ends together before allowing them to take the final twist.

WE thank the young friends whose names are here given for pleasant letters which we have received from them: Annie B. D., Frank Kurtz, Etta R., James M. B., Mary B. S., Maude E. S., Willie M. Gardner, John V. D., Jr., and H. B. Gill, Edith Langton, Violet Campbell, E. G. S. L., Tommy Gillick, Maude N. K., Charlie D. T., Maud G., Henry I. Bowditch, Mary R. Hand, Grace S. Bean, Hattie P., Peggy, Franklin C., Jr., Rachel F. M., Etta Boaz, Daisy Bell P., Edith S. Clarke, Fred W. Wile, A. S. E., Edith T. Bell, Anna Post, Margarette Reed, Annie Reed, Carson D., Pattie Mercer, S. D., Helen W. R., Nellie Trigg, Nellie Stone, Oliver W., Lizzie M. R., Indie Reese, R. C. O., Nina F. J., A. M. S., Nathalie Wilson, Ransom D. Brackett, Olive W. Morison, Adeline Z., Willie W., Mabel, C. A. B., Edith D., Chas. B. Pratt, Clarence and Clifford Sharp, Cub, Nettie Priest, Constance E. Ruth, Mary K. Hadley, Mabel Des B., Mabel D., L. H., May Louise B., W. M. Dudley, Kate Adams, Hattie L. Stockton, Grace, Florence, Bessie, Jennie, Nini, N. F. Towner, Allmand McK. G., Josie Elsmore, Bessie L. Lake, A. J. D., Bertha S., Alfred T., Georgie L., "Pansy," W. P. Eaton, Cora L. O., Mary J. S., Edith D. Tucker, A. C. A., V. C., and R. B. Wilson.

TOMMY, THE CLOWN, AND HIS WONDERFUL CÆSAR.



Enter Tommy — He presents Cæsar to the spectators — Cæsar reads his book — Cæsar as an organ-grinder — "Put my hat on, Sir!" — "Now, Cæsar, we 'll take a walk!" — "Behold our friendship!" — Resting — "He will catch every ring!" — Cæsar becomes playful — They perform a duet — They salute the house — The crowning performances — They go out with great applause.

REPORT CONCERNING "THE KING'S MOVE PUZZLE."

WHEN ST. NICHOLAS promised to print a list of the names of those who sent answers to the "King's Move Puzzle," it hardly thought that it would be obliged to print them after the fashion of a serial story; yet, owing to the great number of answers received, this is what must be done; and one page of names will be printed each month until the list is complete. As some of our correspondents have said, "When R. P. M. made the puzzle, he builded better than he knew," for, instead of forty-five names being spelled out by the "king's move," between three and four hundred poets' names must be concealed in the hundred squares.

The mistake most frequently made was in spelling Schiller without the c, and many will find their lists shortened on this account.

As it was difficult, in fact, impossible, to "draw the line" and say "*this* poet is sufficiently famous to be admitted, and *that* poet is not," it was decided to admit *all* poets, great and small. The longer lists of course include many poets of lesser fame, whose names would be new and strange to many readers of ST. NICHOLAS.

The longest lists certainly are the result of much careful research; yet all honor to those who sent the names of forty-five *well-known* poets, says ST. NICHOLAS.

SPECIAL MENTION.

Maud E. Palmer, 264 — Lawrence Arnold Tanzer, 204 — Ada C. Apgar, 200 — A., 177 — A. H. Chester, 175 — Lawrence H. Rhoades, 144 — Rebecca S. Price, 134 — Grace Gallaher, 116 — Geo. and Lua, 116 — J. W. C., 114 — Nannie M. Warner, 114 — Fannie Keller, 113 — Percy Varian, 113 — Anna M. Fair, 112 — N. and J. Chapin, 111 — Alice S. Raymond, 108 — Vivien Whybrew, 105 — "Aunt Maria and her boys," 104 — Jones Children, 103 — E. M. Warren-Fay, 102 — J. M. S., 102 — Louise Cook, 101 — Hannah Jones, 101.

ROLL OF HONOR.

FROM 90 TO 100.— F. M. C., C. S. Foster, A. Y. Bennett, Mary, Beth, and Annie, M. N. Armstrong, M. F. Mott, "Broadoaks," G. W. Billings, H. Evans, E. K., N. Ward, A. L. Stanton, C. O. Seymour, G. E. Sibley, Clevenger Bros., "Whiffie," A. S. Frederick.

FROM 80 TO 90.— W. Bingham and L. C. Sleeper, K. H. Ely, Frank and Mamma, D. Kimball, B. Beardsley, M. J. and H. Healy, M. E. and L. M. Norcross, H. Ripley, C. O. M. E., D. White, W. C. Thompson, G. Barton, M. Wells, A. R. Phelps, "Bird," M. R. Young, C. F. Keyes, L. Van U. Morris, R. L. Stannis, A. F. Matlock, P. Loving, M. E. H., M. R. Clark, E. L. B., Lector, Dick C., E. Tee, E. T. Clarke, J. Marcellus, C. H. Brown, C. Bingham, W. H. Nance, J. H. Greusel, H. and F. McIntyre, Mrs. C. M. Powell, R. B. Pratt, F. Dunham, J. Ross Taylor, A. Miln, M. Miln.

FROM 70 TO 80.— P. S. Boyd, H. Parkhurst, D. W. and G. J., F. Hayes and M. Morton, E. G. Clark, M. R. B., Granberry, H. B. Mitchell, P. S. Fiske and Co., W. K. Upham, L. W. Dodd, R. A. West, R. C. Booth, Mary A. K., W. H. P., J. H. Pullman, M. L. T., R. Demmon, R. B. Stone, E. S. Boyde, "An Old Boy," L. P. C., E. Ripley, "Ferryst," B. Smith, "Grandpa," D. B. McLean, L. B. Collins, Chase F., S. Hesselrigge, Rix, M. Sherwood, A. W. G., A. C. Sherwood, G. C. Mayon, M. Jewell, W. R. Moore, "Check-mate," M. Hoyt, L. Wadsworth, G. and F. Moffett, W. Heaston, W. C. Johnson, M. A. Brown, B. Z., A. M. Bell, M. Day, M. and B. Murdock, S. M. Sherman, F. A. Clarke, H. Robbins, Caro M. Y., H. B. B., M. Davidson, J. Ross Hardy, F. McIntyre, E. M. L. C., S. L. Cromwell, A. M. Hurford, A. J. E., F. Malin, T. and A. Kimball, "Park Place School," F. M. Stewart, H. M. Fryling, R. P. Kent, S. Burrage, J. W. White, A. A. Nesbit, J. Anderson, M. Metcalf, A. B. L., "Clover-leaf," G. G. Cooke, A. L. Wightman, E. S. Lowell, M. Thayer, A. Thompson, R. McIlhenny, W. H. Lawrence, "York," "Juan and Juanita," F. Kelly, L. P. Sheppard, C. P. Emery, M. C. and R. H. Johnson, Lavinia Gristing, W. N. Walmsley, L. Trask, N. C. K., B. E. Symonds, E. Glenny, Mamma and Fanny, L. Miln, B. Allen, L. K. Morse.

FROM 60 TO 70.— C. L. Bowen, L. B. M., Sambo, D. N. Rellim, M. E. Hudson and E. S. Walker, L. and C. Driscoll, P. Parsons, F. Worstell, E. S. Brosnes, B. W. Shutes, L. Tuttle, E. M. Noble, W. Evans, M. T. Turrill, W. and N. Roots, T. W. Hooper, A. Jenkins, R. H. and M. L. Fernald, B. D. Palmer, H. Lewis, F. Bringhurst, M. E. Smith, "Stone," D. and F., J. Porter, H. C. Robinson, A. Minich, Harry P. M., J. H. McClellan, M., C., and H. Harris, R. B. Kendig, F. Thorn, E. A. Gay, B. Z. G., "Rainie," M. P. R., J. M. Gibbard, J. R. Sharpless and S. K. Reifsnyder, A. M. Sterling, A. O. Pritchard, M. O. Giles, Jessie L. K., L. Frear, "Fraulein J.," J. French, F. Smith, M. King, C. and W. Miner, L. R. Allen, "Norman," A. L. W., C. E. Edson, E. De Puy, A. C. Williams, R. Burns, E. M. and B. Miller, S. L. Orr, "Dora," M. D. Giles, Mrs. J. B. Clougher, Mrs. C. H. Howland, C. P. Skinner, H. M. Smith, O. W. Cook, "Jack Spratt," A. W. Bingham, Ethel and Gertrude, "The Twins," R. C. Busser, F. A. Cook, K. H. R., I. Hanchett, A. O. Wright, E. W. Burleson, S. Raynor, J. P. Beardsley, L. L. Smyth, E. S. Mitchell, M. H. Cook, "Wamba," A. Zwick, "Peterkin," M. E. Bulkley, V. S. Osgood, E. M. and C. G. Pomeroy, M. B. Robinson, E. Edgerley, H. S. Hadden, J. B. Goodwillie, L. How, P. Rodgers, M. H. Hall, F. E. B., "Cats," "N. P. and Co.," E. Herring, H. H. Patterson, C. P. D., S. W. Johnson, A. M. S. Hilgard, R. W. Dawson, E. A. Salmond, C. K. B., Charter and Bessie, M. Des Brisay, F. E. L. A. H., J. L. Bowen, H. J. Libbey, Lee Elam, K. Gaston and M. Watt, A. and E. Wadsworth, W. D. and I. P. Cotton, J. P. Miller, A. Hubbard, T. R. Rosebraugh, G. Bliss and E. Schulze, A. B. Reid, M. and H. Gordon, F. S. Gould, F. Crampton, C. T. R., E. A. Munson, Mab. L., L. R. Cape, B. Havens, G. E. Keech, M. Nichols, E. H. Lyall, Daisy and Mabel, T. B. Boyer, C. A. M. Currier, A. R. Wilson, A. and W. Hunter, H. S. Griffith, I. A. R., R. F. Dickson, E. Goodwin, J. Edwards and C. Shannon, H. Cumberland, C. Clayton, "Helene," E. H. Barton, H. Bennett, "Original Puzzle Club," Bertha and Nina, E. Illick, F. Burns, "Lehte," S. S. Hornor, E. B. Taylor, J. C. Stover, "Teacher," "Jennie and Harry," A. G. Parker, P. Carpenter, L. E. Matteson, "Pudger," S. Hodgetts, R. C. L. White, S. L. Taylor, A. M. Liveright, J. K. Lord, Jr., E. A. C., G. M. Weston, J. and K. McFarland, L. S. and O. H. S., L. A. McGilvray, E. Hobart, M. B. Snabo, A. Loesch, M. A. B., "Viola," M. T. Sayre, B. Lawton, B. L. Bedell, E. Palmer, F. Baldwin, L. P. Sketchley, F. B. C., A. A. B. Knox, De F. W. Bowen, M. B. Pope, G. M. Whaples, A. M. Hays, J. L. Parks, F. E. Thompson, L. L. B., B. D. Palmer, Emma and Florence B., L. E. Green, H. F. Stringer, A. M. Hancock, M. P. C. and S. C., F. L. Clay, L. H. L. and R. D. S. M., M. H. Foster, G. H. and M. Ingraham, H. F. Brockett, M. S. Clark, J. L. B. Sturgis, A. L. Wilson, M. Crucknell, C. E. Hoyt, Papa, Mamma, and Lizzie, M. Prenter, M. D. Aylsworth, "The Bangs," L. Hodge, Floy and Alice H., C. S. Campbell, M. E. Twiss, F. E. Grant, May Bee, Mrs. A. M. Ware, L. Gish, C. C. Lakin, B. S. Nelligen, M. G. Osborne, A. M. Williams, R. M. Frost, M. Henderson, B. J. Woodruff, J. Aldrich, Jr., M. F. Reynolds.

FROM 50 TO 60.— H. Keables, "Midge," M. Weil, B. Kremer, J. A. H. and F. H., G. Kupfer, V. Oberholtzer, D. Webster, A. A. Collier, M. B. Miller, S. A. Harris, G. D. Williams, H. Y. P., J. Hunter, L. W. M., M. Page, H. E. Grimm, B. Lee, F. P. Dalyrymple, M. Neuburger, F. M. S. and E. B. F., L. R. S., J. Wilkinson, Jr., L. S. Drane, K. H., M. C. Adams, "Capt. Jinks," J. W. Young, H. Curtis, E. Fennell, L. Jessup, L. E. Ellis, M. D. Haines, G. Seymour and Co., X. Y. Z. &., Wm. C. and Amy F. D., C. H. Perry, W. Smiley, H. Smith, G. Benjamin, R. R. Kitchel, S. Bell, C. C. Clark, A. M. Roberts, M. Robbins, Mrs. E. Baker, K. D. Hequembourg, E. J. Barstow, E. W. Hamilton, B. Lincoln, E. H. Sturtevant, W. Colburn, T. H. A. Stites, E. Finkle, C. C. Craft, I. R. Hughes, G. W. Skinner, Henry and Judie, Mrs. D. R. Andrews, S. C. Le G., G. M. R., J. B. Kirkpatrick, L. Waldron, F. Smyser, E. Hoopes, "Novy Norris," F. Wise, L. Van Derveer, T. A. Lewis, W. McA. Johnson, H. H. Esselstyn, L. Johnston, G. N. Ferguson, A. Hoffman, F. B. C., M. W. Bosler, W. H. S., E. Jackson, D. M. Roberts and K. Davis, E. W. M. M., V. S. Stevens, "Two Sisters," E. R. Emery, R. A. Spence, "Penelope," W. B. Morningstern, M. G. Shallcross, B. Bradbury, N. F. 52, K. P. Brooks, "Neff," M. L. Barclay, M. L. Hardy, C. A. and L. M. Weaver, F. V. Williams, B. B. Boyd, "Pug," G. E. Wesson, A. T. O., F. Castree, M. E. Stone, L. B., O. A. Yarnelle, N. W. Haffner, "Fosdick," K. G. S., S. U. and M. J. Hill, M. and R. Bolles, B. Shaw, N. Randall, S. Hart, M. M. P., R. Davis, "Torrence Family," H. K. R., H. Van Deventer, E. G. Atwood, A. L. Simpson, S. W. B. M., "Novy Nomo," "Moll and Poll," N. Hayward, C. S., Rob. M. B., H. E. J. Mowat, H. W. Bentley, B. D. Stoddart, T. M. Hubbard, M. G. Orwig, F. W. Damon, E. Williams, F. Boskovoitz, "Ferdie," W. I. Hawks, A. M. Logan, O. M. N. E. S., A. B. McIlvaine, W. and E. Wilson, B. Griffiths, J. A. Whiteside, R. R. Fairweather, A. L. Lyon, Tom A., Jr., C. Crane, R. W. Allen, B. M. Allen, A. R. Hopkins, A. Post, F. S. Monaghan, Marie F., C. L. Thornton, M. Hendrix, G. Hambly, "Lulie," C. E. Risley, N. Stone, E. D. Ogden, H. Stilson, I. and G. Gibson, C. W. Chandler, N. E. Jenne, H. A. Nichols, "Three Little Maids," W. R. Seavey, E. T. Maclean, A. M. C., E. H. Fairbanks, E. Blair, "Anglo-Saxon," "Prof. and Mother," "Gluck," A. Henkel, M. A. Millikin, Allyn, A. G. H., "Two Cherubs," E. E. Rebasz, V. A. Blanchard, "Chicago Tom," E. W. Potter, L. G. Stevenson, S. H. Cochrane, F. Colson, G. A. Snow, Dick Egbert, V. Wilson, L. and H. K. *(To be continued.)*

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

ZIGZAG PROVERB. From 1 to 15, Might makes right; from 1 to 15, Right makes might. Cross-words: 1. Motor. 2. Finis. 3. Wager. 4. She, he. 5. Taunt. 6. Maxim. 7. Fatal. 8. Fakir. 9. Melee. 10. Sinus. 11. Rheum. 12. Mimic. 13 Bogey. 14. She, he. 15. Tacit.

BURIED BIRDS. 1. Touraco, swan. 2. Tinamou, pintail. 3. Gannet, daw. 4. Harpy, martin. 5. Mavis, hawk. 6. Swallow, teal.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Waste. 2. Actor. 3. Stone. 4. Tonic. 5. Erect. II. 1. Champ. 2. Humor. 3. Amuse. 4. Moses. 5. Press.

HOUR-GLASS. Cross-words: 1. Ministers. 2. Mankind. 3. Bread. 4. Ode. 5. A. 6. Ida. 7. Cider. 8. Villain. 9. Muttering. Centrals, Skedaddle.

BROKEN WORDS. 1. March-ed. 2. Winds-ail. 3. And-irons. 4. May-bloom. 5. Sun-dry. 6. Make-peace. 7. Clothes-line. 8. White-ned. 9. And-ante. 10. Maids-tone. 11. Dun-fish.

EASY RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Bird. 2. Tire. 3. Bare. 4. Bird.

DIAMOND. 1. M. 2. Cob. 3. Lanes. 4. Carotid. 5. Monotones. 6. Betoken. 7. Sines. 8. Den. 9. S.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Some village Hampden that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.
Gray's "Elegy."

DOUBLE DIAMOND. Across: 1. T. 2. Art. 3. Float. 4. Bur. 5. T. Downward: 1. F. 2. Alb. 3. Trout. 4. Tar. 5. T.

A PENTAGON. 1. L. 2. Lar. 3. Lotus. 4. Lattice. 5. Ruined. 6. Scene. 7. Eden.

RIMLESS WHEELS AND HUBS. I. From 1 to 8, Mirabeau; from 9 to 16, Harrison. From 1 to 9, mirth; 2 to 10, India; 3 to 11, racer; 4 to 12, armor; 5 to 13, Bukki; 6 to 14, ewers; 7 to 15, Arago; 8 to 16, union. II. From 1 to 8, Herschel; from 9 to 16, Barbauld. From 1 to 9, Horeb; 2 to 10, Eliza; 3 to 11, rover; 4 to 12, shrub; 5 to 13, comma; 6 to 14, Hindu; 7 to 15, equal; 8 to 16, livid. —— CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Bach.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: In sending answers to puzzles, sign only your initials or use a short assumed name; but if you send a complete list of answers, you may sign your full name. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 20, from L. E. Henon — Tudor Jenks — Nicoll and Mary Ludlow — Harleigh Parkhurst — Henry H. Esselstyn — P. S. Fiske and Co. — Maud E. Palmer — Maggie T. Turrill — Clifford and Coco "— Pearl Francis Stevens — Deerfoot — Penelope — B. Z. G. —"Rainie "— Nellie and Reggie — K. G. S — Jo and I — Russell Davis — Grace Daniels — Novy Nomo — R. B. Stone — Findlay French — Paul Reese — Mary A. Mullikin — Elise Ripley — Sun, Moon, and Stars — Ella M. Poland — Ada Hinman — San Anselmo Valley — Georgie Barton — Nero — W. R. Moore — Dash — Ouidos — Charter and Bessie — Mamma and Fanny — No Name, Scranton — W. D. B. — May Budges — Francis W. Islip — Hazel and Laurel

SO MANY have sent in answers to January riddles that this month room can not be made for the names of those who solved but one puzzle.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 20, from Midge, 2 — E. M., 5 — Grace K., 3 — C. L. Hoffman, 2 — H. G., M. G., H. H., and S. H., 4 — Ned R., 3 — Martha Barrie, 6 — Augusta Adams, 3 — Effie K. Talboys, 4 — E. S. F., 2 — A. H. R. and M. G. R., 6 — F. C. H. and M. H. H., 5 — G. Seymour, 4 — E. and A. Hochstadler, 4 — Dots, 2 — W. and B., 2 — May and Eloise, 6 — Cupid and Stupid, 2 — Two of a Kind, 5 — Vivian V. V., 2 — Ohnja, 4 — T. H. A. S., 2 — G. M. R., 2 — May Bombay, 5 — Odin, 5 — Pearl Garnet, 3 — L. A., 2 — Toboggan, 5 — Fayetta Thorn, 2 — Frou Frou, 3 — W. C. P., 2 — Lillie and Bertie, 6, — A. M. Sterling, 2 — Pug, 2 — S. U. and M. J. Hill, 5 — N. E. Winer, 2 — Billy and Me, 3 — Mona and Enna, 3 — F. E. Stanton, 6 — Torrance Family, 6 — H. K. R., 3 — M. and G., 2 — Professor and Co., 5 — Moll and Poll, 2 — I, Me, and Co., 4 — C. S., 3 — Rob M. B., 5 — B. Beardsley, 2 — "L. S. and Tectotaler," 4 — John W. Thompson, 5 — Lill and I, 3 — St. Louis Pansy, 5 — B. and S., 3 — P. A., Varian, 5 — Alice S., 2 — Bessie Griffiths, 4 — Mamma, Nan, and I, 5 — H. W. Baldwin, 2 — M. W. McNair, 2 — H. Stilson, 4 — E. C. H., 4 — A. M. C., 2 — Glück, 4 — N. L. H., 2 — Neill, 3 — Jack Spratt, 2 — C. E. N. S., and E. C. Carey, 6 — I. Lebermann, 3 — B. F. and J. W. H. Porter, 2 — "Mrs. Lecks," 4 — "Lynn C. Doyle," 3 — Gif, 3 — Blithedale, 4 — A. Walsh, 2 — P's and K's, 4 — Frisky, 2 — Undine, 2 — A. S. Donnally, 3 — Mary and Martha, 2 — R. G. Perkins, 2 — K. S. P., 2 — Brightwood, 3 — Bruz, 3 — L. S. K., 2 — M. Roe, 2 — W. L. H., 2 — "May and 79," 6 — N. and M. Chater, 2 — S. H. S. and D. M., 5 — Laura, 2 — J. Chubb, 4 — Bugs, 2 — Cats, 2 — A. B. C., 2 — H. Ouston, 6 — Billy B., 2 — "Sally Lunn," 6 — E. L. Hanington, 3 — Kittie and Willie, 4 — J. D. Flandrau, 2 — Stewart Browns, 4 — J. B. D. and M. F. D., 2 — R. H. and Papa, 6 — A. G. Lewis, 3 — G. L. M., 3 — F. D. Stone, 2 — C. T. R., 4 — Howard Greene, 6 — Toots, 3 — S. M. S., 5 — Bupsi, 3 — "Theo. Ther," 4 — L. C. B., 3 — A. J. B., 3 — A. S. R., 2 — H. M. A., 3 — Lollipop, 2 — L. F. McW., 6 — C. W. C., 2 — Signets, 3 — A. A. H. 2 — J. L., 2 — J. E. W., 3 — Largs, 3 — R. N. T., 2 — Rustic, 2 — Junius, 3 — M. E. H, 5 — Martin Luke, 5 — Lehte, 2.

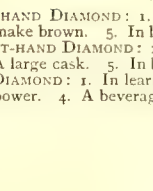
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals and finals each name a conveyance.

CROSS-WORDS (of unequal length): 1. An ocean. 2. The central part of an amphitheater. 3. The surname of the writer of the "Essays of Elia." 4. A Turkish governor. 5. A Biblical name. 6. A book nearly or quite square. 7. Not matched. 8. To summon. 9. A lump.

CARRIE WATSON.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In learning. 2. A portion. 3. Kingly. 4. To make brown. 5. In learning.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In learning. 2. Located 3. An animal. 4. A large cask. 5. In learning.

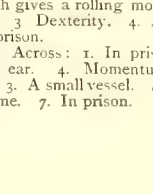
III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In learning. 2. A snare. 3. The second mechanical power. 4. A beverage. 5. In learning.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In learning. 2. A fruit. 3. Pertaining to the moon. 4. A sailor. 5. In learning.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In learning. 2. To ventilate. 3. To mature. 4. A color. 5. In learning.

WILLIE RENTON.

CONNECTED PYRAMIDS.

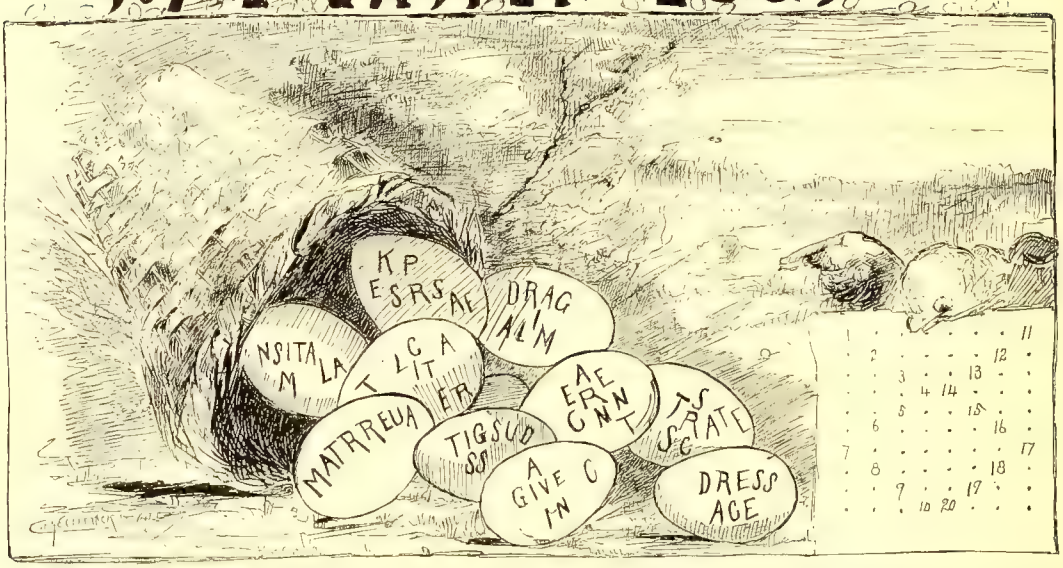


UPPER PYRAMID. Across: 1. In prison. 2. Everything. 3. A color. 4. That which gives a rolling motion. Downward: 1. In prison. 2. To pass. 3 Dexterity. 4. An excuse. 5. To permit. 6 Not any. 7. In prison.

LOWER PYRAMID. Across: 1. In prison. 2. A young animal. 3. Belonging to the ear. 4. Momentum. Downward. 1. In prison. 2. A verb. 3. A small vessel. 4. Unfailing. 5. A heavy stick. 6. An old game. 7. In prison.

"MYRTLE GREEN."

SOME FASTER EGGS



On each of the ten eggs are eight letters. All of the letters in one egg may be so arranged as to form a word. When these words have been rightly placed, one below the other (as the diagram shows), the zigzags from 1 to 10 will spell a season, and from 11 to 20 will spell objects very often seen at this time of the year.

F. S. F.

EASY GREEK CROSS.

. .
. . .
. . . .
. . .
. .
.

I. Upper Square: 1. A musical instrument. 2. Surface. 3. To gather. 4. A relation.

II. Left-hand Square: 1. A fastening. 2. A girl's name. 3. To clip. 4. A relative.

III. Central Square: 1. A relative. 2. Dry. 3. To languish. 4. A gulf.

IV. Right-hand Square: 1. A gulf. 2. Dismal. 3. Ages. 4. An abiding-place.

V. Lower Square: 1. A gulf. 2. A bird. 3. Uniform. 4. A wicked Roman emperor.

O. V. R. AND L. B. A.

EASY CUBE.

1 . . . 2
. . . .
. . . .
5 . . . 6
. . . .
. . . .
3 . . . 4
. . . .
. . . .
7 . . . 8

From 1 to 2, a happy place; from 2 to 4, a people; from 3 to 4, to blush; from 1 to 3, to delay; from 5 to 6, may be found in the poultry yard; from 6 to 8, gnawing; from 7 to 8, a shoot from the stem of a plant; from 5 to 7, special faculty; from 1 to 5, to suspend; from 2 to 6, close by; from 4 to 8, tidy; from 3 to 7, tatters.

"TOPSY AND EVA."

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in table, but not in chair;
My second in homely, but not in fair;
My third is in apple, but not in plum;
My fourth is in finger, but not in thumb;
My fifth is in milk, but not in wine;
My sixth is in handsome, but not in fine;
My seventh in mite, but not in rod;
My eighth is in pea, but not in pod;
My ninth is in water, but not in bay;
My tenth is in meadow, but not in hay;
My eleventh, in merry, but not in gay.
My whole you will find out in all kinds of weather,—
'T is seldom the same for two days together.

MINNIE PECK AND BONNIE OOTHOUT.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.

1 . .
. . .
. . .
. . .

. . . .
. . . 2

Upper Square: 1. A beverage. 2. Tranquillity. 3. A very large division of land. 4. An ecclesiastical dignitary.

Lower Square: 1. A narrow piece of timber. 2. A narrow road. 3. A plant that yields indigo. 4. To make known.

Diagonals, from 1 to 2, part of a vessel.

"MYRTLE GREEN."

PI.

Corm pu, lipra, gourhth eth lelvay,
Ni yuor bores fo tabyeu stred,
Meoc dan waek yrou weylorf rienchld
Form rithe trynwi besd fo sert.
Moec dan verblowo hemt lystof
Thwi eth weset thabre of eth thous;
Prod puon emth, arwm dan voling,
Dresteten siskes of rouy tomhu.

"LOU. C. LEE."

A joyful Easter

